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The Lane that Has No Turning

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

IN the world as known to Baedeker there are only two streets that can compare with Fifth Avenue, and these are both on Manhattan Island. From its source in the asphalt bottoms of Washington Square to where it loses itself in the coal-middens of the Harlem River at 143d Street, the Avenue runs a course of almost exactly seven miles. It runs true to the North Star, without a turn, with only a single pause, grimly bent on its business, in a way calculated to make the dowager metropolises of Europe lift their eyebrows and say, "How American!" Its rivals are Eighth Avenue, a half-mile to the west, which may be some nine hundred feet longer; and, still farther west, Tenth, or Amsterdam, Avenue, the titan of all urban highways, nine miles up hill and down as determined in the primeval blue-print shaped by the city fathers some time about the year 1800. All three streets have character as well as length, but Fifth Avenue alone has significance.

I know that this will seem very crude to the esthetic snobs who are always deploring the checker-board pattern of Manhattan Island, with avenues that run up and down, and streets that sprint from river to river. They call the pattern monotonous because they see it only on the map. I have never found it depressing to stand at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street and look south a mile, and north to the horizon, and east and west toward the two rivers, myself the center of a circle with a million people in it. Criticism of our gridiron city is only a way people have of echoing the English, who like to have their streets like their education bills and franchise laws — never going straight at anything, but full of kinks and knots and *cul de sacs*. I recall the hero of one recent English novel who walks out of a house in low spirits, and looks up and down "the dreary length of Gower Street," an interminable street perhaps ten blocks long by our measurements. I was struck by Gower Street because it was there I used to go some years ago in London just for the purpose of looking up and down, when my eyes were aching for as much as a fifth of a mile of clear roadway without running into a warehouse of the period of George II., or a pile of "mansions," or anything but a bit of the sky at the end of a street. When the English find themselves somehow or other tricked into tolerating a road more than a quarter of a mile long they refuse to acknowledge it, but give different names to every other block, calling it Oxford Street and High Holborn, or Edgeware Road and Maida Vale; and if they can put a church in the middle of the road, so much the better. When the English have a street twenty feet wide and five hundred feet long they call it Great Queen Street, and when they have a street that suggests Fifth Avenue they make the best

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of it by calling it Park Lane. When the English— But why stir up ancient wrongs?

What I meant to say was that the city fathers when they endowed us with our geometrical streets and avenues were wiser than their modern critics, because they built according to their material and their needs. They had on their hands an island constructed by the original architect something on the model of Abraham Lincoln. They accordingly fitted the island with a suit of democratic clothes, built for use and comfort, instead of cluttering it up with periwig circles and diagonal avenue sashes and frilled terraces. They recognized that the shortest way from the tip to the root of this tongue of land we call Manhattan was by straight lines. So they acted not only in conformity with the material at hand, but with the national spirit, which cuts straight across things. And because they were faithful to their material and their native spirit they were better artists than the men who would have us tack from Park Row to Harlem because that's the way it's done in London and Florence.

Destiny and democracy have thus combined to make Fifth Avenue the longest and straightest of the world's great boulevards. The same forces have made it the most representative of avenues. That is not the way we usually think of Fifth Avenue. Tradition still describes it as a show avenue, an avenue for driving distinguished visitors upon, an avenue to muck-rake in the sociological novels and to photograph on Easter Sunday, an avenue to which lead all the roads from Pittsburg and Cripple Creek and Butte, Montana. Fifth Avenue may be that, but as a simple geometrical fact it is a great deal more. That is why I have insisted upon its full seven miles. In its entire length Fifth Avenue is not one thing, but everything —a symbol, a compendium, a cross-section of the national life. It has wealth well seasoned, and wealth new and flamboyant. It has patrician houses, parvenu houses, boarding-houses, and tenements. It has all the races: early Knickerbocker and late Italian close together at its source; Jewish garment-workers along its lower course; cosmopolite in the hotels and shops farther north; the old stock again from Forty-second Street to Carnegie Hill; a newer Ghetto from Ninety-Sixth to 125th Street; a sprinkling of the old immigration for perhaps a quarter of a mile; once more a mixture of the newer crowds; ending all in the negro tenements near the Harlem.

So Fifth Avenue is a study in progressive sociology with mansions, factories, shops, hotels, shops again, mansions again, churches, libraries, museums, vacant lots, hospitals, parks, and slums. Its range of natural scenery is unrivaled. It has flatlands, lakes, and a very respectable tree-clad mountain. It has wild and domesticated animals; in cages, to be sure, but still they are there. Obviously a street like that cannot be called aristocratic. It is quite the other thing. If it falls short of the representative democratic ideal, it is only in the matter of moving-picture theaters. I expect not to be believed when I say that for the first five and a quarter miles of its course Fifth Avenue is without a photo-play theater. There is none between Washington Square and 106th Street. In the last mile and a half the deficiency is nearly made up, but not quite. Still, the forces of progress are at work and presumably will not be denied.

Washington Square is in itself the city reduced to the microscopic scale of an acre and a half. The old New York and the new face each other across less than a furlong of concrete and foliage. Years ago the south front of the square lost caste and went into the hands of the *table d'hôte* and the Italian dealer in old metal. Except for the obscured beauties of Victorian lintel and fanlight it was a slum. Of late there has been a counter immigration. Studios have evicted the unclean shops and eating-houses, and the accumulated grime of the years has made way for large north lights. To-day art on Washington Square South is prosperous. At one end the long row of studio dwellings is flanked by a gay church in yellow brick with a campanile, the juxtaposition of religion and art being quite accidental. At the other end Macdougal Street sets out to run south through the heart of the down-town negro quarter. The east side

A PATRICIAN ATMOSPHERE STILL LINGERS ABOUT WASHINGTON SQUARE

of the square is dominated by the dull gray mass of the New York University professional schools, and just around the corner there is a celluloid-factory; so much for learning and industry. Across the square, on the west, sheltered behind fronts of brownstone lodging-houses, is a little of everything—a little of literature and journalism, a bit of music and the theater, magazine illustration, social service, and something of the I. W. W. For Washington Square West is the frontier of the physical and spiritual region that goes by the name of Greenwich Village.

The people in the studios on the south side of the square have for business purposes the large north lights. For inspiration they have the mellow warmth of the red-brick homes of the patricians filtered through the tender green of the trees in April. These fronts of red brick facing south have been drinking in the sun for generations, taking it into the pores of the clay, gulping it in through the spacious windows which we have apparently forgotten how to build. How to be placid and radiant at the same time is a problem which the specialists of the beauty columns in the newspapers are continually pondering. Washington Square North has the secret. It has poise and it has the joy of life. Presumably the secret lies in the consciousness of an assured position. Onyx and marble carvings are for the upstart apartment-house of twelve stories. The low façades on Washington Square North have grace with simplicity, warmth with reserve. For sheer loveliness there is nothing in the city to compare with that row of red-brick burgher houses in spring unless it be the glimpse of Morningside Park and Cathedral Heights

from the south, which one gets on a morning of sunshine from the curve of the "L" at 110th Street.

The artists and radical folk of Washington Square and its environs are an ungrateful and an illogical tribe; either that or they are insincere. When they are not painting or writing or agitating, they know nothing better than to belittle the past whose beauty they are eager enough to inherit. They inhabit the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms which earlier generations have built, and say all manner of evil concerning the builders. Was it indeed a crabbed life that people lived in New York when these houses of red brick with fanlights, lintels, noble windows and balconies were being created? It is a puzzle. These houses bespeak in everything a robust simplicity, a love for plain outlines, and the primitive shades—red, white, black. Suburban civilization to-day builds outside for gables and dormer windows, and inside for ingle corners, heavy panelings in the dim religious light of stained glass, low ceilings from which depend massive rafters; the rafters hang and do not support, and threaten to give way and precipitate their medieval weight on the heads of people reading Walt Whitman. How, in fair consistency, can Walt Whitman be read by the fitful murk of an Oriental lantern? What sense is there in demanding light and air in our social relations while we banish them from our homes? And on the other hand, how is it conceivable that men once upon a time could have staggered about in dim moralities, crabbed beliefs, and atrophied sympathies, and yet build cheery houses of red brick with great windows? It is a puzzle.

The impress of Washington Square is upon Fifth Avenue for nearly, but not quite, the first half-mile; say as far as Thirteenth Street, where the Georgian red brick gives way suddenly to granite and grime. Scarcely two minutes' walk north of the square is the loveliest house on the Avenue—red brick, of course, but the glow of the sun-warmed clay radiant through a veiling of naked vine as I recall it in early spring. The note of the Avenue is struck at the very beginning, a note of gaiety four miles long, maintained through miles of shops and hotels and tremendously expensive homes, except for a hideous interval of smudgy commerce that runs from Fourteenth Street to Madison Square. It is a stately gaiety sounding the decorous measure of the minuet. The patricians are nearly all gone from the red-brick dwellings on lower Fifth Avenue, but they have left their impress on the furnished-room houses. Down the side-streets, east and west, the note of placid ease is continued in red brick and wrought-iron balconies, boarding-houses nearly all, but it will be some years before their present occupation molds the outer face of the neighborhood. Before that note is quite gone we shall be compelled to tear down the miniature cathedral at Eleventh Street which goes by the name of First Presbyterian Church, and erect in its place a twelve-story "loft" in shiny stucco which will be a murky horror.

At Thirteenth Street old Fifth Avenue disappears so abruptly as to hurt. The sky-line on either side heaves up from three stories to ten or more. The prevailing colors are grime and gold, the dirty gray of limestone, granite, and stucco, and the gold of ready-made-clothing signs flaunted across fifty feet of front. This is the Fifth Avenue of the "loft" factories, brought here in spite of enormous rents, by the magic of the name upon department-store proprietors in Houston, Texas. The city has risen in protest against the menace to Fifth Avenue. In the name of desecrated beauty, do you imagine? In the name of imperiled ground rents. For it would seem that there is a law of nature which so operates that when a commercial building reaches a certain height the loss of rent income from the stores on the ground-floor exceeds the gain from all the "lofts" above the line where the law begins to apply, some eighty feet above the curb. The result is a strong stirring of civic conscience among the real-estate organizations, which proceed to organize banquets in behalf of the City Beautiful. Fifth Avenue is now by way of being saved for the shoppers from the noon-hour crowd of alien factory operatives. And yet the mere fact that such a crusade should be needed shows how absurd it is to think of Fifth Avenue as a preserve of the wealthy. Noon of

a warm day finds Fifth Avenue between Fourteenth Street and Twenty-third filled with larger, more vehement, more eloquent, gesticulating crowds than the Agora at Athens or the Forum ever saw except on special occasions.

At Madison Square the Avenue plunges into a final orgy of sky-scraping. The place reeks with white-marble palaces, battlements, pinnacles, and barracks. Diana of the Garden on her golden globe defends her ancient primacy against the enormous hulk of the Flatiron sweeping north like the prow of a superhyperdreadnought to which a considerate tobacco company has added the semblance of a battering-ram in the shape of an extension show-window; against the glistening shaft of the Metropolitan; against sixteen-story Babylonian temples devoted to cloaks and suits. Diana on her tower has vanished from the novels of New York life. Young men from the country, who come up for the conquest of New York and formulate their siege plan on the benches in Madison Square, no longer look up at Diana and say *À nous* as they used to do a few years ago. That is, they no longer do so in the novels, because the novelists assume that no modern hero would look at Diana when there is a tower near by higher by several hundred feet. In real life I imagine the watchers on the benches, especially if they watch through the night, still find in Diana a peace which neither the Flatiron nor the Metropolitan can give them.

From this monstrous spree of stone and brick the Avenue emerges like a

FIFTH AVENUE BELOW FOURTEENTH STREET

seasoned rounder from his morning's cold shower, brisk and gay enough, but with a temporary gratification in the simpler life. From Madison Square to the Waldorf is the region of the older shops, not department stores, presided over not by captains of industry, but by "tradesmen." The roof-line comes down to an easy height, and the sky follows. The windows are smart. There are apoplectic limousines in front of the book-shops, the neckwear-shops, the milliners', the boot-makers', and the silver-candlestick makers'. The limousines do not have it quite their own way. The past drives by in a victoria with plum-colored upholstery. Away from Fifth Avenue this form of vehicle is encountered only in the quaint advertising cuts of great factory buildings facing on streets traversed by bob-tailed cars with prancing horses, and victorias with two ladies, one of whom holds an open parasol. Ladies who drive up Fifth Avenue in open carriages to-day always wear black, as if in mourning for an extinct state of civilization.

AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET THE TRAFFIC THICKENS

Two or three minutes north of Madison Square the pavement of the Avenue grows thick with traffic. From the top of a motor-'bus at this point the traveler looking north has before him a sight of which I do not know the like. An inky torrent one hundred feet wide pours down the slope of Murray Hill, to break at the foot of the Waldorf-Astoria. A flood of blackened lava fills the street from curb to curb so that the very surface of the Avenue seems to heave and swell. It is the sixfold stream of motor-cars and cabs, creeping in two directions, but from a distance melting into one vast undulatory movement. At the behest of an invisible policeman the flood slackens, stops, and surges forward again, carrying everything before it, one imagines. Tossing on the surface of the stream, swaying from side to side, the green motor-'buses breast the current, mount the hill, and drop over the crest of Fortieth Street out of sight.

From the top of the green omnibuses I have looked down, I suppose, on some of the very best people in town without their knowing it or my knowing it. The 'bus is no longer a novelty in New York, but it is still an experience. People, for example, do not read newspapers on the top of an omnibus, and men passengers have a habit of taking off their hats for the air which suggests self-improvement rather than rapid transit. The 'bus must be good for one's health, but it works for self-consciousness. People visibly begin to brace themselves for the descent of the spiral staircase several blocks before their destination, and that

can hardly be good for the nerves. But my chief objection to the motor-'bus is on moral grounds. I don't know how it is with others, but in my own case I find that the secure possession of a railing seat on top of the 'bus is conducive to a cold superciliousness. I look down on the crowds of waiting shoppers at the curb and I feel that the best they can hope for is an inside seat on a plane quite below my own. They wait patiently at the curb as the heavy cars lumber past. They signal hopefully, and make their way out into the torrent of traffic, only to be waved back by the conductor. The sense of security, the warm glow that arises from a vested interest, possesses me. Sometimes I am sorry for the disappointed shoppers that line the sidewalks in my wake, but there is always a touch of malice. At such moments I can understand Nero looking down from his imperial tribune in the amphitheater.

The black tide of the Avenue runs on between banks of white. The cheerful note struck at the outlet of Madison Square by shops in white paint and cream, interrupted for a moment by the red mass of the Waldorf, is resumed in the white and cream of the great stores, in the gleaming walls and terraces of the Public Library, and continues white, with occasional outcroppings of the Early Brownstone and the Later Red Brick, to the end. The color key anticipated by the whitewashed Brevoort at Eighth Street and definitely struck by the Metropolitan tower is thereupon maintained for a distance of four miles. But if the color-scheme is uniform, the forms are infinite. As a rule our public and commercial architecture runs to two types, the architecture that soars and the architecture that squats. Gothic and Greek, tower and temple, all or nothing, forty-five stories for sewing-machines and insurance, and three stories for banks and fine arts. Fifth Avenue has the two extremes in the Metropolitan tower and the spires of St. Patrick, and in the recumbent acres of the Public Library and the Metropolitan Museum. But it has also the intermediate types dictated by utility—the solid masses of great palatial stores of wide renown, the Genoese palace that goes by the name of University Club, and the complete merging of the two ideals—or rather, of all ideals—in the vast bulk of the Plaza, which is Gothic in height, Babylonian in depth, Greek in color, and therefore typically American.

APPROACHING THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND FORTY-SECOND STREET

The outcome of the struggle between trade and residence for the possession of Fifth Avenue below Central Park has not been in doubt for some years. Trade has won, but the last shots have not

been fired. The art dealers, the real-estate men, and the milliners have reached the Park. A few families that are old enough and rich enough to touch commerce without being defiled are barricaded for a last stand. But what chance have such snipers, even if it is for the defense of hearth and home? The artillery of heavy rents will be trained against their walls and the shopping crowds in solid formation will advance to the assault. The old residences will go, and after them the clubs. The hotels will probably hold out for years to come. Longest of all will stand the churches—for several generations, perhaps.

In the evolution of New York's thoroughfares it is the churches that remain as monuments of the continuous struggle for survival, whether it is a struggle between residential district and business district, or between the private mansion and the apartment-house, or between different populations. The physiognomy of neighborhoods changes, but the churches remain in good number, imbedded in different strata—in shops, clubs, apartment-houses, tenements—for the social geologist to use as material in reconstruction of the past. The history of Fifth Avenue as far north as Central Park must be largely written on the basis of such documents in brick and stone as the First Presbyterian at Eleventh Street, the Marble Collegiate at Twenty-ninth Street, the Brick Presbyterian with its absurd sugar-loaf steeple of pinkish stone all covered with carbuncles at Thirty-seventh Street. Old families go and leave their churches behind them as filaments with the past, as memorials, or as missions for the encroaching heathen. More than that, they build churches in neighborhoods that are manifestly doomed to trade or cheap residence. The faith of the medieval cathedral builders who wrought for eternity is reflected in the faith that has just erected Dr. Parkhurst's church in the heart of the garment trade, or St. Thomas's, that striking example of a church that set out to be a cathedral and lost heart before its spires were done, in a region of shops.

The churches on Fifth Avenue confirm its representative character as the show-window of the city, a window that exhibits the entire life of the city—factories, shops, offices, hotels, clubs, its luxuries and simplicities—yes, even the longing

CENTRAL PARK—WHERE THE FIFTH AVENUE OF TRADITION BEGINS

for the primitive finds expression on Fifth Avenue in the white-front tea-rooms with chintz curtains and home-made pastry, quite like the simple joys of rural life the court of Versailles used to delight in. In this national show-window, religion is strongly on exhibition, though the furnaces and warehouses of the faith, speaking in all reverence, may be situated far from Fifth Avenue. The great population mass of whose creed St. Patrick's is the most notable symbol in stone, for example, lies fairly remote, east of Third Avenue and west of Eighth Avenue. The great bulk of the Jewish population lies five miles to the south and two miles to the north from the green-and-gold dome of the Beth-el Temple. But St. Patrick's and Beth-el are testimony to the important place that the faiths which they symbolize have won in the sun. Even religion does not disdain the *cachet* of Fifth Avenue.

For a mile and a half north of Fifty-ninth Street stretches the Fifth Avenue of tradition. It is Millionaire's Row, looking out on the green of Central Park and its great simplicities—the lake where children ride in swan-boats, the menagerie, the asphalt paths covered with a heavy traffic of baby-carts and children on donkey-back, the pond where other children sail their miniature craft. The Park, I imagine, has sensibly affected the architecture of the homes across the way. Their prevalent white and cream blends with the green of the foliage. The street is gay, for the most part in a lordly way, with fine windows framed in rich lace carving, but now and then positively coquettish in pink and white and gold. Of the pain and pleasure that architects experience when they walk up Fifth Avenue I can say little. Except for a survival here and there of the Early Brownstone period, and one or two examples of the Late Grotesque, the street pleases me. Connoisseurs, I suppose, deplore its lack of uniformity. The roof-line is jagged compared with the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, and the façades do not melt into one another. But here is the difficulty in all our striving for higher things in art in this country. If the Pittsburg rich give their architects a free hand, we accuse them of buying their esthetic ideals wholesale. When they build according to their own ideas we call them barbarians. On the one hand we expect them to express their own personality, and on the other we expect them to express themselves beautifully. If here or there on Fifth Avenue one discerns under a single roof specimens of the Assyrian, the French Renaissance, and the California Mission, the thing has its significance. Why not give the architect of this amazing mess

THE SPIRES OF ST. PATRICK'S LIFT ABOVE A VAST AND MOVING THRONG

the credit for doing what Sargent does—reveal the soul of the inhabitant through its tenement of granite, marble, and green slate?

At any rate, the way to perfect beauty on the Avenue is not through flat, long, low Roman structures in marble. I don't know how Mr. Frick's new Roman basilica on the site of the old Lenox Library measures up as an example of absolute architecture. I do not find it beautiful in itself, and it is absurd as a human habitation. After all, Alcibiades did not have lodgings in the Parthenon, and there is no reason why any one man, no matter how wealthy, should make his home in a structure obviously intended for the United States Supreme Court. I understand, of course, that the dwellings of the very rich are virtually restricted nowadays to a picture-gallery, a museum, and a swimming-tank, but it must be somebody's fault if with that there cannot be incorporated some suggestion at least of a home. Otherwise I submit that there is danger of the megaphone men on the sight-seeing wagons pointing out the Frick mansion as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Art Museum as the Frick mansion. Not that it would make any appreciable difference to the sight-seers, but a dangerous architectural tradition might be perpetuated in Kansas. After all, the problem of combining the museum and the hearth has been solved in Europe by the simple method of building a residence and then transforming it through the accumulation of years into a museum, and not the other way around.

THE GREEN AND GOLD DOME OF BETH-EL TEMPLE

Just a mile separates Mr. Frick's Roman basilica at Seventieth Street from the fine ducal palace erected some years ago by his former partner, Mr. Carnegie, at Ninetieth Street. Not content with the splendid front yard of eight hundred acres supplied free of cost by the city, both men have built themselves gardens of their own. Mr. Frick's lawn with its low marble balustrade is intended as a foreground. Mr. Carnegie's finished garden with its high iron fence aims at privacy. Lawn seed and flower-beds must come high on the Avenue, but I presume it was the desire to fix permanently the residential character of the vicinage that prompted what would be elsewhere on the Avenue regarded as waste of space. Gardens on Fifth Avenue create a real-estate proposition before which the most ambitious milliner or jewelry-shop will hesitate for many years to come.

Business may be some time in forcing an entrance into Millionaires' Row, but one form of change is already at work to show that time will have its way with the proudest of residential neighborhoods. Exactly half-way between Mr. Frick and Mr. Carnegie stands the only apartment-house on Fifth Avenue, at

Eighty-first Street. It faces the central pavilion of the Metropolitan Museum, thus presenting our favorite architectural combination of several hundred feet of masonry shooting up in the air right next door to several hundred feet of granite trailing close to the soil. If you laid this apartment-house on its side and stood the Metropolitan Museum on one end, the harmony would be precisely the same. Blank and ugly from the outside, I understand that within this structure, which the building laws of New York City describe as a tenement-house, there are ceilings from Venice, and oak paneling from the English counties, and suites of enormous numbers of rooms exactly described in the Sunday supplements. It is the entering wedge, the first point of infection. Other apartment-houses are in planning for Fifth Avenue. Five years from now will see cream and marble residences scrapped for twelve stories in blank terra-cotta, and Fifth Avenue's history will have to be written anew.

IN THE HEART OF THE HARLEM GHETTO

At Carnegie Hill is the climax. Three or four blocks beyond the hill the scattered pioneers of the northward migration of the rich rear their lonely roofs over vacant lots. Then comes an area of dreary board fences. On its own side of the Avenue the Park keeps bravely on. It can wait. But glancing east down the side-streets of the Avenue itself there is nothing. The view is of a hinterland of tenements, and instead of clean stretches of asphalt to Park Avenue, the pavement is alive with children. At 100th Street the Mount Sinai Hospital would seem to mark the ultimate limit of millionaire expansion. Beyond are more advertising fences. We must be content with the greenhouses in Central Park, the lovely rise of land to the Reservoir, and the waters of Harlem Mere, until we reach, once more on the east side of the Avenue, the first definite sign of a new civilization, the moving-picture theater of which I spoke at the beginning.

Four blocks more and Central Park says farewell to Fifth Avenue and turns west. So do the green motor-'buses. But the Avenue itself, five and a quarter miles from its source, has still some life in it. Without turning a hair, it runs on, looking to neither right nor left, through the heart of the great Harlem Ghetto, until at Mount Morris Park it runs its head slap into a castellated hillock that would be a very respectable height on the Rhine, the loftiest point in central Manhattan. At 124th Street the little park stops and the Avenue has recovered itself. For a quarter-mile or so it passes through the brownstone of the half-way-up middle classes, now giving way before the boarding-houses. Then comes half a mile of dingy tenements, with little of the lights and crowd and babel of the Ghetto below Mount Morris Park. And then, as Mr. Kipling might say, the Harlem River takes it.

Lost and Found

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

THE Hon. Mrs. David McAlpin watched her on that raw spring morning—a trim, competent figure in the blue cotton gown and all-enveloping white apron, moving about the bed of a bronchial-pneumonia patient brought in a few days before. Mrs. McAlpin glanced with less satisfaction at the small helmet-like linen cap above the glimpse of banded brown hair. Yet the costume had been of Mrs. McAlpin's own choosing. "No reason that I can see," she had said, with the liberality of the woman who has herself some claim to good looks—"no reason why foundlings should be turned into frights." But that was thirty years ago. There were wild forces abroad in the world to-day that made any hint of even an archaic, Minervan militancy in one of the "Mary Eleanor" girls repugnant to their patron. Under the little white helmet this particular face—though the first thing you noticed about it was the babyish "dent" in the chin—could wear a look undeniably disquieting. Not to-day. The laughing eyes, very grave. The mouth, distractingly "nicked out" at the corners (a mouth that fell too easily from firmness to mutiny) was gentle enough this morning, though slightly wrested from its purity of outline by an outward thrust of the under lip—a mark with Ruth of absorption in some business to her mind.

Ruth was always a better girl at times like this. According to the matron, when nobody was seriously ill, when there was only routine work to do, Ruth was now and then a problem. Absent-minded, restive under reproof, of late downright disobedient. She was—yes, no use blinking the fact—Ruth was growing up a rather moody young woman, except, as Matron Gillies said, when there was a case in the infirmary serious enough to bring into the girl's face that look it wore to-day, not gravely happy, merely, but lit with a kind of protecting valiancy. Never at such times would the thought occur to any one that Ruth herself was a friendless, nameless foundling, dependent on chance kindness. Rather, you saw in her one called to succor others, a soldier spirit looking out of steady eyes; if you please, a sort of Jeanne d'Arc of the sick-room—in shining armor of all-enveloping white apron and helmet cap.

Oh yes, undeniably a fine specimen—worth taking some trouble about. And to take trouble about Ruth was precisely what had brought Mrs. McAlpin to the Home that day. Fully a fortnight ago she had been asked by the matron to speak to Ruth. Now, personal remonstrance from Mrs. McAlpin was accounted a drastic measure, and seldom called for. What form should it take, that lady asked herself as she moved about, saying a word to another patient while keeping a speculative eye on Ruth. A moment like this was often the turning-point in a girl's life. Yet Mrs. McAlpin found her concern about the girl merging in the wish that the lumping nieces who had to be asked to her husband's shooting-parties, and the kinswomen she from time to time felt called on to present at court—would that those well-born damsels bore themselves like Ruth Aberdeen!

Another nurse, followed hurriedly by the matron, came in to relieve Ruth. Matron Gillies, a comfortable, sonsy spinster with a square figure and winter-apple cheeks, was a little breathless this morning. She cut short her greeting to inquire deferentially whether Mrs. McAlpin had said anything to Ruth.

"Only about the pneumonia case."

"Oh, the pneumonia case is going on all right!"

"I guessed that much—from Ruth's face."

"Ruth's face. Yes, there's another reason for *that!*" With an air of cheerful mystery Miss Gillies led the way into her private room. A place of bald utility, with horsehair chairs ranged against the wall, a baize-covered table in the middle with an ink-pot, pens, and blotter, a telephone near the window, and on the hearth a gas fire.

Miss Gillies drew up a chair to the table, and Mrs. McAlpin sat down in it. Invariably in these interviews Miss Gillies stood. She began by saying it was curious that after bearing with Ruth's moods for over a year, and at last bringing herself to recommend that the girl should be spoken to, she had come to feel it wasn't necessary just now.

"Excellent!" Mrs. McAlpin made a motion to rise.

But Miss Gillies put out an arresting hand. "At least not about *that*," she said. "Just after you were here last she was rather worse, if anything. Went about in one of her hard, dumb moods. Eyes that didn't see you, but always looking for something. And when she was forced to speak, bitter-tongued. The servants complained. I sent for her one night and spoke to her alone. Oh! she was hard enough. Defiant. I told her I had been obliged to tell you. Quite suddenly she put her two hands up over her face like this. And when she took them away her face was wet."

"Ruth? I haven't seen Ruth cry since she was six."

"Not the weepy sort, anyway. It astonished me to see her cry. But it astonished me more when she came out with: 'Oh, if I had anybody to help me!' I told her I was ashamed of her saying that. Weren't we all—hadn't we been helping her for years? Not about what she cares most for, she said."

"Well, what is it she cares most for?" demanded Mrs. McAlpin, with scant show of sympathy. "To marry one of the young tradesmen—or—?"

"No, no; it isn't anything like that—"

In the pause memories rose up of Mary Eleanor orphans who would make good kitchen maids yearning to learn millinery, to go on the stage, to go to America. . . .

"She wants us," said Miss Gillies, "'to help her to find her people.'"

"*Her people?* Surely she's intelligent enough to know that's the last thing—"

"First or last, she thinks of nothing else."

Mrs. McAlpin's hands went up under her sables. She drew the long gray coat together at the throat—the action of one who has finished her business for that day. But the matron still stood there with an expression her employer had never seen in the ruddy face before.

"I've wondered," she began, "if, after all, you wouldn't see Ruth."

"But you say there's no need now—she's behaving well."

"I think that's because I told her I—I'd ask you—if you could suggest anything."

"Certainly I can't suggest anything." And still Miss Gillies stood there. "Oh, very well—if she needs to be convinced—send her here."

Mrs. McAlpin sat down and unbuttoned her coat. She turned her watch on her wrist—the half-instinctive action of the sort of optimist who feels that somewhere in the world there is enough of everything except time, and grudges ten minutes wasted in pursuit of anybody's chimera. The door opened and shut softly. Ruth Aberdeen stood there.

Deliberately Mrs. McAlpin stretched the girl on the rack of several moments' silence. Then: "You have been asking the matron, I hear, to help you in a quite useless quest." The cleft chin dropped on the shining collar. The girl looked down at her locked fingers. The knuckles showed white. "You know the story of the woman who brought you here. That you were left with her, a baby of six months—"

"That isn't true."

"Since you can't be sure what happened afterward, how can you know what happened when you were six months old?"

There seemed to be no answer to that.

"Your mother had walked with you in her arms from Aberdeen. She was taken in penniless, apparently dying, nursed till she was better, and then disappeared."

"I don't believe that story!" said the girl, defiantly.

"Oh, I dare say—" but Mrs. McAlpin had never heard just that accent before,

accustomed as she was to the imaginary stories with which the nameless will sometimes fill out the unendurable blank of the past. She knew the enervating effect of these baseless hopes that clog the feet of action. "My child, you are young. You probably have some romantic notion about your mother—and your father." She shook her head. "If you knew—when they *can* be unraveled—how ugly and sordid these mysteries are!"

The cleft chin lifted and the foundling looked in the great lady's eyes: "I dare say when I know the truth I sha'n't like it. All the same, *whatever* it is"—the firm Scots accent fell to trembling—"I want to know."

"You might as well say you want—" Through the ceiling and the mask of daylight Mrs. McAlpin's eyes seemed to seek the unattainable moon.

"I shall never rest till I know who my people—"

"You must know already that if 'your people' . . ." Under Mrs. McAlpin's accent the girl winced. It was like a reference to stolen goods. Ruth of Aberdeen had laid claim to "people." And she hadn't any. She stood there in the slight pause, flushed, silent, shamed. "I am sorry to hear you mind so much. That will pass, you'll find. But the essence of your situation is that if they—'your people,' as you say—wanted you, you wouldn't be here."

Ruth's eyes shone steady through tears of humiliation: "You don't suppose I want to trouble them. I don't want any mortal thing from them—*except to know!*"

Much of Mrs. McAlpin's success in life lay not only in her disinclination to run her head against a stone wall, but in her power to recognize a stone wall when she came to one.

Ruth's demand was hopeless, but was it unreasonable? Didn't Mrs. McAlpin herself feel the prick of wonder as to what manner of man and woman were responsible for this young life—this young misery? The look in the face before her stirred the woman's old unregenerate rage against those who were responsible—the shirkers. Those cowards who clapped their burdens on the backs of little children and then fled.

It was foolish, pitiable, anything you like, but this otherwise reasonable young creature was actually saying to herself that before she could feel sure to what end her life should be shaped she must, *must* know where it took its beginnings, "—or else, don't you see," she found at last a way to put it, "I sha'n't ever know I'm steering straight—going the way I was born to go."

"There are other ways of finding that out, as you will discover. But meanwhile Miss Gillies tells me you have one or two vague recollections—nothing of any use, she says, but all the same—" Mrs. McAlpin made that out-and-over movement of the wrist that brought up the face of her watch. "I think I'll wait and go through the kitchens this time." She clicked open her bag, took out a letter, and tore off the blank half-sheet. "There"—she threw it on the table—"write out those two or three faint impressions. Write everything you can remember—" She stopped short at the astonishing change in the girl's face. "No, no. Understand, child, that all I expect to be able to do is to convince you as a reasonable being that what you want to know isn't to be found out." She knew she spoke to deaf ears, and turned with a pang from the sight of the face bent over the half-sheet that was all too large for those foundling's "memories," faint and few.

The look pursued Mrs. McAlpin flight after flight to the basement floor. If she had such a daughter! To think that somewhere was perhaps a woman who had the right to call that shining spirit "mine."

Twenty minutes later once again Ruth stood before her, this time in the reception-room down-stairs, holding out the half-sheet. Mrs. McAlpin lifted the eyeglass on the chain and read in Ruth's small, neat hand:

The woman did not speak the truth when she said she had had me since I was a baby. I am sure I lived in a little house with a man and his wife. I played in the street with their children—a boy and a girl. The place was called Birdsigh, or some such name. What I am sure is the people's name was Minnyfah, though that doesn't sound like anybody's name. A tall man came and took me away to a great house with many win-

dows and where bells kept ringing. It was opposite a railway station. I cried. The tall man didn't like it. The next morning we met a woman at the station. She took me away in a train. It wasn't the woman I had been living with who brought me here.

RUTH ABERDEEN.

"Yes, I'm afraid"—the girl replied to the look on her patron's face as though it had been an observation—"I'm afraid it's not a great deal."

"It is practically nothing."

She did not contest this, but her confident eyes troubled Mrs. McAlpin.

"I have told you it's all too vague. Yet to look at you, one might suppose I'd already been able to do something."

"Oh, you have. The difference! To know that some one—you, of all people! —are trying to find my—" she colored suddenly and looked down—"*them*. You'll see, I sha'n't ever forget." She raised her eyes. "Miss Gillies won't be coming with complaints about me any more."

Mrs. McAlpin left the girl at the door with that lifted look.

The scant information was placed in expert hands, and the weeks went by. A final report came from the agency within a few days of the McAlpins' annual visit to Marienbad, "Clues insufficient."

The lady found herself regretting the necessity that took her, on the day before she left Scotland, to that one of the Mary Eleanor Homes which was Ruth's. Only the girl's eyes asked, "News?" And when she was told, "Nothing," the eyes that had questioned turned gently, faithfully back to her task. Plain to see the poor child still hoped all things.

She was doing well, the matron reported. An outbreak of low fever among the children in the head nurse's absence left Ruth practically in charge of the infirmary. "Oh, indefatigable!"

While the McAlpins were at Bagnolles came the staggering calamity of the German declaration of war and invasion of Belgium. Like millions of others, the McAlpins went to sleep one night at peace with all mankind and woke next day to a world in arms. They returned to England to find London swarming with nephews and cousins—their own and other people's—about to leave England, so their relations whispered. An astonishing majority of the civil population fell simultaneously under the spell of a passion for service to the nation—the other side, perhaps, of that shield, voluntary military service. Such an unsolicited outpouring of money and of active private aid the world had not yet seen. To give became the one common need, the unifying passion.

Level-headed people like Mrs. David McAlpin, while performing prodigies of organization in Red Cross and relief work, kept well before them the danger of forgetting sufferers at home, in all this enthusiasm for soldiers in the field and for those piteous refugees out of the desolation that was Belgium.

Hospitals were closing their wards to the civilian sick, and many an ante-bellum charity fell on evil days.

The Hon. David McAlpin, accompanied by his wife, was on his way back to parliamentary duties in London just after the fall of Antwerp. The huge preoccupation of those days did not minimize Mrs. McAlpin's concern over the plight of a little hospital for destitute women and children at Castleborough. Those unfortunates must not be forgotten because others needed help of the sort that touches the imagination and fires the heart. Mrs. McAlpin arranged to stop over for a night at Castleborough Junction and see what could be done.

Between the porter and her maid the lady picked her way across the tramlines toward the great Station Hotel that took the broadside of the afternoon sun on its flaming panes of glass.

"Many windows."

She smiled at the inconsequence in the trick of memory which brought the phrase to mind. But the thought which had slipped so lightly into her head was not so easily evicted.

"Do you know," she asked the porter, "of any suburb of this place, or any village hereabouts, called Birdsigh?"

"No, m' lady," said the porter.

It was a silly question, she decided, and by way of redressing the balance and planning something practical in the direction of keeping faith with Ruth Aberdeen, Mrs. McAlpin promised her-

self that, however preoccupied in London with other things, she would go to Scotland Yard and make some inquiries in person.

Birdsigh! Birdsigh! The word dinned at her ears. It seemed more this newly conceived errand to the elusive village of Birdsigh than the opening of Parliament that was taking her to town tomorrow.

"Yes, a taxi"; and as she waited for it she put again the question, "Do you know anything of a suburb or a village called Birdsigh?"

No, the commissionaire had never heard of such a place.

The hospital was a long way out. Her business ended, she drove back a different way and yet the same, through those miles of mean streets that made up the manufacturing quarter. She was tired, as her attitude betrayed, leaning forward over folded arms, staring out at the bleak spectacle of the poor tenements in a Northern city. She looked into gray, hopeless faces till she felt her own courage lowered. At last, to shut out the unendurable plight of the children, she closed her eyes, trying to comfort herself with the thought of Mary Eleanor girls, of Ruth—the child who had played in the streets of Birdsigh.

The taxi put on speed. He was driving recklessly, this man. Mrs. McAlpin opened her eyes, put her head out of the window, and hung there for several seconds, looking back. Then, instead of admonishing the man to drive more carefully, "Stop!" she cried, sharply. "Stop! I want to go back to Birdseye Street." The driver slowed. He didn't know any Birdseye Street—there was a Birdseye Lane back there. He said it in a tone that implied "and no place for a fare like mine."

"That's where I'm going," said the lady. "Birdseye Lane!"—a plan at which the very taxi revolted. An explosion of anger sounded from a punctured tire and the drive came to an end. No other taxi in sight. The man promised to send one after the lady to the lane of doubtful renown.

A very long lane and no turning. The woman of sixty who had already put in a strenuous day was wearily conscious of the fact before she reached the *cul de sac* at the end of a double row of little smoke-stained houses.

More and more wearily she went on, looking back now and then for the rescuing taxi. No policeman. No shop where inquiry might be made. Mrs. McAlpin was not, she told herself with the impatience born of weariness, so besotted about Ruth Aberdeen (nor even about justice in general to babies and deserted women—those clients of hers more than ever disregarded in war times) as to go from house to house making the futile inquiry, "Are you by chance the foster-mother of a little girl of five or six taken twelve years ago to the Mary Eleanor Home at . . .?"

She paused out of sheer exhaustion. The children playing here struck her as better cared for, the houses cleaner. Actually a white curtain at the window of one. She opened her purse and called to a boy of ten or twelve. Did he know where to go and telephone for a cab? While she talked the door in the white-curtained house opened, and a short, stout woman with a good-humored face looked out. "Jim!" she called. Jim explained the lady's demand. His mother nodded, "All right. Look sharp—tea's ready." And she stood there.

Tea! It was what Mrs. McAlpin wanted at that moment more even than a taxi. Was there a cook-shop anywhere near by, she asked.

Not near, the woman said. But if the lady liked she could come in here and wait. There was tea, too, just that minute made.

A little room, clean and tidy, and many a worse cup of tea had the seasoned traveler tasted.

They talked about Jim. It was "a good step" to the post-office, and the taxi would come off the rank in the market-place.

"You would be amused," said the lady, looking into the capable, pleasant face, "if you knew what brought me to Birdseye Lane."

"I was just wondering," said the woman, with candor.

"Well, I am looking for traces of a family of some name like Minnyfah who used to live in a place called Birdseye—"

"Minifer? There's Minifers lives

here, too," said the woman, as though jealous for the renown of Birdseye Lane. "The Minifers and my husband's mother has been here longer than anybody in the Lane. Yes'm. The Minifers has two children. The girl works in the factory, and the boy he's gone for a soldier." She got up, saying that grandmother might know if Minifers had ever had a little girl that wasn't theirs. "Granny!"—she opened a door. From where she sat Mrs. McAlpin could see the kitchen beyond, and the kerchiefed head of an old woman knitting by the window. "Did the Minifers ever have a little girl to live with 'em, granny?"

No answer for several moments. The old woman slowly turned her head, and the light glanced across horn spectacles. "Yes, there used to be a little girl—and well paid for keeping her, too!" said the old voice, very deep and hoarse. "Oh, they made a good bit out of it." No, she couldn't remember the child's name. "They made a pretty penny." She didn't grudge it. "They did well by the bairn."

As Mrs. McAlpin crossed the street she was conscious of an air of animation in Birdseye Lane. By that wireless telegraphy which serves the close-knit poor word had gone forth of an unusual Presence. What was the tall lady in gray silk "after"? The Lane-ites stood speculating in their doorways, leaning out of windows. Only at Minifers' no sign of life. Mrs. McAlpin knocked. A sound of sobbing came out as a middle-aged man opened the door—a sturdy workman in corduroys, his red face framed in an aggressive fringe of gray whisker—the veritable Newcastle frill.

"Minifer? Yes. That 'll be my name. No, my missus ain't able to see nobody." Mrs. McAlpin explained the urgent nature of her errand, through the deep, choking sobs from a woman in the front room.

"Only two words with Mrs. Minifer," she begged.

The man broke in. "The missus couldn't tell ye nobbut what I could mysel'. He was a doctor up at the hospital. One o' the nurses told him about us. He brought the little gal here hisself and he came hisself and took her away. A rare foos she made, too, and not a sign since of either of 'em. I never thought well o' the mon for that."

"What was his name?"

"Oh, it was young Dr. Orkney from ooer hospital. But he 'ain't been there this long while."

"There's a well-known doctor in London of that name."

"Oh, belike."

"If only you would tell Mrs. Minifer, maybe she—"

"Na, na, I'll tell her nowt. She's had enough for one while." He looked round uneasily as the crying rose again. "We joost seen our lad go for a soldier. I says to her, 'We mun all do summat.' 'Yes,' says she, 'so I'll be cryin' a spell.'"

The long-awaited taxi, with Jim triumphant on the footboard, came tearing down the street while Minifer gave approximate dates and a not very adequate description. "Oh, aye, a long body he was, an' awfu' solemn. Never liked him mooch mysel'. But the little gal"—his eyes grew kind—"nothin' wrong wi' the little gal. Yes, blue eyes, and a line down her chin. An' after all my missus done—never a worrd from that day to this."

From her London house the next day Mrs. McAlpin telephoned the great Dr. Orkney for an appointment. No easy matter to arrange in the short time before her return to Scotland. But Mrs. McAlpin was quietly emphatic with the secretary at the doctor's end of the line: "A case of unusual urgency, though it need not keep Dr. Orkney long."

Mrs. McAlpin was a personage in London as well as in Scotland. Some readjustments were made, and a little after four on the following day the wife of the well-known Scots magnate was admitted to the waiting-room of the famous Harley Street consultant. He seldom saw patients as late as this, but two young women and a man in khaki uniform with a row of reduced medals across his breast sat near the round table covered with the usual literature. Mrs. McAlpin took up one of the extra war editions of an afternoon paper and glanced at news already no news to one who had scanned the bulletins as she drove through the khaki-dappled streets. Unconsciously her mind wandered to the

women next her—one a girl, the other thirty-odd, talking in half-whispers the commonplace of the day, about somebody "leaving to-morrow for the front."

"I should say a man like your cousin can do the country more good at home." The older woman did not oppose that view. She glowed as she spoke of "him."

"You said he was married?" the young girl pursued.

"Oh, very much!" A laugh, and then: "After all, *she's* a kind of heroine, too, to let him go. Some say she'll never live to see him come back. . . ." Their voices sank.

A white-capped maid opened the door. The talkative lady rose briskly. With an air of being a good deal at home there, she pounced on the maid, "I'm so anxious my friend shouldn't miss seeing the doctor."

The maid shook her head. "As I said, Miss Edith—without an appointment—"

"Yes, yes—but when this is our only chance. And we've waited two hours—"

"I'm sorry, miss." The maid was showing out a soldier.

The conference at the round table went on in whispers. "My cousin—" Mrs. McAlpin looked at the clock and turned her newspaper with an impatient rustle. Fragments of the talk still reached her from time to time as the minutes dragged.

"—none of us dreamed she'd let him go." "Yes, like signing her own death-warrant—" "Why, she's alive to-day only because he wouldn't *let* her die. But when she got it into her head that he must give to the country what he'd been giving to her, a kind of queer rivalry sprang up between them. He determined in that iron way of his to stay and take care of her—oh yes, and of all the rest, too!"—she laughed—"and the whole time *hating* to be stuck here at home. Haven't I seen his face when other men were talking about going to the front—"

"Mrs. McAlpin!"—the white-capped maid was holding open the door.

He stood there in the room across the hall, back to the light, holding out his hand—a man of forty-odd, tall, not thin, but with a look of physical fitness about his compact frame and long, clean-cut face; a brown mustache clipped close to lips that seemed themselves to have been razored into their firm outlines; hair of a darker brown, graying at the temples; eyes that quietly took you in and dropped you out as though your case interested him less than the one preceding and that to follow.

Mrs. McAlpin made no motion to take the outstretched hand. He glanced at her a second time with a quick wink of the small blue-gray eyes, and turned his proffered handshake into an indication of "the patient's chair." Mrs. McAlpin seated herself and opened her bag. He waited.

"How much time do you usually devote to a new patient?"

He stared, settled his fine shoulders back, and with a trace of hauteur, "As long as the diagnosis requires," he said.

"Seldom less, I imagine, than fifteen minutes for a first consultation."

His fixed look seemed to speculate: "Is this a case for my neighbor the alienist?"

"I think," she said, "ten minutes will do for what may be called 'my case.' It is really yours."

She had all his attention now, as she recognized in the wary look bent upon her the crystallizing of that doubt as to her mental condition.

"What is your trouble?" he said, quietly.

"I will tell you what the trouble is, but while I shall not exceed the time"—a downward glance of eye and a turn of the watch on her wrist—"I will tell you in my own way." She spoke briefly of her work for women and girls.

"It is well known." He would have dismissed it. She held him, as she never had held any one before to that particular theme, while she touched with the caustic of her tongue upon the wrong done these foundlings; upon that debt never to be paid in full, heaped up by the merely ignorant, added to by the craven women and criminal men responsible for—she hesitated a second—"for the nameless children we help to bear the irreparable loss of even the poorest home."

Dr. Orkney leaned his elbows on the

arms of his chair, fitted finger-tip to finger-tip, and over the acute angle watched the eccentric great lady.

"An instance—a girl we call Ruth Aberdeen." A few swift sentences placed the girl before him. An echo of that cry of hers vibrated on the quiet professional air, "Help me to find my people!" And then silence.

"Yes?"

"I promised I would try. I have succeeded. At least"—she fixed him—"my impression is I have found the father."

Dr. Orkney bent his head. Was it faint encouragement or perfunctory congratulation?

Out of the gaping bag on her lap Mrs. McAlpin took Ruth's half-sheet of paper and laid it on the writing-table.

His finger-tips still in delicate contact maintained their angle. Only the body leaned closer to the table, bringing under the unemotional eyes Ruth's clear, small writing.

Not a sound. Not a tremor. He might have been reading a prescription. When he came to the end he sat back and laid those fine surgeon's hands of his along the arms of the chair. Were his withers as all unwrung as he gave out? Or was he merely the most astute of men? A feeling to which she was little accustomed seized Mrs. McAlpin. A sense of helpless depression, of defeat. She had leaned on the belief that Orkney was an uncommon name. Now she was sure there were as many families of Orkney as islands: typical Scots families of ten or a dozen children—half of them doctors in the middle-class Scots fashion—one-third, maybe, dead. If responsibility for Ruth lay morally at the door of the Orkney before her, so much the worse for Ruth. This was a man to fight to the last ditch against a repudiated claim.

A mad errand, this. She held out her hand for the half-sheet. "I found Minifer," she said by way of self-justification. "He gave me your name."

"My name?" The voice was level and unjarred.

"Not in full, I admit. They didn't know your Christian name. But they knew—"

"What are you going to do?"

The interruption was neither angry nor alarmed. But it was delivered with a curious flatness of tone that made the woman's pulses beat. No, that wasn't it. The reason her pulses hammered was that the light, falling on the long visage tilted at a different angle, now showed faintly a cleft, the same that was carved more wilfully in the chin of the little foundling far away.

"What am I going to do? *See justice done.*"

"Are you sure?"

"To the best of my power."

"Whatever is just—that you will do?"

Instead of answering she looked at him, and then instinctively turned away from what she saw. Few people are easy under the responsibility of bringing a look like that into human eyes.

"I have a wife up-stairs."

It struck her queerly that he presented the fact to her as a part of *her*, Teresa McAlpin's, problem. Justice, mind you. He rose and went to the window, presenting his profile. He nodded to some one out there. Mrs. McAlpin, looking through the companion window on her side of the writing-table, saw a chauffeur touch his cap. Orkney drew out his watch and wheeled about. He crossed the room at double-quick and opened a door. "One moment."

A young woman entered, wearing glasses—a trim, refined creature. She held a note-book in one hand and pencil ready for note-taking. He made a gesture. "Not that. Go up, will you, and just say I shall be too late. No use to wait any longer."

The young woman hesitated. In a half-whisper she began, apologetically, "You don't think that Mrs. Orkney—your very last day!"

"It can't be helped. She will understand."

"Oh, I'll tell her! But"—the low voice sank under a weight of reproachful wonder—"you won't blame me when I fail. She'll never go without you. Not *to-day*."

He followed her to the door. "Tell her—" He broke off. "Do what you can." He cleared his throat as the young woman went out, and called after her, "If my cousin is still in there—"

"Miss Edith?"

He nodded. "Tell her not to wait. No use." He shut the door. As he passed Mrs. McAlpin, "I am going over to France to-morrow," he said.

"Then I'm only just in time."

"Oh, you're in time," he agreed, bitterly.

She looked away from him with a sense of uneasiness—a dread lest she might be caught sympathizing with this callous shirker.

He sat down and leaned forward; the watch still in his hands dropped between his knees. "My wife," he began, and stopped. "*Is* she my wife?" The eyes, appalled—no doubt about that now—looked up at his visitor. But he went on speaking like one in a passion of haste to have done: "Seventeen years ago I was a student in Edinburgh. I lodged over a tobacco-shop. I ate oatmeal, chiefly, and when I was tired of that and still hungry, I smoked. I worked as only a Scots student will work—*can* work and live. Under my attic was the tobacconist, his two boys, and his stepdaughter." Orkney hesitated. The next words dropped out with a cold bitterness that told the listener more than a storm of obloquy. "The woman was nine years older than I. She used to come. . . . But it was, of course, my own doing. The year before I graduated I married her. The year I got my first hospital appointment at Castleborough she went off with a traveling-salesman. I have never seen her since. I don't know—" He made an upward motion of returning energy like the spent swimmer suddenly discovering strength to catch at a spar. "Perhaps *you* know whether she is dead?"

Mrs. McAlpin tightened her lips.

"It doesn't matter." He settled down again, and his shoulder-line sagged. "She left me with a baby. The old man failed in business, failed in health. The sons took him away to Perth. I don't know what became of them, either. I found a woman near Castleborough Junction to take care of the child." His eyes went back to the paper. "Yes, Birdseye Lane. I didn't use to see the child. I didn't use to see anybody outside the treadmill. Two years later—offer of a hospital in London. Freedom. The great opportunity! What to do about the child. I had been too poor to buy books, instruments. The little I made—it all went in supporting myself and paying for the child. A friend lent me two hundred pounds. I heard of a woman, a decent woman, who was willing to take the child away and bring it up as her own. I took her from the Minifers to the Railway Hotel. Yes"—his look fell on the paper—"of 'many windows'—and stayed the night. I shall never forget—" The gesture of impotence of a man alone, helpless, with a crying child. "The next morning I took her to meet the train from the north. It brought the woman as arranged. I gave her the child and I gave her one hundred and ninety pounds." He stopped for breath.

"And that, you thought, would be the end."

"The end—*of all that?* God!—yes."

"Well, it wasn't the end. It was the beginning, for your daughter. What are you willing to do for her?"

He leaned back and looked straight before him—at nothing. "Anything I may do will be on one condition. You can guess what that is."

"She—your wife—is not to know."

Instead of replying to that he said, in a perfectly commonplace tone, that he was expecting his lawyer that evening. He was ready to deposit a sum—he named it.

His visitor opened her eyes—a sum far in excess of what was needed or desirable for a girl brought up to work.

"—in trust to you," he went on, "for your orphanages. Apply it as you like—on a condition not to be stated in the instrument, but fully understood here and now." The condition was that neither he nor any one belonging to him was ever to be approached on the subject again.

"If only you could see her!"

The man was on his feet. He stood gripping the corner of the table. He would never see her! Never!

"But Ruth—your daughter will want to know whom her money comes from."

"Give her as little or as much as you like. It comes from you." Mrs. McAlpin shook her head. "Or it comes however you like, so she never hears my

name. Either what I offer on the terms I state—or nothing."

When Mrs. McAlpin came in to luncheon the next day she brought the letters off a table in the hall. Over her solitary meal she opened the envelope of legal length and read that Ruth Aberdeen was independent for life. Through invitations and appeals Mrs. McAlpin made her way absent-mindedly till she glanced at the signature of a note in a hand vaguely familiar. How that girl haunted one.

THE HON. MRS. DAVID MCALPIN:

DEAR MADAM,—Matron says I may write to you about the wonderful thing that has happened. I specially wanted to tell you on account of what you promised me. There is no need to trouble about that any more. I haven't a bit of doubt now what I must be doing, and I am very, very happy. One of the old Mary Eleanor girls, Julia Cautley—she says you will remember—well, she is here, ill. She was nursing at a military hospital and a piece of shrapnel blinded her. She has helped matron to arrange for me to go to France. Isn't that very wonderful, dear madam? On Thursday afternoon I shall go over to Paris with one of the lady doctors. Thanking you for everything,

I am your obedient and grateful
RUTH ABERDEEN.

Mrs. McAlpin was the last to leave the train at Folkestone. While others gathered coats and bags and bustled out, she moved quietly to the window, keeping shrewd watch on the faces that went by, and on those few coming up from the carriages in front. Travel in this direction was light. No rush, no crowding. Ruth went by radiant, between two women; never a glance to right or left; forward-looking to that service which had put doubts and questioning to sleep.

"All out!" called out a porter. "Luggage, lady?"

Every one else had moved on toward the landing-stage. Mrs. McAlpin stepped from her compartment with a feeling of intense relief. Either Dr. Orkney had changed his plans or missed his train. As she went toward the booking-office to get her return ticket a fleeting glimpse of a man behind an immense truck-load held the woman fast. The truck moved toward the dock and unmasked two figures—Orkney and another, who might be a young doctor, but was certainly a friend. They followed the luggage, Orkney talking earnestly, his hand on his companion's arm.

Mrs. McAlpin came up with them on the fringe of the group about the gangway. "Just a word—"

Orkney turned with an aggressive sharpness. The younger man stared.

"I tried to telephone," she began, "to catch you before—" James Orkney's look would have intimidated many women. "It is because I *haven't* broken my word," said Mrs. McAlpin, drawing herself up, "that I am here."

He hesitated the fraction of a minute, then thrust a hand in his breast pocket. "Just get this off, will you?" He held out a folded telegraph form. The young man vanished. Orkney stood planted, his inimical eyes on Mrs. McAlpin.

"You have only to wait over for the next boat. Then you won't run a risk"—she nodded toward the ship—"even of brushing shoulders in the crowd with—with—you know whom I mean."

The tight lips parted to demand, "Am I to understand—" Again the look of loathing he had worn the day before when he said: "The end *of all that?* God!—Yes."

Mrs. McAlpin met him squarely: "She is going over to nurse. I heard of the plan half an hour before your train (and hers) left Charing Cross."

His eyes abandoned their angry scrutiny of Mrs. McAlpin. They swept the gangway. They ran along the scantily peopled deck. With a faint jerk of the head, the eyes, the whole figure of the man, settled to a rigid stillness. Mrs. McAlpin knew before she glanced up what vision had fixed such a look on James Orkney's face. No miracle of recognition, either. In days like these many thousands of young women from the Continent sought refuge in England. Few were traveling to France. Ruth Aberdeen was the only girl in sight. Between her two companions she leaned over the rail of the upper deck with more color in her face than any one had ever seen there, frankly excited, very guileless-looking, smiling down upon the world, and making little signs that

seemed to say, "Oh, do look up and see how happy I am!"

What James Orkney saw was a face looking down at him with eyes he knew —the eyes of his young sister who was dead.

Ruth's face smiled and sobered, and still to the pitch of poignancy it wore for him "the family look." No eloquence of tongue, nothing that stands written in any book, may sway the heart as does that elusive quality—the Race Mark in a face. And this is true less of the obvious physical aspect than of its thousand secret connotations. All the world knows the Hapsburg lip, the jaw-line of the Bonapartes; the subtler marks of clanship keep their eloquence for their own. Consciously or not, each family group stands before these symbols as the small company of the learned might before some inscription on a desert ruin. Mere strokes and scratches to you and me. To the few who understand here is the key that unlocks the past.

So, the family look. In the arch of an eye-orbit, the curve of chin, we read the signature of race. Chance imprint, maybe; maybe seal of some struggle so profound as to have set our lips at this particular angle, or through dimming attenuations to perpetuate a gesture born a thousand years ago in joy or in some stark agony of body or of soul.

The family look. The first we remember, the last we shall forget.

She was all Orkney.

All? Quickly as recognition had come, came remembrance. This girl looking down with his dead sister's eyes was the tobacconist's grandchild and daughter of the woman who had poisoned James Orkney's youth.

She was asking something. She turned from one woman to the other, pleading. The elder put a question to a passing official in blue and brass. He looked at Ruth and smiled. She took his permission, flying down the gangway. Orkney's tall figure half turned to beat retreat before her advance, halted as though he had forgotten what he meant to do.

"Oh, please." Ruth was holding out her hands in front of Mrs. McAlpin. "Are you coming, too?"

"No, I am not coming. I am seeing some one off."

"I did so hope you might— No, I don't," she interrupted herself. "I'm glad you'll be safe over here." She dropped her voice. "I never told you in my letter how happy I was."

"Yes, you did."

"Not really. I didn't know then—" the words tumbled over one another, her excitement burning through the old barrier of shyness between her and her benefactress. "They are so kind"—she made a motion toward the women on the deck. "Dr. Janet McBride knew our 'Mary Eleanor' nurse in Paris." She gave the commonplace-sounding information with bated breath. Again that action of reference to the women on deck. "*They've* been telling me, too, about things over there." She stopped short, abashed, as she caught the sharp intensity of the examination bent on her by the gentleman Mrs. McAlpin had been seeing off.

"Don't they tell you," Orkney demanded, sternly, "there are more nurses now in Paris than there's work for?"

Ruth stared from the strange man to her friend. But the girl was forced to come to her own rescue with, "Some think there will soon be more work than nurses."

"It's a craze," he burst out. "Every young woman in the United Kingdom wanting to nurse a wounded hero! Kitchener's had to put down his foot. He says it's far more trouble to keep the women back than to bring on the men."

"Can you wonder?" the girl asked, gravely, "when we hear how our soldiers—" Her voice wavered a little. "Perhaps you haven't heard—" She stopped again, and a wave of pitiful color swept her face. "*We* know. One of our women is over there. The things she's seen—" Ruth bit her lip. But the upward-welling compassion reached her eyes and swam there.

Orkney turned on his heel. That's the last of him, thought Mrs. McAlpin, with relief. But he let the few remaining passengers go by him, and stood looking blindly at the ship.

"There isn't time to tell you," Ruth whispered to her protectress. "But

don't believe him. You see, *he* doesn't know!"

"She says you don't know."

Orkney turned a set face over his shoulder and a look passed between him and Mrs. McAlpin. Something in it roused Ruth like a challenge. "There are more cities than Paris," she said. "And even if they all have more nurses than they need, one thing is sure—there aren't too many of us near the fighting."

"Only people of experience are allowed at the base hospitals," he said.

A quick fear fluttered into the eyes that were the eyes of the girl who was dead. "*I* am experienced." A little motion of her hand prayed Mrs. McAlpin to support the assertion.

"You don't look it," said the stranger, brutally. "They'll send you back."

"Send me back!" she gasped. Why was this man her enemy? "If they won't let me nurse just at first, I can prepare bandages. I can—"

"Anybody can prepare bandages. Plenty of French girls—"

"Then I shall be a stretcher-bearer!"

"Stretcher-bearers must be strong. Men for that."

Was this ruthless stranger trying to get her recalled at the eleventh hour?

He addressed himself again to Mrs. McAlpin. "You shouldn't allow your protégée—" Ruth turned in agitation to the gangway. Her enemy stood there, barring the entrance. She turned to her friend, fighting a terror of apprehension. "I shouldn't like going against your will," she said, pointedly, to the great lady.

"But," Mrs. McAlpin finished the sentence for her, "you'd go!"

The girl's eyes prayed forgiveness. "If you'd heard how they need us." She stopped with a catch in her throat. The man still stood there between Ruth Aberdeen and her goal, as if he—a person she had never seen in her life before—had power to shape her destiny.

"The doctors over there know what the need is," she said to him, trying to keep her voice steady. "Ask any R.A.M.C. man. They'll tell you," she insisted, proudly, "there was never a war before where soldiers were taken such care of; where nurses—doctors, too—ran such risks."

"Doctors, too, eh?"

Oh, terribly hard to move, this man at the gangway. She bit her lip to still its trembling. "Maybe you didn't read in the paper about wanting to prevent our doctors and nurses from running such risks?" Because—she was good enough to explain—at this rate there soon won't be enough. "I don't expect the doctors will pay any attention to that—any more," she added, with her chin in the air, "than the nurses will. When they're—done for, you can see . . . oh, *can't you see* others must be ready!"

There was an odd expression on his face as he took his hands off the gangway rail. Why was he looking at her like that—so—yes, quite gently, as if he were glad to let her pass?

"The steward's been hunting for you, doctor," the young man said over Orkney's shoulder. "Any answer?" He held out a telegram. As Orkney tore open the envelope a voice shouted, "All aboard!" A bell clanged.

Mrs. McAlpin did what she had never done before. She kissed Ruth. "Good-by, child. Let me hear . . ."

The girl clung to her an instant. "A doctor!" she said. "Maybe he'd say a word for me if you—"

Mrs. McAlpin shook her head.

Ruth dropped her hand. "Very well. As soon as we have started I shall ask him myself."

Mrs. McAlpin seemed strangely shocked at the suggestion, "You could do *that?*"

"When I think about our soldiers. . . . Yes!"

Through the clangor of the bell:

"Come," said the great surgeon. "We mustn't be left behind—you and I." For a single instant Ruth hung there, choking down her tears. Why didn't they go on and get out of her way?—this surgeon and the lucky young man, so safe and proud with "you and I." She lifted her eyes and met the surgeon's. He was waiting for her. You and I! It echoed still above the clanging bell. He never could have meant—

"Come, child!"

As she passed between the two men, James Orkney's grave gesture introduced the girl while he motioned her on. "One of our nurses," he said.

Steamboating Through Dixie

BY WILLIAM J. AYLWARD

SHE was due to leave on Wednesday, but it was noon on Thursday before the packet *Reese Lee* got under way for Dixie from below the bridge at St. Louis.

A considerable portion of the colored population had gathered to watch her departure, hoping for a possible chance to ship as "rousters," to be taken "down ribber" by a planter to pick cotton, to bid some one good-by, or "jess to pass the time away." They formed a dark cloud on the wharf-boat through which the last few pieces of freight and hurrying passengers made their way, and the group of gipsies on the bank, then breaking camp, came in a straggling picturesque procession of wagons, women and children and horses and dogs and men. Like their brethren of the air, these migratory ones were going south. The whistle sounded a last warning when the swart chief sought the mate. His people were not all there!

The mate was busy, and said he did not give a something whether they were or not. Go see the captain. The captain was also unmoved. They knew when the steamer left, didn't they? Very well, then; they must be on hand or expect to be left behind. He would wait five minutes only!

The precious five minutes went soaring. The chief wrung his hands in agony, and mopped his greasy brow with a soiled bandana.

The big bell tolled, a little bell jingled somewhere below, and the rumbling steam-winch under the deck was bringing the landing-stage home when the despairing man saw a bit of red calico in one of the narrow streets leading to the levee. In a flash he was out on the swinging stage, bowled over a few darkies in a wild leap for the barge, and went up the paved incline, followed by two of his band who seized each a heavily laden female and dragged her, screaming, down the hill through the uproariously amused darkies, and aboard.

In the mean time the steamer was beginning to back out into the river, and by the time she had turned and was headed down-stream beyond reach of the parting yells of the blacks ashore, the tumult on the crowded forecastle had subsided. The men lit their long pipes contentedly, the women soothed the crying children with tomatoes, and the dogs crawled in amid the heaped-up harness under the wagons for a nap, soon to be disturbed by the mate, who was already making preparations to hoist the outfit to the hurricane-deck, there to pitch their messy camp anew.

A heavy, stuffy atmosphere enshrouded the smoky city, in which the beautiful span of Eads Bridge soon disappeared, and, as a coming storm was ready to break, the glad summons of the dinner-bell was doubly welcome, for it gave me an opportunity to meet my fellow-passengers.

There were a surprising number of them, almost filling the two extension-tables which occupied the long saloon. The old river tradition of reserving the after part of the cabin for the women still obtained, and in that portion you still find the better furniture—"tidies," even, and a table with an album of views, and in this instance above the piano the somewhat disquieting motto: "In God We Trust," writ large in gold across the white bulkhead.

It was a motley gathering, and in a slightly embarrassed atmosphere the meal, badly served but of fair quality, was disposed of. We ventured forth, in a toothpick brigade, to watch the breaking storm. We soon saw quite as much as we cared for, for what we went through during the next two hours we afterward learned was the tail of a Kansas cyclone.

THE GIPSY CAMP ON DECK

Thrice the lightning struck the vessel, but without damage save to a bit of gingerbread ornamentation and the gilded acorn at the end of the derrick-boom, but glass suffered considerably.

Then it settled down to breeze up hard and cold from the north, which stopped the rain and drove the heavy clouds wildly against the crags, to tumble over them in ragged shreds. It was our last view of the cliffs, dark and glistening against the wind-torn sky, for by the morrow, when once below the walled city of Cairo, we would enter quite another Mississippi—the vast length called the Lower River, much of which the packet still claims as her own, for no railroad would be so foolhardy as to lay a parallel track within miles of its treacherous, ever-changing banks.

It is here the packet proves her remarkable adaptability to conditions primitive in the extreme; and at landings often no better equipped for the handling of freight than they were in the time of Marquette and La Salle, the boat will put her stem in the mud, run a single line ashore, and have the cargo going out or coming aboard almost before she takes up the slack on her mooring. We were soon at it.

In foul weather the procedure was more laborious. Planks had to be laid in the slimy ooze, cinders shoveled out by the ton, and sometimes a rude flight of steps cut in the bank with mattock and spade before a piece of freight could be moved. And even after these preparations eleven men were sometimes needed to get a barrel of salt up to the rude shanty called the "wayhouse."

And so the freight came and went till it seemed that in the four-hundred-mile trip to Memphis the steamer must have been loaded and discharged several times, stowing away meanwhile huge cotton bales by the thousand consigned to the great center of the South's snowy product. And such cargoes! With the cotton came seed in sacks, canned goods in boxes, and cabbages in crates—kegs,

THE ROUSTABOUTS HAVE THEIR HOURS OF IDLENESS

barrels, and hogsheads of everything from nails to molasses.

There was live stock, too; and in the corral called the "bull-pen" the gipsy ponies were in time joined by a "contraptious mewel," who, stubbornly refusing to come aboard, was carried aloft in chain-bars on the shoulders of four men.

It was, however, mainly a cotton trip, for the season was on in Memphis. Every hamlet had its hundreds of bales waiting on top of the bank; every backwoods plantation its dozens to send to the South's great mart; and "rollin' cotton" came to have a new meaning. Now and then a huge rain-soaked bale weighing almost half a ton broke free and with the speed of a projectile in its mad race down-hill bowled over a couple of roustabouts, who barely escaped being crushed against other bales by prompt and energetic footwork. Such performances were hailed with glee by the local population on the bank, and if the awkward burden finally plunged with a prodigious splash into the river there was a hilarious burst of applause indeed.

At his day's work—which may last twenty-four hours—we had a chance to study that interesting specimen, the negro "roustabout." Singularly adapted to the traffic, he is apparently as inseparable from the Mississippi River packet as her filigree chimneys, and no foreign competitor has ever been able to oust him from his monopoly. For the work, though hard, is intermittent, and for every spell of work there is also a spell of complete idleness, since the roustabout does nothing but handle cargo. It is perhaps for this reason that no foreign competition has been able to supplant him. It has been tried, but the most powerful European laborer breaks down under the strain of irregular hours, heavy toil, exposure, and heat.

Among the fifty roustabouts there

were some odd types. Some were of simple nature, others sullen and always brooding seemingly on fancied wrongs; there were jolly ones who danced a shuffle coming down the springy stage, and quarrelsome others continually uttering dark threats. There were big darkies with little heads, little darkies with big heads; giants to whom the heavy work seemed child's play, and puny specimens surprisingly strong. Two had only one arm each, while the gang-boss had a wooden leg.

"Come on hyah you boll-weavil!" he sings out. "Git along wi' that go-lightly stuff!"

"All right, boss; I'm a skippin' hurry!"

"You bettah skin hurry!" he roars back. "Whar you think you is—on the dancin' flo'?"

When one grumbles about his "favoritin'" somebody, the boss bawls:

"What you mean, niggah? I don' favorite ma own bruddah! Go 'long outen heah wi' that bundle o' rakes what a pickaninny would laugh at."

But most of the vocabulary of the rousters is largely unintelligible to an outsider. They say every captain and mate on the river has his lower-deck title, and among themselves there were such choice nicknames as "Red-Eye," "Long-Bone," "Rum-Dick," "Sugar-Lips," "Tar-Heels," "Go-Lightly," and "Preacher."

I was puzzled for a time about "Preacher," who did not remotely suggest his title, for he was a small, wiry man clad only in ragged overalls. Around his neck was a soiled bandana, and on his great feet prodigious shoes. A shapeless cap completed his outfit. But "Preacher" was a jewel, and, once discovered, I kept my eye on him and my ears open, for he was an old-time shanty-man of the rare breed who improvise as they go along, and from whom it is said the deep-water sailor, while loading cotton at New Orleans, has borrowed much of the material which he has since worked up into ditties of the sea.

Much of "Preacher's" theme was lost in the hold, or in a wavering chant vanished over the top of the bank into the "wayhouse," but it usually went something like this:

O Lawd hab mercy on sinful Sam
Who hab transgressed dy law,

GETTING THE FREIGHT ABOARD

followed with a more or less detailed account of the backslider's slips, while the unregenerate in question would bellow in return, in the same formless camp-meeting air, and with apparent indifference. To this musical tirade they would all keep time with shuffling feet while the cargo came and went with occasional vigorous encouragement from the mate.

Nor did "Preacher" confine his shafts to his companions in toil but in a generous way lampooned the people on the bank, the passengers hanging over the railing, and, more guardedly, the steamer, the captain, and even the mate. This was done in such a way that nothing offensive was overheard, but the roars of African laughter in the hold sometimes told us that a particularly sharp barb of "Preacher's" had gone home.

The next most interesting personage on board the packet was the mate. In prose and poetry the Mississippi mate has been a twin brother to the Bucko of the sea, and I rather hoped to see one in the flesh somewhere on the river, but was disappointed. Our chief mate, a burly Swiss named Smith, handled the "work-dodging varmints" under him with great skill, without brutality and with only an occasional resort to river vernacular—the strong kind which the roustabouts understand. But then Mr. Smith saw the humor in the darky and was not above lending a hand himself in a pinch, and he did not carry a club while on watch, as the second mate did.

A typical instance of his methods occurred at one of the many night landings when he took occasion to count his gang and found it one short. A quiet search failed to reveal the malingerer, and the next day we overheard this harangue:

"You niggahs think yo' smart when you put one over on me, but my turn comes, too, en' if I didn't *say* anything last night at Hickman, I put a certain niggah's name down in mah little book. En' one o' these days when I'm shippin' a crew he'll be standin' theah on the wharf-boat, wet en' cold en' hungry, a-reachin' out for a ticket, but I won't *see* him."

Of course we knew that this was "bunk," and that if the mate found that rapscallion, or knew who he was, he would have dragged him by the neck from his warm, cozy retreat on top of the cargo near the chimneys, and would have chased him up the hill for the heaviest piece of freight he could find. But his scheme seemed to work well, for there was no more trouble of that kind during the rest of the trip.

At last we came to ancient New Madrid. It was the afternoon of market-day, and in the breezy sunshine, following a night and morning of heavy rain, the flying clouds soared high overhead above the saddled horses, which still stood in a long, patient row tethered to the awning-poles along the edge of the sidewalk in Main Street.

At the end of the wide street the cotton bolls bob excitedly in the wind, for all the world like a myriad of rabbits scurrying in mad fright across a green field; and close at hand, under a tree in the yard adjoining his shop, a blacksmith is hammering away at the heavily boxed wheels of a huge lumber-cart. Farther on, rocking comfortably on rickety porches, colored mammies in bandana headgear remove their corn-cob pipes to say, "Mawnin', Mistah Johnsing," to that elderly gentleman who hobbles along leaning on an umbrella-handle, and politely doffs his tall and battered tile, mops his shiny ebon head with a red handkerchief taken from the little fruit-basket on his arm, as he pauses to barter the gossip of the day. All is peace and seeming content, although a distant war has laid a heavy hand on the fortunes of the people and their crop is a drug in the market.

Farther on, a rather pretty young woman who has overlooked a bit of darning is being handed into the body of a springless farm wagon, where she sits in a splint-bottom kitchen chair to receive two babies handed up to her by her youthful husband in store clothes. She is joined by an older woman who "sets" in another "cheer," also to receive a child in her lap. The young father clambers up beside father-in-law, who, in a hickory shirt, sits on the board serving as a driver's seat. The mules are awakened with a whack, and the caravan moves on toward the open country to trek afar over the soft roads

A FLOATING-THEATER PERFORMANCE

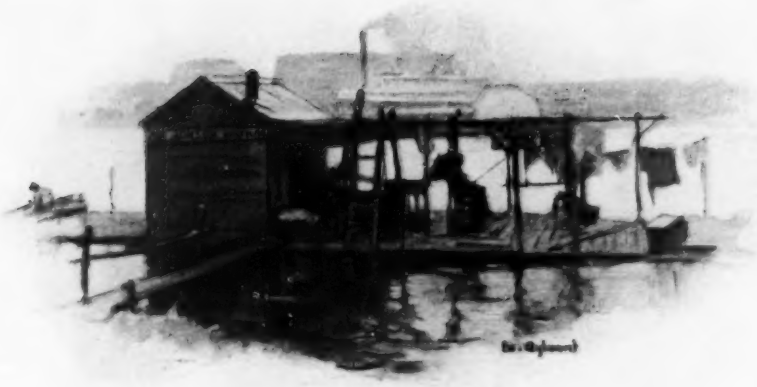
and to arrive by nightfall, perhaps, at some tiny plantation in the distant hills.

Through beautiful leafy back lanes, where cows stray and old mansions sag in grassy yards, past others in yet more evil days which harbor paying guests who apparently do not pay, I made my way to the steamer, and I shall always carry a pleasant picture of New Madrid, of lineage so ancient and of sites so many that she scarce remembers on which bank of the river she originally stood.

By this time we were well into the South, and our ship's company fairly well acquainted. The jolly brewer from Chicago traveling with his son was intensely interested in icing-plants; the mining-engineer from Montana never overlooked anything in hoisting-gears or conveyers; the man from Jersey kept up his search for a cotton-gin in action; while the most pleasantly interesting chap aboard showed an uncanny interest in graveyards.

One day our graveyard enthusiast was inspired to ask the mining-engineer opposite if they were bothered much with the Mormons out in Montana. His charming wife blushed a bit and laughed as she announced that they themselves were Mormons. I felt it an opportune moment to facetiously remark to my neighbor that he should have attended the convention of cemetery superintendents held in St. Louis during my stay there. He said he had. Just then the *Reese Lee* gave the two long blasts and three sharp toots which announced to adjacent counties that a Lee Line steamer bound down-river was about to make a landing; and when the tumult subsided the lady from Memphis remarked sadly that it was a shame "the steam they wasted on them little landin's." It was not wasted that time.

The planters were a disappointing lot. Not one wore a goatee and frock-coat, slouch-hat and Congressional tie, although most of them displayed some portion of this costume. Some wore no tie at all and no collar to speak of, and they were for ever talking about their "niggahs" and of how many had



THE FLOATING LAUNDRY

escaped during the night. This topic was varied with discussions of the advantage of overflow *versus* hillside land for cotton.

Each morning their prospective dusky cotton-pickers sprawled over the cargo in gradually diminishing numbers. Wild and foolish were the excuses given for getting ashore past the watchman, and indicative of their simple natures. One would have the "misery powerful bad, and had to see a doctah"; another "had a friend heah who would be hurted" did he fail to make a call while passing; another would have a message to deliver; but the clever ones, watching their chance when a back was turned, would grab a small piece of freight and, joining the procession of roustabouts, clamber up the hill and disappear, as novelists say, into the night.

The poor beggars had small comfort, packed in with the freight or in that horrible den called the monkey-deck, a sort of raised open platform of boiler-iron just abaft the engine-room with its hissing steam, noisy machinery, and jangling bells on the one side, and on the other the thundering cascade of tons of water being violently hurled against the resounding iron by the paddle-wheel a few feet away. Altogether it was a place about as reposeful as a boiler-shop in action, but sleeping men, women, and children sprawled about the unclean iron deck amid the remains of fruit and vegetables and empty gin-bottles, and the single lamp—a mere globule of light in the steamy vapor—revealed the utter cheerlessness of it.

As a distinction due their lighter complexions, the poor whites traveling on the deck were allowed the scant privilege of the engine-room, and here, stowed in odd out-of-the-way corners, they looked unhappy enough.

Making my way forward through the narrow, noiseless alley formed by the cotton-bales just flush with the ponies' ears, I paused and watched through the open side the river, somber in the stillness of the night; and the dark-wooded little islets that now and then cut across the slender trail of moonlight that wavered tenderly over the water.

As I was enjoying the peace and quiet of the river wrapped in the mystery of a setting moon, a negro appeared at the other end of the alleyway from the general direction of the colored man's bar. Taking one look out at the moonlight, he came down the smooth, soft path of cotton in a noiseless shuffle, and, with swaying body and swinging arms all timed perfectly in rhythm with the engine's throbbing beat and the swish of the water, sang, in a wavering falsetto, his suddenly inspired impromptu:

"Oh—awa'—ay yondah is an i-i-land!
Oh, yah—de moon is on de ribber,
An we gwine—a-glidin' by!
Ole cotton's gwine a—glidin' by!"

It was "Preacher," and his primitive brain, touched by a dash of gin, had pictured it all better than I, who futilely sought the significance of it all.

I wish I could remember the rest of his song about the cotton "an' de coon, de ribber an' de moon, an' islands a-glidin' by!" But it was genuinely felt, and a bit of the real Mississippi by one of the old river's own untaught bards.

We awoke one gray dawn to find the steamer secured beside acres and acres of cotton-bales stuck here and there with colored burgees limp in the dewy air; and behind them, in silhouetted mass, the gray towers and sky-scrapers of a city. We were in Memphis.

With its well-kept streets and splendid buildings, Memphis has not only a modern, but a metropolitan air. Also it is the only place on the river that has a public building on the bank, and while the post-office and library are not pretentious pieces of architecture, still the sight of them there was a relief after the usual heterogeneous row of gin-mills and boat-stores always to be found near the water's edge.

But like every town and city in the valley, all water-front improvements end at the top of the roughly paved stone area called the levee on which the steamers dump their freight. Here the usual disorder and confusion of cargoes obtains, with the same row of shabby wharf-boats for a background, and apparently the same swearing mates and toiling stevedores, the same darky and balky mule having the same unending argument about "gittin' up dat dar hill."

What such conditions have cost in extra cartage and knee-sprung stock it is impossible to guess. Millions, easily, during the course of years. Perhaps the end is in sight, and gasolene will eventually solve the problem of reaching an ever-changing level. Certainly the military-looking truck that followed the mule "toting" a dozen or so bales seemed efficient enough.

This was bound, I was told, for the Memphis Terminal, where I found a vast acreage covered with a myriad of low, concrete sheds, inclosed in a walled

THE LEVEE WORKERS CAMP

space and containing perhaps more cotton than any other single spot in the world. In every direction, through every door of every shed, every vista was of cotton-bales! There were negroes opening bales and storing bales; white men examining bales, and huge machines compressing them, while on a singular overhead trolley-like contrivance a long procession of them came dangling along, merrily hauled by a single mule, who will draw, they say, one hundred in a single tow to any part of the vast depot. Here was efficiency indeed—efficiency typified by the ease with which the huge compress and its crew of singing negroes reduced a big bale for foreign shipment into a compact bundle not much larger than a barrel, and so quickly that it was back in its place of storage, rebound and relabeled, within a scant two minutes.

I wandered in amid the cotton where it was being loaded into cars, or where a keen young Southerner singled out a bale containing a guilty "wet-pack," and sat chewing tobacco while it was opened and its shame disclosed—"rank as a rotting potato in a damp cellah, suh!"

"Easy enough to find 'em with a little practice," he said—"by sticking this hook in and giving it a twist. But the best rule is 'follow yo' nose,' suh! Penitentiary offense it is, too; but yo' can't prove it intentional, as a drop o' water from a gin may start one, though it's generally due to carelessness an' ginnin' in wet weathah. It's a cinch we get 'em, though, and theyahs a charge for opening and rebailing besides regrading."

I wandered back through the mile or so of bales standing solemnly in neat groups and clustered about the cement columns whose numbers registered their positions in the ledger—a great solitude of quiet, and only here and there a soft-spoken Southerner or an ancient negro or two sorting over cotton, and maybe a bespectacled mammy mending jute.

Below Memphis the river meanders through a flat land with but three elevations, and a city on each—Natchez, Vicksburg, and Baton Rouge; and here the river performs the deeds for which it is famous.

From the pilot-house of the *Percy Swain* I watched it as in making our way south we steered north and stemmed the current (in a great eddy) going down-stream. The states of Louisiana and Mississippi changed places, and were respectively to port and starboard rather than to right and left as they should be. But nothing was strange in a land where the sun was to all appearances in the northeast at four in the afternoon.

It was a region big in scale and feeling, and seemingly devoid of human habitation or buildings of any sort. At a landing there would often be nothing in sight save a colored boy, with a mule attached by a frayed harness of rope to a grass sled, who would receive a thin bag of mail and perhaps a keg of nails. Then more wilderness of dark timber in patches, and sand-bars grown into islands that measured their golden lengths by miles under a limitless sky that covered a hopeless solitude—a solitude seemingly emphasized at long intervals by the sight of a stray skiff, tiny in the great waters, a power-boat "timber cruising," or, silhouetted against the sky, a long string of oxen dragging a log.

And through it all the *Percy Swain* goes plowing along the banks where sometimes a road ends abruptly in the air; and then, skidding across a glassy reach, with a friendly crane showing the way, Pilot Billy Read yarned about logging and rafting timber, piloting and ante-bellum days.

Then came evening and the night to awaken in charming old Natchez with its traditions of an ancient régime of wealth in the dimmed splendor of stately mansions and vast estates; of pleasant brick-paved streets, colonial spires, and round-topped belfries tucked in amid great masses of dark, sheltering foliage; of shady walks and balconies overclung with flowering vines where gentle-voiced women attend the caroling birds in the bright morning sunshine.

And then Vicksburg, with its eighteen thousand graves of Northern men, eloquent of strife as the black cannon that still peer here and there darkly from the wooded heights. It is well-nigh impossible to realize the former importance of

Painting by W. J. Aylward

A VAST TIDE OF COTTON IN COUNTLESS BALES MOVES SOUTH

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A VAST TIDE OF COTTON IN COUNTLESS BALES MOVES SOUTH

the place now so far back from the river it once guarded so stubbornly.

Here the "New Era Floating Theater Company" was rehearsing and fitting out for a winter season among the river-side towns and big plantations that border on the bayous of Louisiana. It seemed a prosperous enough establishment, with a tiny show-house superimposed upon a scow having as consort a trim little packet of a towboat which, besides moving it from place to place, furnished quarters for the troupe, who lived aboard it as a large family.

This arrangement has many advantages over the shore way of doing things, I was told, for an actor can make-up and dress for the part in his state-room, and just in time for his first cue step aboard the theater and on the stage as a hero or villain fully arrayed.

From all accounts it is a picturesque life not without incident, and offering opportunity galore for him who would hunt and fish as well as strut the boards. And it is said that among those who have in this way begun a career that carried them into the higher levels of their art—"on the circuit"—there always remains a love of the old life and a longing for its careless freedom in roving over quiet backwaters where audiences are easily amused and existence is a simple thing.

It is an interesting phase of Mississippi life—the really vast scattered population that makes its home upon either the river or its tributaries, referred to contemptuously in many terms more or less profane by shore folk and steamboat men, but among themselves always as "River People." By this is not meant the men who follow the river as a sailor follows the sea, or the people along its banks who fish, run a ferry, dig clams, or rent boats, although one may do all these things and still lay claim to the title. One must make his home permanently, winter and summer, in season and out, afloat on the waters.

Such a home may be a well-built tidy cabin on a water-tight scow with children playing about, and flowering plants trailing from neat railings. It may be moored off its own garden-patch and pile of driftwood as big as the main outfit, or it may be no more than a leaky skiff drifting slowly on a sluggish current with nothing between its lonely occupant and starvation but some rotting old gear with which to fish the muddy waters.

It depends on whether he be merchant, medicine-man, dentist, or actor, carpenter, tinker, or gunsmith, listlessly pursuing his chosen vocation afloat. He may spend his summers on the Upper River, and drift a thousand miles or so to a milder clime while the leaves are changing color; he may work ashore occasionally to provide his medicine-chest with quinine and his locker with tobacco and coffee; he may be of any color, of any nationality, of any creed or none; honest man or thief, mill-hand with children in school, a hopeless tramp seeking quiet pastoral nooks, or an arrant rogue pilfering as he goes, and preferring the more fruitful neighborhood of large towns. It is the last-named class that has given the whole a perhaps undeserved reputation, that has caused states to attempt to legislate them out of existence and towns to bar them from their water-fronts.

But in spite of this open hostility, at times almost approaching persecution, they persist; and instead of diminishing in number, they are increasing till their total number, it is claimed, runs well into the tens of thousands. For the call of the river always has its answering recruits, and once under its subtle spell they never leave it.

One cannot but admit the undeniable charm of a life of perfect freedom, drifting as fancy dictates from place to place; but the price is high and each must pay. The sallow complexions, an air of lassitude, the misshapen figures of men prematurely old racked with rheumatism, malaria, and all the chills and fevers that in the river vernacular come under the general head of "the shakes"—these are a part of the price of their lethal existence. And as one sees few really aged folks among them, an early grave is probably part of the reckoning.

Living, as they do, a sort of outlaw life beyond the jurisdiction of bordering states, they have for their protection a code of their own, and this, if somewhat crude in its method, is well-nigh perfect in its effect. So much so that among themselves there is a no-

ticeable reticence, while the casual stranger is apt to be viewed with open suspicion. One of them, after listening to a few comments by me on the weather and some commonplaces concerning the efficacy of anti-fouling paint, shot forth, "Say, mister, be you one of them uplifters?" Careful assurances that such was not the case failed to allay his fears of the uplift, and further conversation languished.

Finally we enter another Mississippi—a river broad and deep, with docked banks and steam-ferries, where great, smoking steamers swing suddenly aloft from steel derrick-booms cotton-bales chained in bundles to lower them swiftly into capacious holds; or, rusty and sea-stained, huge ocean tramps loom high above the shining waters at anchor in midstream. And foreign house-flags flapping from tall masts, and the noisy lads chipping iron-rust from resounding sides, all announce that we have left the gentler river ports behind and have come under the dominion of the still distant sea, and this is New Orleans.

Looking back over the winding course of a stream which cross-cuts the country from north to south and flows past ten states I was reminded strangely of a shoe seen on exhibition somewhere years ago, and which, being glued to a last, had been sawed cleanly in half, disclosing in frank intimacy the inner secrets of its making. Heel and sole, vamp, upper, lining, nails, even stitches and eyelets, were there plainly open to view in half-section, proving beyond doubt that, if it were not made for the purpose, "the goods were exactly as represented," and the maker an honest Jew indeed.

It is something of this view one gets of the interior in a month's trip on the Mississippi. Though you are told here and there impressively that this spot is called the "Venice of America" and another "Heidelberg," whilestill another is the very prototype of Paris, you are never for a moment deluded into thinking you are anywhere but in your own land.

You may doubt it for a moment or two on a balmy evening in the plaza at New Orleans with the intoxicating fragrance of tropic flowers about you, and on the soft breeze an alluring hint of distant lagoon and bayou, when the moonlight falls just right on the cathedral towers and, wrapped in shadow, the old balconied buildings dream of bygone days when centuries ago picturesque figures—Spanish, English, and French—strutted and fought and died on this spot. Then when the tinkly bells tell the whispering palms below that it is nine o'clock, and a soft-spoken steamer somewhere out in the river remarks to another that, "By your leave I'll pass to port"—and the polite craft answers with its drawling "All-ri-ght"—at such a time I say you are ready to believe yourself anywhere. But just then an open trolley dashes across a side-street, flaring into glaring relief on the purple night a crowd of sight-seers as blatantly native as its own raucous bell, and you know exactly where you are.

There are many places in the valley with a strong foreign flavor. But it is only a flavor, with real America apparent enough beneath; and from the snow-headed heir of a lumberman Swede practising on a pair of home-made skis in Minnesota, to the tar-baby of a plantation hand in St. Catherine's Parish, Louisiana, playing steamboat in a puddle back of the levee, it is all patently the same land, the same people. And should the St. Boniface Verein of La Crosse, Wisconsin, fall in to the tap of the drum to march in grand regalia to the railroad station, it is but to entrain there with their admiring women folk and babies for a pleasant day in the country. And though Jean François fights each day (in a New Orleans café) the glorious victory of the Marne, he is on the best of terms with his neighbor, Scharmberg, and may drop in with him on his way home at Mike's place, where, draped around a huge golden harp back of the bar, are the modest emblems of the Allies. And of such is the ancient empire of New France claimed for his king by the great La Salle so many years ago with many salvos of musketry and "by virtue of a feeble human voice inaudible at half a mile."

Somebody's Mother

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THE figure of a woman sat crouched forward on one of the lowermost steps of the brownstone dwelling which was keeping a domestic tradition in a street mostly gone to shops and small restaurants and local express-offices. The house was black behind its closed shutters, and the woman remained sitting there because no one could have come out of its door for a year past to hunt her away. The neighborhood policeman faltered in going by, and then he kept on. The three people who came out of the large, old-fashioned hotel, half a block off, on their way for dinner to a French *table d'hôte* which they had heard of, stopped and looked at the woman. They were a father and his son and daughter, and it was something like a family instinct that controlled them, in their pause before the woman crouching on the steps.

It was the early dusk of a December day, and the day was very cold. "She seems to be sick or something," the father vaguely surmised. "Or asleep."

The three looked at the woman, but they did nothing for a moment. They would rather have gone on, but they waited to see if anything would happen to release them from the spell that they seemed to have laid upon themselves. They were conditional New-Yorkers of long sojourn, and it was from no apparent motive that the son wore evening dress, which his unbuttoned overcoat discovered, and an opera-hat. He would not have dressed so for that problematical French *table d'hôte;* probably he was going on later to some society affair. He now put in effect the father's impulse to go closer and look at the woman.

"She seems to be asleep," he reported.

"Shouldn't you think she would take cold? She will get her death there. Oughtn't we to do something?" the daughter asked, but she left it to the father, and he said:

"Probably somebody will come by."

"That we could leave her to?" the daughter pursued.

"We could do that without waiting," the son commented.

"Well, yes," the father assented; but they did not go on. They waited, helplessly, and then somebody came by. It was a young girl, not very definite in the dusk, except that she was unmistakably of the working class; she was simply dressed, though with the New York instinct for clothes. Their having stopped there seemed to stay her involuntarily, and after a glance in the direction of their gaze, she asked the daughter.

"Is she sick, do you think?"

"We don't know what's the matter. But she oughtn't to stay there."

Something velvety in the girl's voice had made its racial quality sensible to the ear; as she went up to the crouching woman and bent forward over her and then turned to them, a street lamp threw its light on her face, and they saw that she was a light shade of colored girl.

"She seems to be sleeping."

"Perhaps," the son began, "she's not quite—" But he did not go on.

The girl looked round at the others and said, "She must be somebody's mother!"

The others all felt abashed in their several sorts and degrees, but in their several sorts and degrees they all decided that there was something romantic, sentimental, theatrical in the girl's words, like something out of some cheap story-paper story.

The father wondered if that kind of thing was current among that kind of people. He had a sort of æsthetic pleasure in the character and condition expressed by the words.

"Well, yes," he said, "if she has children, or has had." The girl looked at

him uncertainly, and then he added, "But, of course—"

The son went up to the woman again, and asked: "Aren't you well? Can we do anything for you? It won't do to stay here, you know." The woman made only a low murmur, and he said to his sister, "Suppose we get her up."

His sister did not come forward promptly, and the colored girl said, "I'll help you."

She took one arm of the woman and the son took the other, and they lifted her, without her connivance, to her feet and kept her on them. Then they walked her down the steps. On the level below she showed taller than either of them; she was bundled up in different incoherent wraps; her head was muffled, and she wore a battered bonnet at an involuntary slant.

"I don't know exactly what we shall do with her," the son said.

"We ought to get her home somehow," the daughter said.

The father proposed nothing, but the colored girl said, "If we keep walking her along, we'll come to a policeman and we can—"

A hoarse rumble of protest came from the muffled head of the woman, and the girl put her ear closer. "Want to go home? Well, the policeman will take you. We don't know where you live, and we haven't the time."

The woman seemed to have nothing to say further, and they began walking her westward; the colored girl supported her on one hand and the son, in his evening dress and opera-hat, on the other.

The daughter followed in a vague anxiety, but the father went along, enjoying the anomaly, and happy in his relish of that phrase, "She must be somebody's mother." It now sounded to him like a catch from one of those New York songs, popular in the order of life where the mother represents what is best and holiest. He recalled a vaudeville ballad with the refrain of "A Boy's best Friend is his Mother," which, when he heard it in a vaudeville theater, threatened the gallery floor under the applauding feet of the frenzied audience. Probably this colored girl belonged to that order of life; he wished he could know her social circumstance and what her outlook on the greater world might be. She seemed a kind creature, poor thing, and he respected her. "Somebody's mother"—he liked that.

They all walked westward, aimlessly, except that the *table d'hôte* where they had meant to dine was in that direction; they had heard of it as an amusingly harmless French place, and they were fond of such mild adventures.

The old woman contributed nothing to the definition of their progress. She stumbled and mumbled along, but between Seventh Avenue and Eighth she stubbornly arrested her guardians. "She says"—the colored girl translated some obscure avowal across her back—"she says she wants to go home, and she lives up in Harlem."

"Oh well, that's good," the father said, with an optimistic amiability. "We'd better help walk her across to Ninth Avenue and put her on a car, and tell the conductor where to let her off."

He was not helping walk her himself, but he enjoyed his son's doing it in evening dress and opera-hat, with that kind colored girl on the other side of the mother; the composition was agreeably droll. The daughter did not like it, and she cherished the ideal of a passing policeman to take the old woman in charge.

No policeman passed, though great numbers of other people met them without apparently finding anything noticeable in the spectacle which their group presented. Among the crowds going and coming on the avenues which they crossed scarcely any turned to look at them, or was moved by the sense of anything odd in them.

The old woman herself did nothing to attract public notice till they were midway between Seventh and Eighth avenues. She mumbled something from time to time which the colored girl interpreted to the rest as her continued wish to go home. She was now clearer about her street and number. The girl, as if after question of her own generous spirit, said she did not see how *she* could go with her; she was expected at home herself.

"Oh, you won't have to go with her; we'll just put her aboard the Ninth Avenue car," the father encouraged her. He would have encouraged any one; he was enjoying the whole affair.

At a certain moment, for no apparent reason, the mother decided to sit down on a door-step. It proved to be the door-step of a house where from time to time colored people—sometimes of one sex, sometimes of another—went in or came out. The door seemed to open directly into a large room where dancing and dining were going on concurrently. At a long table colored people sat eating, and behind their chairs on both sides of the room and at the ends of the table colored couples were waltzing.

The effect was the more curious because, except for some almost inaudible music, the scene passed in silence. Those who were eating were not visibly incommoded by those revolving at their backs; the waltzers turned softly round and round, untempted by the table now before them, now behind them. When some of the diners or dancers came out, they stumbled over the old woman on the door-step without minding or stopping to inquire. Those outside, when they went in, fell over her with like equanimity and joined the strange company within.

The father murmured to himself the lines:

> "Vast forms that move fantastically
> To a discordant melody—"

with a remote trouble of mind because the words were at once so fitting and yet so imperfectly applicable. The son and daughter exchanged a silent wonder as long as they could bear it; then the daughter asked the colored girl:

"What is it?"

"It's a boarding-house," the girl answered, simply.

"Oh," the daughter said.

Sounds of more decided character than before now came from the figure on the door-step.

"She seems to be saying something," the daughter suggested in general terms. "What is she saying?" she asked the colored girl.

The girl stooped over and listened. Then she answered, "She's swearing."

"Swearing? What about? Whom is she swearing at?"

"At me, I reckon. She says, why don't I take her home."

"Well, why doesn't she get up, then?"

"She says she won't."

"We can't carry her to the car," the daughter noted.

"Oh, why not?" the father merrily demanded.

The daughter turned to her brother. They were both very respectful to their father, but the son agreed with his sister when she said: "Papa would joke about anything. But this has passed a joke. We must get this old thing up and start her off."

Upon experiment they could not get the old thing up, even with the help of the kind colored girl. They had to let her be, and the colored girl reported, after stooping over her again, "She says she can't walk."

"She walked here well enough," the daughter said.

"Not very well," the father amended.

His daughter did not notice him. She said to her brother: "Well, now you must go and find a policeman. It's strange none has gone by."

It was also strange that still their group remained without attracting the notice of the passers. Nobody stopped to speak or even stare; perhaps the phenomena of that boarding-house had ceased to have surprises for the public of the neighborhood, and they in their momentary relation to it would naturally be without interest.

The brother went away, leaving his sister with their father and that kind colored creature in charge of the old woman, now more and more quiescent on the door-step; she had ceased to swear, or even to speak. The brother came back after a time that seemed long, and said that he could not find a policeman anywhere, and at the same moment, as if the officer had been following at his heels, a policeman crossed the street from just behind him.

The daughter ran after him, and asked if he would not come and look at the old woman who had so steadfastly remained in their charge, and she rapidly explained.

"Sure, lady," the policeman said, and

he turned from crossing the street and went up to the old woman. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and his touch seemed magical. "What's the matter? Can't you stand up?" She stood up as if at something familiar in the voice of authority. "Where do you live?" She gave an address altogether different from that she had given before—a place on the next avenue, within a block or two. "You'd better go home. You can walk, can't you?"

"I can walk well enough," she answered in a tone of vexation, and she made her word good by walking quite actively away in the direction she had given.

The kind colored girl became a part of the prevalent dark after refusing the thanks of the others. The daughter then fervently offered them to the policeman.

"That's all right, lady," he said, and the incident had closed except for her emotion at seeing him enter a police-station precisely across the street, where they could have got a dozen policemen in a moment.

"Well," the father said, "we might as well go to our French *table d'hôte* now."

"Oh," the son said, as if that reminded him, "the place seems to be shut."

"Well, then, we might as well go back to the hotel," the father decided. "I dare say we shall do quite as well there."

On the way the young people laughed over the affair and their escape from it, especially at the strange appearance and disappearance of the kind colored girl, with her tag of sentiment, and at the instant compliance of the old woman with the suggestion of the policeman.

The father followed, turning the matter over in his mind. Did mere motherhood hallow that old thing to the colored girl and her sort and condition? Was there a superstition of motherhood among such people which would endear this disreputable old thing to their affection and reverence? Did such people hold mothers in tenderer regard than people of larger means? Would a mother in distress or merely embarrassment instantly appeal to their better nature as a case of want or sickness in the neighborhood always appealed to their compassion? Would her family now welcome the old thing home from her aberration more fondly than the friends of one who had arrived in a carriage among them in a good street? But, after all, how little one knew of other people! How little one knew of one's self, for that matter! How next to nothing one knew of Somebody's Mother! It did not necessarily follow from anything they knew of her that she was a mother at all. Her motherhood might be the mere figment of that kind colored girl's emotional fancy. She might be Nobody's Mother.

When it came to this the father laughed, too. Why, anyhow, were mothers more sacred than fathers? If they had found an old man in that old woman's condition on those steps, would that kind colored girl have appealed to them in his behalf as Somebody's Father?

The Red Men of the Guianan Forests

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

"TAKE zees for zee fever, and zees for zee serpent bite. You *will* need zee first; you *may* need zee second." And Armand, merchant, but erstwhile gold-hunter and Indian trader, put two small bottles in my hand —remedies learned from the Indians far back in the land of the Roucouyennes. "All who go in zee bush have zee fever, but perhaps you have eet lightlee. *Au revoir, monsieur!*" But his handshake bespoke *adieu*. So I left this kindly, passing acquaintance at the doorway of his small store in the little out-of-the-world convict settlement of St. Laurent on the edge of French Guiana.

The opaque Marowyne River lushed and gurgled by its waterfront, which soon lay behind me. As I crossed its silt-laden current toward Albina, a little military and trading outpost of the Dutch Guiana frontier, the palms of the forest-fringed shores were stenciled in purple against the last flaming flush of a tropic day; then flushed again in reflected incandescence from the wind-ruffled water, as though heliographing billions of orange-golden messages into the fast-coming tropical night.

How different the Marowyne appeared at midday as my canoe crawled around bend after bend of forest headlands, with the torrid glare on its dull, soup-like surface. From a Carib village near Albina I secured a dugout canoe and four Indian canoemen for a side-expedition up the Marowyne before working westward through Dutch Guiana. Wizened old Yaynee paddled astern and steered. He enjoyed the distinction of being a *pü-yai*, or Carib medicine-man. To this crafty, lynx-eyed old magician the rest paid the homage due to sorcerers.

In the Guianas land and water meet on the most intimate terms—water spreading from rivers and sea over marsh and swamp, land being spread by the rivers over the flooded regions and spewed far out into the ocean, constantly forming new bars and shoals, and changing depths.

The Marowyne, swollen by the first May rains, and its boiling surface-current evidencing the nether-roil of its muddy deeps, released this pent-up energy in a final mad rush out to sea.

The prevailing northeast winds swept along shower after shower. So fierce were some of these downpours that even my cooking outfit was requisitioned for bailing. When it cleared, things steamed in the torrid heat. The strain of the mirrored sun-glare on the eyes and the relentless, throbbing heat-waves of these latitudes, less than six degrees north of the equator, made welcome the vapid shade of the forest-lined banks where the canoemen sought advantage of the eddies.

The dugout with its long overhang took rough water well, flipping glittering spray over me as I lay in the bottom. The strenuous forward lurch and quick following stroke brought every muscle of these Amerindian paddlers into play.

In the heavy haze of heat I could picture their primitive prototypes as centuries ago in great war-canoes they swept in their migrations over the great flowing roads of South America, which, like the mountain systems, favor migrations of longitude. In the *Caraios*, the early inhabitants of the Parana delta, some ethnologists see the progenitors of the Caribs, certain of whose leaders—*Cara-ibes*—were reverenced as priest-doctors. Fighting, enslaving, and, it is said, eating their captives, they swept north up the Rio Negro through the Cassiquiare into the Orinoco; from the source of the Rio Branco they portaged to the tributaries of the Essiquibo, until their war-canoes shot from the opaque, silt-laden rivers into the clear azure of the Atlantic.

All these conquerors then became known as Cara-ïbes, or Great *Carai*—to the Spaniards, Caribs—fierce or cannibal savages. So the Caribs and Arawaks of Guanahani (San Salvador) were the first Amerindians to be seen by Europeans when the loom of the land of the New World first fell across the horizon of Europe. Little wonder they christened these emerald, coral-wreathed isles "the Caribees," and the sapphire sea they studded "the Caribbean." From these isles the Caribs have now practically disappeared, and even on the mainland there is but a small residue of this once powerful race; beside them dwell the remnant of their strongest Amerindian adversary—the Arawaks.

They have been swept away by the incursions of the unscrupulous, "civilized" white race, the worst foe primitives have to contend against. From the time when the ruthless iron heel of the *conquistador* crunched these shores, through the plantation days of the sugar era, the white invader has strewed jungle and savannah land with slavery, blood, and shame. Colonists of Surinam (Dutch Guiana) told me that formerly all male Indians were spoken of as *bok* (buck deer), and returning white hunters, in reply to what game they had bagged, would answer, nonchalantly, "I shot a bok."

Instead of relieving the ills of this simple and friendly folk, the white man has brought more fatal ones. So these people have diminished, and the Amerindian can only look with regret on the coming of the white. I looked out from under the brim of my sun-helmet on men of this Carib race—strong-chested men who bent to their paddles in front of me—the Kaliñas, purest stock of all, a tribe inhabiting the Marowyne and Cottica rivers, whose villages rarely comprise more than fifty inhabitants.

Even now the rivers were seeping over the lower land into the forests. At a gap in a high bank we scrambled up through a screen of low growth and entered a Carib village of brown, leaf-thatched *aoutos* (houses) in a small clearing where banana-trees gave decorative accents. The gabled, open Carib dwelling is particularly adapted to this climate. In a conspicuous place was a large cone-shaped public house—the town-hall of the Carib community. Near by was a wattle-walled house called *tokai*—the mysterious sanctum of the *pü-yai*. Three men, holding at rest long bows and arrows, awaited us. But I knew many keen, dark eyes scrutinized our every movement from the shade of the dwellings.

"*Upa rurubo?*" ("How do you do?")

"*Auh! Auh!*" ("I am well") replied the chief. It was explained that I had come from across the Great Sea to visit my brothers and to learn of the many things they did so well.

Tong-tong-tong-tong! A deep-toned sound reverberated from the forest as my arrival was announced by beating the great, fluted projections of the grignon-tree with a heavy canoe-paddle. Rules of hospitality are strictly observed; it might fare ill with a stranger who presumed to enter a Carib dwelling uninvited. Three months before my arrival two *déportés* (escaped convicts from French Guiana) stole upon a sleeping Carib family, killed them in their hammocks, and looted their dwelling. Only a Carib boy escaped with the news. Usually the Caribs brought in captured *déportés* to the Dutch post at Albina, but since that bloody episode *déportés* had been hunted like wild beasts. So it behooved the stranger on approaching to call out, "Older (or, Younger) Brother, I am come!"

The chief's women at once prepared food for us. Meantime an interested group formed about Yaynee; others lay conversing in that principal article of Guianan household furniture—the hammock—the Carib's cradle, bed, armchair, and coffin; in fact, they spend two-thirds of their lives in their hammocks. Little wonder that through Raleigh and other explorers the Guianan *hamaca* found its way to Europe along with tobacco and potatoes.

The Kaliña Caribs, though well formed, strong, and muscular, were short-statured. Delicately featured, with small and shapely hands and feet, black eyes and hair, they have that slightly Mongolese cast of features characteristic of practically all Amerinds. With the exception of a loin-cloth, their cinnamon-flushed, velvety-skinned bod-

A TYPICAL CARIB VILLAGE ON THE MAROWYNE

ies were bare to the Guianan air and sunshine. That primitive love of adornment was expressed in part by body-painting, principally with the red juice of the *roucou* plant (*Bixa orellana*). Necklaces of shell and teeth, and gorgeous feathered head-dresses also gratify their love for the ornate. But this adornment is not without its symbolism—as vertical lines on a woman's chin indicate that she is married.

Polygamy is practised in the Guianan tribes. The ethics of marriage are strict, and virtue among the red people of this hemisphere is on a par with that of the white. The laws of consanguinity are rigidly enforced; marrying of cousins is not only frowned upon, but prohibited.

Through a hole just under the Carib woman's lower lip may be found a small plant barb, for beauty, perhaps for utility. But, lo, the trader!—so now the women of the Kaliña tribe substitute a good-sized common pin which they can quickly withdraw with a twist of the tongue and tuck away in the mouth, or as deftly use it as a spiculum to remove edible snails from their shells. But they can as readily reinstate it, which led me to suggest to a Carib belle that girls used the pin to defend themselves against amorous admirers, to which a most non-committal grin was her only reply.

It is the women's work to cultivate little plots containing potatoes, yams, melons, cassava, and sometimes a little maize and cotton; to bring from the woods honey, eggs, and wild fruits, and to delve for ground nuts.

I have often watched women prepare the long roots of the cassava, the staple food of tropical South America. These they first grate, then ram this mush into the open end of a closely woven, basket-work *matapi*, or cassava-press, which resembles a golf-bag. This is hung on a beam end by its upper loop, and a log or other weight attached to a loop at its lower end. The diagonally woven *matapi* now attenuates, squeezing through its mesh the yellowish, bitter juice, called *cassareep*. This drops into a large calabash beneath, being carefully guarded from children and dogs, as it contains a large percentage of prussic acid, but, being volatile, boiling eliminates the deadly poison. The meal is dried, baked into cassava cakes, and becomes a healthful and nutritious food.

There was a weird fascination in the glint of eyes and the gleam of white teeth as our circle ate from food-filled calabash bowls, set steaming in our

midst. The meal finished, the chief now gave a congratulatory address. These addresses may include a genealogy, or some recent incident, or the narration of a dream.

"*Piwaree!* (drink!)" So I drained the calabash of this sour-tasting Carib beer.

Happening later upon a camp, I noticed some women pouring gallons of *cassareep* and throwing burnt cassava cakes into a fragment of an old canoe boarded at each end and supported on four rough-hewn legs. More women gathered about it, jerking their necks ludicrously like a lot of geese, and hissing sounds were wafted down on the hot wind. They were chewing cassava bread, which, when well masticated, they spat into the improvised trough. Later this was covered with plantain-leaves and allowed to ferment; then strained, it becomes their famous *piwaree*, a slightly intoxicating stimulant used in their festivities. The Coast Indians eliminate the eructing phases of brewing despite its pytaline advantages, and depend upon sour cassava cakes to produce fermentation. During these feasts more than one Carib woman, aspiring to another's husband, has pounded up and roasted wasp eggs, which love-potion, surreptitiously mixed in his drink, undoubtedly often gains her desired ends.

CARIB GIRL

Showing pin worn in lower lip.

The rivers of tropical South America are the highways; the byways, the forest trails. During the rainy season, winter, the floods leave only the highest land knolls available as village sites. Thus Carib folk-lore abounds with reference to water and its phases, and the canoe (*canaouia*) is inherently associated with Carib life. So these flowing routes became my most important ethnic laboratory. As we poled along, late one afternoon, a shrill, plaintive cry reverberated from the forest.

"*Ouajana!*" ("Rain bird") muttered a Carib, meaning that its unseasonable cry predicted rain, which soon fell in a deluge, nearly swamping us as we struggled from an island to the Dutch shore. If swamped, as one sweeps down, one must endeavor to pick a landing, but not where the thick-stemmed *moco-moco* (*Montrichardia*) grows. This bars the swimmer from shore, and he can only cling to the outer stems until exhausted or a prey to the bloodthirsty alligators or the dreaded *perai* (*pygocentrus* sp.).

Once Yaynee yanked a blackish-lead-colored *perai* into the canoe. There it flapped for a half-hour, grunting like a hog, its semilunar mouth gaspingly showing its vicious, triangular teeth. This little piscine devil is of the same family as the ferocious *piranha* of the Rio Paraguay. Rapacious for beast, fish, or fowl, they attack singly or in myriads. A fish ten times their size they first disable by eating off its caudal fin; and they cannibalistically prey upon their own kind. Their blood-scent is uncanny, the slightest abrasion of the skin being their red signal of attack; a water-bird wounded by one of my Carib's was devoured by *perai* before we could reach it. Frequently ducks and geese have their feet eaten off before they can escape, and they present a queer sight walking about on the stumps. A half-caste, slipping from the low-lying deck of the steamer which conveyed me up the Orinoco, was suddenly floundering in a turmoil of bloody foam. Innumerable *perai* had dived through his open shirt

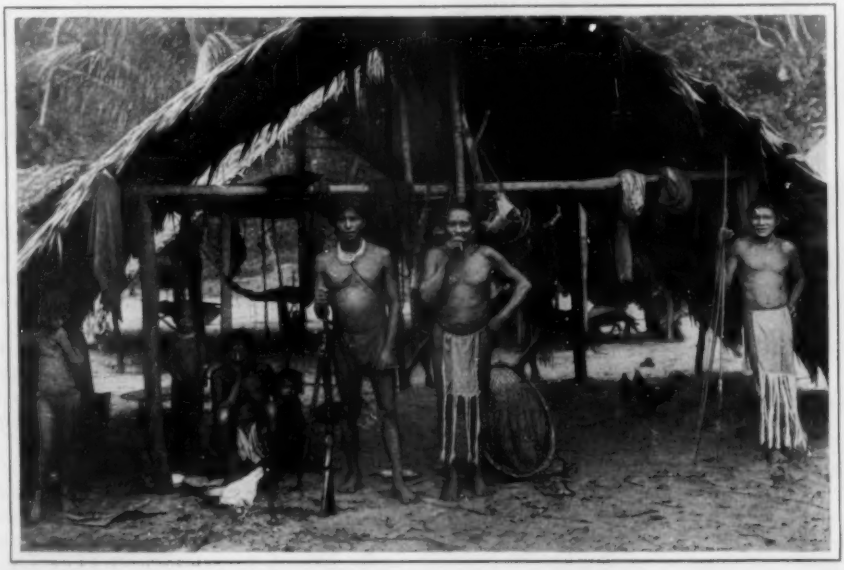
and were stripping the flesh from his body. A bleeding mass when pulled aboard, he succumbed to these wounds inflicted within the space of two minutes. Any wounds in these tropics become easily infected, but wounds by the *perai* are particularly irritating. On leaving a forest stream after a swim, a single bite relieved me of a clear, round piece of flesh from the ball of my left foot from which I did not recover for two months.

There is an ever-present fascination in skirting the edges of the forest depths, where the arrow-leaved *moco-moco* mingles with the great roots of the *mangle* and *ceiba* (bombax) trees; above these monarchs the radiating palm fronds list ever softly in the steady-blowing "trades." Somewhere among the yellow, thread-suspended fruit of the *pantah* the locust-like *zibiay* sissed its note; about the parasitical festoons and forest garlands of hanging mosses, orchids and exotic fungi, red dragon-flies and green lizards went their ways. The howl of the monkey, the sonorous note of the laughing baboon, or the jaguar's cry occasionally echoed through the forest silences.

As I stopped the canoe to watch two gorgeous macaw parrots, one of my Caribs, as though proudly conscious of his splendid shock of black hair, said, naïvely, "Do not gaze too long on the red macaw unless you wish to become bald." Old Yaynee wore his hair cropped, and I asked him why. His reply was as succinct as his hair: "Because I do not like it long." Then he rested his paddle and listened intently to a bird-note which, becoming fainter, softly died away.

"*Karau-Karau!*" he murmured. It was the ill-omened cry of the liver-colored *karéo* bird. Its crescendo call means some sick individual is becoming stronger, but its diminuendo precurses ill. We soon entered the camp over which the *karéo* had brooded.

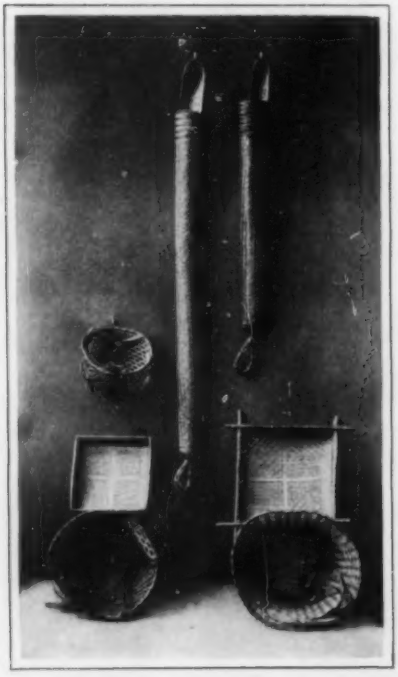
Fever and death had cut a wide swath in this village. Many were lying ill in their hammocks. From an *aouto* drifted a weird chant, the funeral song of the dead. Entering, I saw in a hammock the body wrapped in red cambric, with his feathered helmet and belt. Near by an old woman held the dead man's bow and arrows in her right hand; two young women, his wives, joined her in the wailing and chanting.



A CARIB FAMILY AND DWELLING

The old woman trod a funeral dance before a reverent company while one of the widows, her head covered with a large scarf held out beyond her face, sobbing and looking out from under it, delicately uncovered the face of the dead. From the opposite side the other widow assisted; then softly smoothed his eyebrows, meantime dusting a little branch of leaves to and fro to shoo away the flies. The women then tenderly covered the face again. For four days the body had lain, natural-looking and odorless, which would indicate that these Caribs understood embalming.

And so death comes; the body stays—something goes. To that something they give a name equivalent to spirit, and recognize in man a dual nature—body and spirit. To the Carib almost everything around him is endowed with spirit existence, through which he endeavors to explain the various phenomena of animal and plant life. The Carib conceives and identifies all things of the physical world with the one thing best known to himself—man. So in every *aouto*, a *pü-yai* will tell you, there is an "I," an "Individuality"; "*aute*" means "I" or "Me"—the body or dwelling-place of "I."



CARIB UTENSILS

Toting baskets and sieves for sifting cassava shown below; above, two *maiapis*, or cassava presses.

To the Carib mind there is no limit to the extent, variability, or difference of bodily forms—consequently, no classification. His differentiation lies only in the *degree of cunning*—worthy and difficult to obtain—latent in our fixed order of life. To him it is an important, protective quality in his struggle for existence, as diplomacy and competition are to his civilized brother, in whose modern wars we find the same cunning put to more ruthless ends.

The Carib imagination endows even diseases with bodily forms. These beings he dreads most, as of superior cunning and having the ability to enter into him unobserved, perhaps as a fly or worm, or even as a spirit arrow, the Arawak's poetical figure for pain in general. Thus they become his murderers. To outwit them he turns to the *pü-yais*, educated in cunning, to exert their sorceries. With loud singing and mad gavotting around a patient, the *pü-yai* shakes a rattle, disliked by the bad spirit, Yurokon. As the helpful spirit likes tobacco, it is burned as incense. Sometimes the *pü-yai* emits smoke over an assembly, saying, "That you may overcome your enemies, receive you all the Spirit of Force." Often smoking an immense cigar of miraculous potency—rank enough to asphyxiate the worst spirit—he blows smoke over the sufferer. From a desperate massaging he changes to a steady stroking from middle to extremities, thus concentrating the disease in the patient's fingers and toes. Wrench! and out he pulls the malady before it can escape, shoves it into his own mouth, swallows it with fearful grimaces, and declares the sick man cured.

Art as the Caribs express it is exhibited in their paint-decorated bodies, clay pottery, and the thread-woven ornamentation of bows and arrows, hammocks, and breech-clouts. The Carib woman traces with her finger their scroll

HUNTERS READY TO SET OUT ON THE FOREST TRAILS FOR GAME

designs on her cassava cakes; the Carib man has here and there rudely chiseled the rocks of river and forest, indelibly recording on these crude mile-posts of his history that he had passed that way. So, with no little anticipation, one dawn I set out by canoe with Yaynee to prove the rumored existence of some of these rock carvings. The early morning mists hung tropically over the Marowyne as we paddled against the swift current which had slushed its long way from back in the Tumac-Humac divide from Brazil. There, Yaynee said, were many tribes who speak a different language, and who shoot things like a bee that stings and poisons (blow-gun darts).

"But are there people there," I queried, recalling the fabled reports of early explorers, "who have no necks, whose heads are on their breasts, and whose hair hangs from their shoulders?"

"No," he replied, "but there are people with ears so big they hang down nearly to their waists, and there is one man—Pataca Yuana, who sleeps in the water at night," and his dark eyes gleamed as they swept the gurgling current. "Perhaps if we could find him we could shoot him and see if he is good to eat." So Carib mythology and beliefs, replete with references to man-eating monsters and deities, indicate that cannibalism once was practised—possibly a war custom—and that through ingestion the consumer believed that he would acquire the enemy's desirable qualities. It was these reports, fabled and otherwise, which led that great Elizabethan dramatist to write of

> The cannibals that each other eat,
> The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Only by desperate efforts could we make headway where the river narrowed between Corantyn Island and the Guianan shore. A massive boulder, sloping gradually, then abruptly, into the water, was our goal.

"*Timehri!*" ("Stone with marks on it") grunted Yaynee, and I knew we were approaching the sculptured rock which the explorer Creveau and later Coudreau had recorded. The river had risen rapidly, and the swollen torrent sluiced and guggled by in a gurgling seethe. Time and again my men tried to shoot the canoe across a stretch of treacherous maelstrom and effect a land-

ing; time and again it was swept broadside back. A final spurt, a daring spring by the bowman, and our frail dugout was snugly to leeward of the ledge. There were the carvings in the hard granite, unmistakable, though faint and flood-worn.

THE STAPLE FOOD OF TROPICAL SOUTH AMERICA

The woman in the center is holding an immense cassava cake, upon which before baking have been inscribed Carib designs.

"When were these made, and who made them?"

"They were here before my grandmother's grandfather was," Yaynee replied, squatting by the largest figure, highest above water, and he finger-traced the indistinct markings.

"That is a man—that is his eye. This is a man with two heads and four eyes." A long time ago, he had heard, this person, whose name was Ononi, ate with two mouths, and ate people. Pointing to some slight holes in the rock, he said, "These are where Ononi sat down. This person lived in the Orinoco, but he traveled, and each place he stopped he made these marks—and the holes are where he sat down." Yaynee traced as far as he could toward the racing current and whispered, "There is another figure like this below."

No time was lost in getting to work. The Kaliñas held down the large sheets of brown wrapping-paper, secured before leaving St. Laurent, then with a precious piece of black heelball which a paroled convict cobbler there had generously spared me I was soon securing rock-rubbed impressions. Little by little I worked farther down the slippery, steeper rock-slope. Only the quick grasp of Yaynee, who, held in turn by another Indian, jerked me back, drenched, from the mad-scudding current. With the Indians now seizing my ankles and holding me down as well as the paper, I completed the tracings. While thus wearing the heelball away to a finish and my finger-nails down to the quick, the rain fell. Yaynee, not altogether approving my scrubbing over these ancient spirit beings, remarked, "Perhaps Ononi is vexed and makes the rain fall."

"Well," I remarked, "he must be a very disagreeable spirit, for it rains here nearly all the time."

For months I sought the meaning of the rock carvings of Timehri until I ran across a Kaliña legend.[1] "*Penalo ame weipiompo* [once upon a time it happened] — before my grandmother's grandfather was born"—thus the *pü-yai* spoke—"the Indians were many and happier, and the *pü-yais* stronger than the Evil Spirit. *Piwaree* was never wanting; children obeyed their parents;

[1] Obtained through the kind assistance of Mr. Thomas E. Penard, from *De Menschetende Aanbidders der Zonneslang*, by F. A. and A. P. Penard. Paramaribo, 1907.

the food fires never went out for want of game or fish.

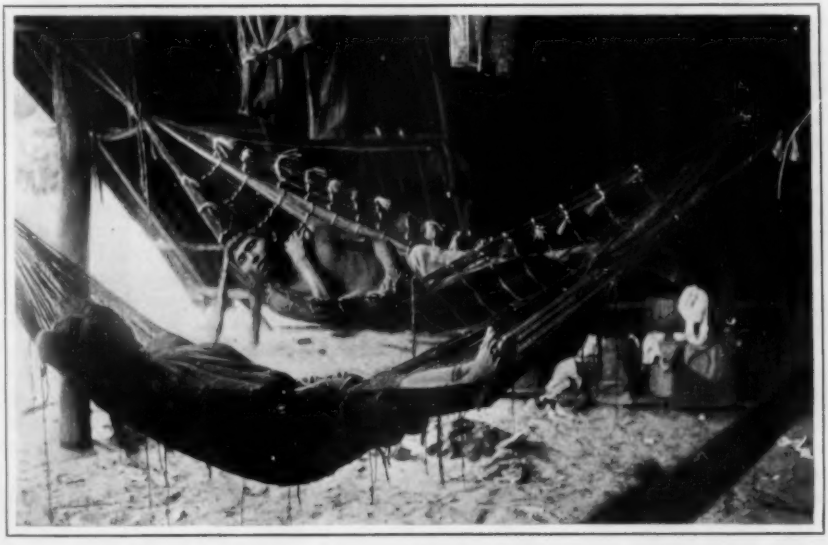
"Then ships of white warriors appeared and all this changed. Their chief was Paira-Oende [Pahee-rah-oon-day], or Ononi, known everywhere by his mouth being on his chest. He murdered and robbed along our coasts, burned alive and ate those who fell into his hands. Then we held councils; the *pü-yais* announced the Spirit of Two Bodies had commanded all to gather on a certain island. When Paira-Oende angrily approached, the *pü-yais'* charms caused the island to disappear for eight days. Then Paira-Oende made a terrible *caiman* [alligator] for a vessel, to overcome them with a single blow.

"The Indians camped near a rock named *Kaiwiri-Oendepo* [Timehri], where the *pü-yais* charmed the Double Spirit until the Snake Spirit promised all his red children wished. Proudly Paira-Oende approached. Suddenly the Spirit of Charms arose from the Marowyne and swallowed Paira-Oende. With joyous cries, thousands of feather-decorated Caribs danced the victory dance and *perpetuated the event on the Timehri Rock which still stands in the Marowyne.*"

The legend probably refers to the cruel Poncet de Bretigny, 1643. Practically the same legend is found on the Coppename, Para, and Surinam rivers. Though making no distinction in the name, each undoubtedly referred to different leaders of white expeditions whose cruel methods were much the same as Paira-Oende, or Ononi.

Not far from the rock we entered Timehri village. The gaunt specter, Fever, had stalked through it. Those who had not succumbed had fled; a few emaciated victims lay in their hammocks. The *pü-yai's* charms had failed; even his *tokai* was abandoned, and we now passed through a deserted village, and fever everywhere ramped up and down the land.

The Caribs believe in the talismanic powers of certain objects. Much of this fetish-worship applies to hunting, where man—the hunter—must bring to bear all his cunning. Hanging from a house beam I have often noticed a plaited cord, the size of a cod-line, but increasing in diameter toward one end, at which the fiber is left projecting. The Carib hunter, to insure himself good luck, pokes the small end up his nostril, seizes it by reaching into his throat, and gradually draws the widening, bristling



TWO-THIRDS OF THE CARIB'S LIFE IS SPENT IN HAMMOCKS

end through his nose and out of his mouth. Hunting luck is also sought by rubbing the irritating juice of caladium-bulbs into body cuts, or by rubbing their chests and thighs with hairy caterpillars, whose hairs, like those of the brown-tail moth, break off and produce an aggravating rash.

These extraordinary procedures have some physiological basis of value. The successful hunter must be keen, responsive to the slightest external stimulant. The introduction of physical pain, within certain limits, will thus irritate the nervous system to these ends. The passing of the nose cord, too, by cleansing the nasal membrane, renders that olfactory member keener.

But it is at night about the camp-fire, when the sputtering flames lick up the dripping fat of the agouti meat, when the red glare paints redder the red bodies of these forest children, when the blood-sucking vampires wing their velvety flight in and out of the shaded depths, from which come the night-life sounds of the tropics—it is then that one feels the full power and mystery of this equatorial world of rain and sunshine, beauty, decay, and death.

Often I have sat thus in the reeking moisture, watched scorpions, black and snapping, scurry among the dead leaves at our feet, yet never a sign of a mosquito. But there are times and places where the stegomyia and anopheles, laden with germs of "yellow-jack" and malaria, will hunt you out. The uninitiated may journey for hours with never a sign of animal life; though food abounds, the unschooled may starve, as the rotting, moss-covered bones of many an escaped *déporté* from French Guiana bear witness.

It was difficult, slushing waist-deep through poisonous swamp-water, to avoid bruising and infecting one's shins; one must circumvent, too, hidden arrow and gun traps set for jaguar and peccari, those agile and ferocious forest animals. One can scarcely appreciate the instinct, knowledge, and intelligence requisite for man to sustain life in this wild tropical jungle.

In the saturation of its dank humus, in the vapid breath of its exotic creation, all life takes on a superabundant luxuriance unequaled perhaps in any other part of the world. But here, too, perhaps, there exists an unequaled contest with Nature—Nature warring against herself, reeking in wetness and damp, pungent odors—beauty even in the decay, where insidious disease and death broods and breeds; parasites seen and unseen gnawing out the heart of things—parasitical vines and fungi sapping and throttling the life of trees—trees fighting other trees—insidious insects and reptiles, the blood-sucking vampire, the fierce jaguar, infolding boa, and vicious peccari, preying upon and being preyed upon—and here the Carib dwells, and not only holds his own, but thrives—thrives in spite of everything except contact with civilization.

So I drifted along these Guianan rivers in the hushing heat of noon-days, or in the blue coolness of diamond-studded nights until my canoe crept into the broader reaches of the Cottica. Here, as elsewhere, an hospitable welcome was extended to me at the Carib camps. At one of the last at which we drew up our canoes, the best *aouto* in the village was given over to me and my men. Under its protecting roof our hammocks were soon hanging, fire provided, and fresh cassava bread and a large bowl of stewed, purple fruit were set before me.

No children are prettier or more attractive than the Caribs. Two of the boys affectionately tucked their velvety little arms about mine. Soon the boys and girls were munching my chocolate and crackers. Then I thought of my unused case of soda-water bottles. Phiz! Pop! Eyes and mouths open in surprise; and soon bottles were popping all about the camp. By poking a finger in my mouth, I surreptitiously indulged in imitation "pops," so puzzling them that they searched me from sun-helmet to hunting-boots for hidden bottles. Their merriment effervesced more than the soda-water on discovering the trick, whereupon the whole camp, trying to imitate the sound, echoed with shouts and laughter.

We soon turned into our hammocks and the camp slept. Then the wail of a sick baby, mingling with the soft night sounds of river and forest, aroused

me. I soon found the *aouto* where a little Carib mother sobbed, the child crying at her breast. No one need doubt that these simple people have great affection and love added to their many other admirable qualities. Never was I more gratified with results from my meager medicine-kit.

Back in my hammock, deep in sleep, I seemed to dream a moaning chant, swelling ever louder until it broke into weird cries, and I awoke to the realization that it was the *pü-yai's* chantings to cure a fever-stricken man. Again I turned out, this time to see the ceremony.

RUBBINGS MADE BY THE AUTHOR FROM THE FAMOUS TIMEHRI ROCK SCULPTURES

The magicians were secreted in their inclosed *tokai*. With deep-toned voice one of them followed the chant with a long monologue to the evil influences, appealing to the helpful spirits. Meantime, accompanied by seed or pebble filled rattles, producing a rustling form of music which would gradually diminish, they drove or inveigled the evil away; then they stopped—all but one of them, who kept going to prevent it from coming back. As the fever-stricken man wished my help, I requisitioned my ever-useful Epsom salts, and, when the fever had subsided, was able, with the aid of quinine, to materially help him, but the magicians kept on grinding.

In the morning twilight we were again drifting down the soft-flowing current of the dawn-flushed Cottica toward the sea. As I lay in my accustomed place in the bottom of the dugout, I looked through the crystal of time into the great ethnic kaleidoscope of Amerindia—that great world segment of North and South America. In the distribution of the particles of its ever-changing design I saw the Red units giving way to an ever-increasing field of White. How many more turns in the rolling march of civilization, I wondered, before this field will be completely blanched, with only a tinge of Pink, perhaps, to remind us that "*penalo ame weipiompo* [once upon a time]—before my grandmother's grandfather was"—the Red ran riot in the design. More often will be heard the weird diminuendo of the *karéo* bird, as the little remnant, like my canoe on the Cottica, drifts rapidly out toward the Great Water for ever.

The Sardonic Adventure of Simeon Small

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

I GAVE the matter my closest consideration, and came to the conclusion that it would be eminently fitting for me to marry Katherine Wight. Having reached a decision, I did not shilly-shally about the affair, but resolved at once to enter upon the courtship. The sooner I began courting, the sooner it would be over, I thought, and immediately put on my hat to go to call on Katherine. I may have my faults, but, thank Heaven, irresolution is not one of them.

I walked briskly, breathing deeply and expelling the breath every fourth step, thus refreshing the lower lung, and came in a few minutes to the entrance to the Wight grounds. As I passed through the gate I observed Katherine's brother Stephen—or Steve, as he seems, peculiarly enough, to prefer to be designated—playing at the game of lawn-tennis with another young man whom I did not recognize. I paused briefly to observe the game—not that I understand its complexities or am interested in it to the smallest degree. It was a mere surrender to common curiosity.

I watched the young men striking eagerly at a tiny ball, and was not a little surprised to note that they were equally discourteous. Instead of trying to hit the little ball near his opponent, thus saving him useless exertion in running about, each endeavored to put it wholly out of reach of the other's hitter—racket, do they call it? The strange young man showed more ability at the game than Stephen; in fact, he played so well that he reminded me of the rebuke bestowed by Mr. Herbert Spencer on the young man who was extremely proficient at the game of billiards; it was something to the effect that reasonable skill at the game was a credit to a gentleman, but that such expertness betokened a misspent life. Mr. Spencer was a close observer. I am certain the strange young man must have spent a great many hours at the game of tennis which would have been more profitably devoted to something of a serious nature.

I proceeded up the walk, and, fortunately, discovered Katherine sitting under a sort of pergola—a modified form—reading a little book. This book, I subsequently discovered, was Maeterlinck's essay on Death. What more charming picture could one ask to see? I admit that my pulse beat above the normal. I could not discover the number of beats to the minute, though I did place my fingers on my left wrist in an endeavor to count. It would have been interesting data.

Though I am twenty-nine years old, this was my first courtship, and I was rather in doubt how to proceed. I resolved to maintain a perfect calm and study the matter out as I proceeded. I therefore advanced resolutely.

"Good afternoon, Katherine," I said, steadily.

She glanced up from her book and smiled. "Why, Simeon!" she exclaimed. "This is a surprise."

"I trust," said I, advancing boldly with my project, "that it is a *pleasant* surprise." I accentuated the word pleasant significantly, and watched to see if she would blush. That, I am told, is a signal that a courtship is proceeding satisfactorily. She did not blush, however, and I was a trifle nonplussed.

"What are you reading, if I may ask?"

"Maeterlinck's essay on Death. . . . Don't you think it is perfectly lovely?"

"I must confess I had not applied that precise adjective to it, Katherine. Indeed, while it is interesting in a lighter

way, abstract speculation does not appeal to me deeply. The writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer, dealing as they do mainly with *facts*, impress me as much more valuable. Still, I am prepared to admit, you ladies are fairly entitled to the relaxation of lighter reading."

I was surprised to note how free from embarrassment I was. I wonder if Katherine noticed it. However, at that time, she could not have been aware of my purpose in calling, though the fact that I came early in the afternoon should have apprised her that something unusual had caused me to turn aside from my regular habit, which is to remain in my library until fifteen minutes past four.

"I am delighted," I told her, "to observe that you do not read those ridiculous novels which are so vulgarly popular."

She appeared to appreciate this compliment. "One's life," said she, "is such a serious matter that one should not waste one's time frivolously. I used to read novels," she confessed, "but—but Maeterlinck is so much lovelier, and I just revel in Ibsen. Do you read Ibsen?"

I nodded appreciatively.

"And I have just finished Sudermann's *Joy of Living*. Isn't that the *sweetest* thing!"

"The German playwrights have seemed to me somewhat morbid, though one must admit their powers of analysis."

The longer I conversed with Katherine the more firmly convinced I became that she was fitted to be my wife. Her calm, serious outlook on life, her manifest interest in the better literature and in philosophy, seemed to promise a delightful companionship. I pictured to myself how I should enjoy introducing her to such writers as Spinoza, and the uplifting discussion that would follow. I am afraid I speculated on these things overlong, for suddenly I became aware that neither of us had spoken for some time. I begged her pardon, but did not disclose the subject-matter of my thoughts.

While I was mentally formulating a

KATHERINE WAS SITTING UNDER A SORT OF PERGOLA, READING A LITTLE BOOK

remark that would expedite, so to speak, my courtship, Stephen and his friend came hurrying up from the tennis-court. They were scarcely presentable, and seemed overheated and uncomfortable.

"Howdy, Simeon?" said Stephen. He stopped and presented his skilful tennis companion. "Small," said he, poking his finger brusquely at me, "Quaintance," poking his finger at his friend. Stephen was notably careless of social forms. "Scoot for the showers!" he then cried, without giving me an opportunity to acknowledge the introduction or to ask Mr. Quaintance two questions that occurred to me. The first had to do with the trajectory of the tennis-ball in its relation to the elasticity of the strings of the racket; the other was, if his nose was a family characteristic or individual to himself. However, they hurried away, and I was obliged to forego my inquiries.

"Don't you think," asked Katherine, looking after the young men, "that he has a—*distinguished* appearance?"

I found her question vaguely displeasing to me, but almost instantly I believed I could recognize my sensation as jealousy. This gave me a certain satisfaction, as I understood jealousy to be an important incident to courtship. Though I am not deeply versed in the character and probabilities of women, nevertheless I was not without acumen to perceive in Quaintance a possible rival.

I COULD NOT DISCOVER THE NUMBER OF BEATS TO THE MINUTE

"He is a house guest?" I asked, dissembling my true feeling.

"Yes. He came home with Stephen after graduation, and we hope to keep him a month or more."

"Indeed," said I. I determined to watch Katherine and this young man carefully, and if I should detect evidences of his becoming a rival—something I had carelessly omitted from my calculations—to formulate a plan that would demonstrate my superior fitness to become Katherine's husband.

I remained but a short while longer, because it seemed wise to make brief such a significant call as mine, and to give Katherine an opportunity to consider it and to ponder over the reason for my coming. I desired, however, to go leaving a pleasant impression, and, as I could not think of an expression that would produce that effect on her mind, I was obliged to stay several minutes longer than I desired. However, inspiration was kind.

"I must go," said I, rising. "Good-by. It has been delightful to me to find you stirred by the psychic rather than by the physical." That, of course, was approaching the warmly sentimental, but she did not seem to be offended at my ardor.

Next afternoon, breaking my fixed habit, I used the telephone to inquire if I might take her driving. I used the telephone because I learn that that instrument is much affected by the participants in a courtship. Katherine expressed regret that she had previously engaged herself to golf with Mr. Quaintance. I was agitated by this information, but determined that the young man should not again forestall me. I would be more vigorous and vigilant in my attentions.

Next morning I had my chauffeur drive me to Katherine's as early as propriety would allow, but imagine my discomfiture to learn from Stephen—who seemed disgruntled himself—that his sis-

THE LONGER I CONVERSED, THE MORE FIRMLY CONVINCED I BECAME THAT SHE WAS FITTED TO BE MY WIFE

ter and Mr. Quaintance had already gone for a tramp along the river.

"What good's he to me," demanded Stephen, inelegantly, "if he's goin' rampagin' off after a skirt all the time?"

When I returned home, however, I was rejoiced, for my mail brought me notice of an event which would be a rare treat for Katherine. I immediately seated myself and wrote her a note begging her to reserve the following Monday evening for me. She replied by my messenger that she would be delighted. I apprehended she would be, for, playing on the long-recognized feminine quality of curiosity, I had omitted to tell her the character of the event to which I was to escort her.

When I arrived at her home on the stated evening I found her clothed in a dress rather more suitable for a social engagement or dance than for the occasion I had in mind. Her neck and shoulders were not concealed, at which, I must confess, I was not chagrined, for she was exceedingly beautiful, or so it seemed to me.

I helped her into my car with a delicate and solicitous gallantry which I hoped she would perceive and not mistake. Then we were on our way. Our destination was the rooms of the Orthographic Society. As we stepped out, I noted a look of astonishment on Katherine's face, and was gratified.

"What—" she began, but I interrupted.

"Not a word—not a word," said I, playfully. "It is to be a surprise."

We entered the lecture-room and found excellent seats. Katherine was quiet, and it seemed to me her lip was trembling—probably she was striving—and with difficulty—to conceal the pleasure she felt at being admitted to that room where so few women have ever been. I whispered in her ear, exultingly:

"The address this evening is to be by Herr Schellenbarger, of the University of Leipzig, on 'The Wide Differentiation Between Early Cufic Inscriptions and the Undeciphered Sculpture Writings of the Mayan Ruins in Central America."

She gasped. I looked at her closely and could scarcely credit my vision when I perceived that her eyes were actually wet. I had not even hoped to give her pleasure in such a degree. During the reading of Professor Schellenbarger's paper, so engrossed was I that I quite forgot Katherine's presence, but at its completion I glanced at her triumphantly. She did not meet my eyes.

"Is it not remarkable," I asked, "that one man should have collected so much valuable data from the ruined remnants of vanished civilizations?"

"I believe he *eats* them," she said, in a peculiar tone. I understood this to be a colloquial phrase expressing admiration.

She was thoughtful during our drive home, and though I encouraged her to discuss the paper with me, she seemed disinclined. Doubtless she wished to digest the matter before voicing her opinion. I bade her good night gently and with what I endeavored to make ostentatious reluctance. Her good night was brief; indeed, I may say it was a trifle brusque.

Tuesday afternoon I hastened to call in order to review the pleasure of the evening before. On the piazza were Stephen and Mr. Quaintance. As I came upon them they were laughing uproariously and pummeling each other in the ribs—conduct that was inexplicable to me.

"Good afternoon," I said, interrupting their pastime.

"Whoop!" shouted Stephen. "It's him!" Again they abandoned themselves to paroxysms of mirth.

"I should be glad," said I, severely, "to know what you find so humorous."

Stephen became sober in an instant, no doubt remembering his manners.

"We were laughing at sis," he said

"At Katherine?" I demanded.

"At Katherine," said Stephen, in a tone that I may be mistaken in believing resembled my own.

"May I inquire why?"

The young men looked at each other again and found difficulty in remaining calm.

"Mistake she made," said Stephen.

"It is not proper to laugh at others' mistakes," I told them. "The effect of ridicule on the erring has been discussed in a paper by Professor Rintoul, who occupies the chair of applied psychology at Oxford University—"

"But this wasn't that sort of a mistake," defended Stephen.

"What kind of mistake is it that can be—"

"Why"—he pressed his hands to his sides as though they were the seat of pain—"why, she thought you were taking her to the theatricals at the Colonial Club last night—and—and—" Again both young men shouted with laughter. "*What* was it you took her to, Simeon—eh? Do repeat the title of the lecture."

I saw nothing humorous in Katherine's error—indeed, though I have thought of the incident frequently, I have never been able to understand why it should have provoked the young men to laughter.

"Is Katherine at home?" I asked, stiffly.

"She's holed up in her room and refuses to be coaxed out. Claims it's headache—but it isn't. It's mad!"

"Because you laughed at her?"

Stephen nodded and chuckled.

"It was very inconsiderate of you," I told him, and then asked him to convey to Katherine my regrets that she was ill.

Mr. Quaintance rose and strolled toward the tennis-court, leaving Stephen and myself together. This seemed to me an excellent opportunity to talk to my prospective brother-in-law about the relationship which was soon to exist between us.

"Have you noticed," I asked, "that I have been here frequently of late?"

"Now that you mention it, I do remember something of the sort."

"Has it occurred to you to wonder why?"

He looked at me and grinned—yes, *grinned* is the word. "It's such hot weather for wondering," he said.

"I have had a purpose."

"That's your specialty, isn't it, Simeon—having purposes?"

"I am courting your sister," I said, firmly.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Is *that* what you're doing? I imagined you were here studying the conformation of our skulls."

"How," I asked him, "do you regard me as a possible brother-in-law?"

"Simeon," said he, and I was surprised to note that his voice trembled with emotion, "nothing in the world could give me more pleasure than to see you courting Katherine."

I shook his hand and went home—with a new estimate of Stephen. I had judged him shallow and flippant, but my error was clear.

The next two weeks were vexatious. Day after day Katherine was occupied or absent from home. No less than nine times did I see her in company with Mr. Quaintance. Each time they were enjoying themselves, which caused me a twinge of what I have come to recognize as jealousy. In those two weeks I was not alone with Katherine once. However, I was not idle. Repeatedly I sent her books, even poems. I sent her Mountfort's delightful brochure on *Synonyms and Antonyms of the Polynesians*, also Gerald's two-volume *History of the Rise and General Adoption of the Letter "J" in Civilized Alphabets*. These were not all, but they were the choice of the collection. She thanked me in brief but appreciative notes.

When I heard Katherine's name coupled with Mr. Quaintance's by the gossips on the Country Club veranda it became apparent to me that I must resort to more strenuous methods. I therefore strolled into the woods to seek silence and solitude, the better to formulate a plan that could not fail of success. I found an ideal spot for ratiocination in a glacial ravine, whose floor was densely covered by a luxurious podyphyllin peltatum, and there I seated myself, and was soon oblivious to my surroundings as I worked on my problem.

The problem, as I stated it to myself, was as follows: How can I, by single action or by series of acts, demonstrate to Katherine the singular qualities which make me an ideal husband for her, and at the same time make clear to her my superiority, of which I am conscious, over Mr. Quaintance?

I WAS SOON OBLIVIOUS TO MY SURROUNDINGS AS I WORKED ON MY PROBLEM

The two, I judged, must be coincidental. It was necessary, too, that there should be present something of that element referred to as romance by writers of a certain class of books. Add to this that I must appear in a light at once learned, competent, and heroic, and you will admit the problem of trisecting the angle to be scarcely more abstruse.

I concentrated. The result proved to me that my mind is not of the imaginative type. An hour's study yielded no result. I sat at ease, relaxed, allowed my mind to seek its own channels of thought for a time, determined presently to renew the attack. I considered challenging Mr. Quaintance to a game of chess, that pastime bordering somewhat on his favorite athletics, but on second thought it seemed lacking in the neces-

sary element of romance. You will agree with me that the ordinary game of chess does not abound in romance. I wished in a moment of weakness that I had taken time to read some so-called novels, they dealing, as I understand it, mainly with cryptogrammatical love-affairs, and offering plausible, if not scientific, solutions. But that phase passed rapidly, and I became my true self again. Presently I found myself gazing intently at an outcropping of limestone. I eyed it curiously, rather fancying I could identify it as belonging to the Subcarboniferous period. This naturally carried me to a consideration of caverns, inasmuch as an area of limestone is almost invariably honeycombed with caves large or small. I then recalled hearing of an extensive cavern some fifteen miles away, which I had made a mental note of, with the idea of visiting to make an exhaustive investigation and perhaps write a monograph on the subject. I do not know why or how, but suddenly there appeared to my mental vision an illustration from a story I read when a boy. It pictured a boy bearing a girl in his arms and struggling along through a cave rich in stalactites and stalagmites. I gasped. There was my plan. I would invite Katherine and her brother and Mr. Quaintance and some unimportant young woman to motor to the cave with me. I would allow them to wander within until they became bewildered, lost. Then, calmly and coolly, I would sit down, with paper and pencil and compass, and figure out for them what direction to take and how to effect our exit. I was certain that no instruments would be necessary other than a compass and a pedometer. Of course I would not bring about the rescue until some degree of hardship was imminent, and until the other male members of the party had demonstrated their futility.

I made up my little party, consisting of Katherine, Stephen, Mr. Quaintance, a young woman named Brown, who possessed a temperament that might be described as highly vivacious—and, of course, myself. Saturday morning, not unprovided with luncheon, we drove to the cavern, which, by the way, was known as Hoofer's Hole—a title possessing nothing of poetic descriptiveness.

We lighted candles, and I allowed Mr. Quaintance and Katherine, as well as Stephen and the lively Miss Brown, to precede me. This was a truly Machiavellian manœuver, placing, as it did, the responsibility of guidance on those who took the lead—on Mr. Quaintance, in short. As for me, I kept well to the rear, compass in hand, counting places and jotting down notes on a small pad which I could readily conceal in the palm of my hand.

The cavern was as large and as interesting as I had been led to expect. There were numerous passages and chambers which followed no regular scheme, but on the contrary proceeded in a haphazard manner in all directions, with curves and angles innumerable. I judged it to be an ideal cavern for my purpose, and was accordingly elated.

At the end of half an hour we rested in an oval room—a room particularly interesting because of the curious formations of its stalactites. We seated ourselves to converse briefly.

"Aren't we getting quite a ways from the opening?" Katherine asked. "It would be perfectly terrible to get lost."

I was about to rejoin, but Mr. Quaintance replied before I had formulated my own response—and gave himself over into my hands.

"Not the least danger, Katherine. Just follow your uncle Dudley—your old, dependable uncle Dudley. He'll lead you to the sunlight and the little birdies and the nodding blossoms."

I had not conceived the young man to be possessed of a power of poetic expression such as this, and it rendered him more formidable in my eyes. It is strange how oddly nature sometimes bestows her gifts.

Presently we arose and went on until we came to the brink of a subterranean brook which barred our farther progress.

"I've gone far enough, anyhow," Katherine said.

"Yes," declared Miss Brown, "I think I've absorbed about all the cave my soul requires." She had an odd manner of expression.

"Let's start back, then," said Katherine; "I'm hungry. Come on, Mr. Quaintance; lead the way."

I smiled to myself. Well I knew that

WE LIGHTED CANDLES, AND I ALLOWED THEM TO PRECEDE ME

we were lost. Well I knew that the devious passages, the abrupt turnings, the numerous, highly similar openings, were such as to make our return impossible without the aid of a guide who knew well the windings of the cave, or of a person such as myself who had prepared for this emergency. So I spoke calmly.

"He cannot lead the way, Katherine. We are lost. Each and every one of us is lost."

"Oh, Mr. Quaintance!" said Katherine, suddenly frightened. "We're not lost! You know the way. Don't you?"

"Hopeful Simeon says I don't. It must be so. I'll bet he never made a mistake in his life."

I ignored this flippancy. "We are lost—utterly lost," I said.

Katherine began to cry a little, and her brother put his arm around her. He also tried to put his other arm around Miss Brown, but she eluded him and said she hadn't got to that point yet—he'd have to wait till she was more frightened. Quaintance chuckled, but I could see no ground for merriment, especially to him who had, as the others must think, gotten us into our predicament.

"What shall we do?" Katherine said, in a small, trembling voice. Her question was directed to Mr. Quaintance, but I replied:

"I shall take charge, Katherine. We have been led astray carelessly, but you may depend on me. Have patience while I con over a few figures and determine, from data in my hands, certain angles and distances. Then I shall lead you to safety."

"And to dinner," said Miss Brown. "You'll lead us to that too, won't you?"

"And to dinner," I assured her.

While the young men and women sat watching me, with what eagerness I could well imagine—as their safety hung on my calculations—I took my figures and data and soon had them in excellent order. Soon, I say, but that word is used in a comparative sense. To work out the intricate problem before me required time, but not so much time as

another—say Mr. Quaintance—would have required. It was, perhaps, an hour. Meantime the others carried on conversation in a futile effort to keep up their courage.

"Now," said I, "I am ready. Follow me."

I may say that they had not waited altogether patiently. Miss Brown had been particularly insistent upon making some sort of a start toward food, but I settled that matter at once and peremptorily. I informed that young lady that the expedition had been sufficiently mishandled, and that hereafter the direction of affairs would remain in the hands of one able to deal with the emergency.

I thought I overheard Mr. Quaintance ask a ridiculous question, one quite without coherence, of Katherine: "What relative will Simeon be to his grandchildren — a grandfather or grandmother?" She giggled in a manner that showed she thought lightly of his intellect.

"Come," I said, getting to my feet. "I shall now lead you to the opening of this cave." You will observe that I made no qualification of my statement. Perhaps this was error.

Consulting my figures and diagrams from time to time, I conducted the party slowly but steadily toward the outer world. I was not frightened, I was not even ruffled, but not so the others, particularly Katherine. As she became fatigued her courage deserted her, and for a time it seemed she would give way to a regrettable attack of nerves. However, she mastered herself admirably, and once again we proceeded.

"Katherine," said I, "you are weary. No doubt you suffer from lack of nourishment. I feel it my duty to carry you; indeed, it will be a pleasure to me."

"What about *me?*" demanded Miss Brown before Katherine could answer. "You got *me* into this, too. Are you going to carry both of us?"

I considered her forward, yet courtesy demanded of me that I forbear. "Perhaps," I said, tolerantly, "one of the other gentlemen will carry you."

"Both. Both, by all means," she said.

I turned to Katherine, but, to my astonishment, she declined to be carried, preferring to trudge onward on tired feet. I admired her persistence—doggedness, one might say—but fancied she would welcome my offer later.

After one hour and ten minutes I turned to the young ladies and gentlemen and said—also without qualification: "It is precisely seventy-three paces to the orifice. Thirty-one paces south by east, then forty-two paces in a westerly direction. I am delighted that this mischance has come to so harmless a conclusion." I looked at Mr. Quaintance with significance, desiring to impress the others with the thought that the fault rested on his shoulders.

"Good!" said Miss Brown; "and how many paces to the lunch-basket?"

I did not reply. Carefully I paced thirty-one steps, then turned, expecting to see the light streaming into the opening, but no light was visible. I fancied it hidden by some intervening obstruction. The absence of light gave me no pause whatever. Forty-two more paces I proceeded — and with unexpected abruptness brought up against an impassable wall of stone. Neither to right, left, nor elsewhere was an avenue for farther progress. For an instant I did not realize the depth of our misfortune; then the utter horror of it fell upon me and I reeled. I repeat, I reeled. We were lost; our predicament was beyond repair. Somewhere I had erred. All was lost. I did my utmost to maintain a bold front.

"My friends," I said, "I am deeply sorry to report to you that—in short, that my calculations have gone awry. Somewhere error has crept in unaccountably, for I am unaccustomed to make mathematical errors. Nevertheless, it is true, and we are lost utterly—I may almost say, hopelessly lost." I considered that I had broken the tidings to them with consummate tact and gentleness.

This time even Miss Brown was frightened; Katherine was terrified; Stephen was perturbed, seriously perturbed. As for Mr. Quaintance, I made no effort to fathom his sensations. They must have been of a disagreeable nature.

"But, Simeon, you old goat—" began Stephen.

"At such a moment," I said, "goat is no term to apply to a fellow—victim, shall I say?—even in friendliness."

"I'm hanged if it's friendliness," he replied. "What business had you to carry off the way out and lose it somewhere?"

I fancied his mind had been set slightly askew by our hardships, so I only said, soothingly: "I assure you, Stephen, I did not remove the way out. It would be impossible to do so. It is, I may safely say, immovable and permanent."

"That's something gained," he said, and Mr. Quaintance nodded. "If he hasn't pulled up the way back it must be there still. The thing to do is to find it—eh, Quaintance?"

"Don't joke, Stephen," Katherine cried. "See, our candles are almost burned out. I—I shall die if we're left in the dark."

At this moment Mr. Quaintance asserted himself again, though I had thought him disposed of permanently.

"Katherine," said he, in tones I considered theatrical, "do you still trust me? Have you confidence in me?"

"Why—" she hesitated, not caring to wound him, I suppose. "Why—I'm sure I don't know. I—we'll never, never, never find our way out. Never, never, never!" She went on repeating never over and over and over, and then she burst into unrestrained weeping.

"There, there," said I; "come to me. Let me carry you now. All may yet be well."

"Where—would you—carry me?" she whimpered.

"In search," said I, "of the opening."

"Stay," said Mr. Quaintance, again theatrically. "I have an extraordinary sense of direction. I seldom speak of it. One quite remarkable, I believe. It was gained on the football-field. There one must learn to emerge from any side of a scrimmage and know without looking in which direction to run."

"What's he talking about?" Miss Brown asked, snappishly.

"I believe," he said, "if you would reproduce the sensations of the football game, I should awaken that faculty, and would know at once how to proceed."

"As how?" asked Stephen.

"Everybody take hold of me and bump me and jostle me. It would help

"WE ARE LOST, EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US IS LOST"

the illusion if one of you, Miss Brown perhaps, would put her arms around my neck tightly—for an interval. I will struggle to break away from you. You must let me succeed. Then we shall see!"

It sounded absurd to me; nevertheless it was not without its scientific interest. It was in the nature of an experiment which, if it succeeded, would make the subject of an interesting paper to be read before one of the societies of which I was a member.

"Very good," said I. "Let us proceed with the experiment."

We did so, but I would not care again to participate in a thing of that sort. I recall the receipt of a knee in my stomach. It was applied vigorously and caused a most unpleasant sensation, as of death itself. Then I was propelled to the floor with violence, where I sat and gasped and groaned in an effort to overcome the effects of the blow in the stomach. Gradually my condition improved. The others gathered around Mr. Quaintance, who cried, exultantly: "I knew it wouldn't fail me. We are saved. . . . Saved!"

Katherine gripped his arm and looked into his face. "Do you mean it? Are you— Can you save us? Can you get us out of this horrid place?"

"Follow me!" he said, bumptiously.

He walked off without hesitation. We followed, Katherine still clinging to his arm in a manner I regretted to see, but, poor girl! her nerves were in a deplorable state and she was unaccountable.

"Ah!" he cried, suddenly, "I've lost it. Quick, Katherine, your arms around my neck! Tight! . . . There, that was just in time. I almost lost it."

"Perhaps," said I, "Miss Brown would prefer to walk beside Mr. Quaintance, leaving Miss Katherine to follow more slowly with me."

"Thank you," said Miss Brown, "but Katherine seems to be efficient—and he may need help again at any moment."

It was a fear of my own that I had hesitated to express. Indeed, it was one I was to realize only too frequently, for no less than six times was Mr. Quaintance on the point of losing his peculiar sense of direction, only to retain it by a simulation of the football game.

Incomprehensible as it may seem, we became aware of a dim light, an alleviation of the blackness that surrounded us. After a few minutes more we actually saw sunlight penetrating the cavern, and in another moment we stood outside, under the dome of heaven—saved!

Katherine sighed once, and toppled into Mr. Quaintance's arms. He did not hesitate to kiss her—shamelessly, as no less than three spectators watched him. It seemed to rouse her, though not to put her in possession of all her faculties, for she sobbed and threw her arms about his neck again, and clung to him and cried. He bent his head and whispered in her ear. What he said I did not overhear.

"You saved us! . . . You saved *me!*" Katherine said, brokenly, "My hero!"

Mr. Quaintance drew himself up proudly, but over Katherine's shoulder he did a most peculiar—indeed, reprehensible—thing. He winked at Stephen Wight.

Two days later I sought Mr. Quaintance to get further details of his remarkable sense of direction.

"Mr. Quaintance," I said, "I want to speak with you about your abnormal and scientifically interesting sense of direction."

He grinned. His grin has a way of irritating me. I do not know why.

"I'll explain it to you, Simeon. It lies in this. You can acquire it yourself. . . . When you get lost in a cave, see to it that the cave is—one you played in when you were a kid. Hoofer's Hole is entered from my grandfather's farm. I could walk through it blindfolded."

I was nonplussed. "But the sense of direction? The necessity for the football proceedings?"

"Those," said he, "were largely for your benefit, Simeon. At first they were. Later I developed the idea, as you may have seen. But, Simeon, you'd got on my nerves, old top, and I just had to take a punch at you. You needed it."

I turned away in disgust.

"By the way," said he, "Mr. Wight informs me that he thinks I will make a most acceptable son-in-law. Congratulate me."

I did not do so. Instead I left him abruptly.

The Side of the Angels

A NOVEL

BY BASIL KING

CHAPTER VII

BETWEEN the greenhouses, of which the glass gleamed dimly in the moonlight, Rosie followed a path that straggled down the slope of her father's land to the new boulevard round the pond. The boulevard here swept inland about the base of Duck Rock, in order to leave that wooded bluff an inviolate feature of the landscape. So inviolate had it been that during the months since Rosie had picked wild raspberries in its boskage the park commissioners had seized on it as a spot to be subdued by winding paths and restful benches. To make it the more civilized and inviting they had placed one of the arc-lamps that now garlanded the circuit of the pond just where it would guide the feet of lovers into the alluring shade. Rosie was glad of this friendly light before engaging on the rough path up the bluff under the skeleton-like trees. She was not afraid; she was only nervous, and the light gave her confidence.

But to-night, as she emerged on the broad boulevard from the weedy outskirts of her father's garden, the clatter of horse-hoofs startled her into drawing back. She would have got herself altogether out of sight had there been anything at hand in the nature of a shrub high enough to conceal her. As it was she could only shrink to the extreme edge of the roadside, hoping that the rider, whoever he was, would pass without seeing her. This he might have done had not the bay mare Delia, unaccustomed to the sight of young ladies roaming alone at night, thought it the part of propriety to shy.

"Whoa, Delia! whoa! What's the matter? Steady, old girl! steady!" There was a flash of the quick, penetrating eyes around the circle made by the arc-light. "Why, hello, Rosie 'Pon my soul! Look scared as a stray kitten. Where you going?"

Rosie could only reply that she wasn't going anywhere. She was just—out.

"Well, it's a fine night. Everybody seems to be out. Just met Claude."

The girl was unable to repress a startled "Oh!" though she bit her tongue at the self-betrayal.

Uncle Sim laughed merrily. "Don't wonder you're frightened—pretty girl like you. Devil of a fellow, Claude thinks he is. Suppose you don't know him. Ah, well that wouldn't make any difference to him, if he was to run across you. I'll tell you what! You come along with me." Chuckling to himself, he slipped from Delia's back, preparing to lead the mare and accompany the girl on foot. "We'll go round by the Old Village and up School-house Lane. The walk 'll do you good. You'll sleep better after it. Come along now, and tell me about your mother as we go. Did my nephew, Thor, come to see her? What did he give her? Did she take it? Did it make her sleep?"

But Rosie shrank away from him with the eyes of a terrified animal. "Oh no, Dr. Masterman! Please! I don't want to take that long walk. I'll go back up the path—the way I came. I just ran out to—to—"

He looked at her with suspicious kindliness. "Will you promise me you'll go back the way you came?"

"Yes, yes; I will."

"Then that's all right. It's an awful dangerous road, Rosie. Tramps—and everything. But if you'll go straight

back up the path I'll be easy in my mind about you." He watched her while she retreated. "Good night!" he called.

"Good night," came her voice from half-way up the garden.

She was obliged to wait in the shadow of an outlying hothouse till the sound of Delia's hoofs, clattering off toward the Old Village, died away on the night. She crept back again, cautiously. Cautiously, too, she stole across the boulevard and into the wood. Once there, she flew up the path with the frantic eagerness of a hare. She was afraid Claude might have come and gone. She was afraid of the incident with old Sim. What did he mean? Did he mean anything? If he betrayed Claude at home would it keep the latter from meeting her? She had no great confidence in Claude's ability to withstand authority. She had no great confidence in anything, not even in his love, or in her own. The love was true enough; it was ardently, desperately true; but would it bear the strain that could so easily be put upon it? She felt herself swept by an immense longing to be sure.

She had so many subjects to think of and to dread that she forgot to be frightened as she sped up the bluff. It was only on reaching the summit and discovering that Claude wasn't there that she was seized by fear. There was a bench beside her—a round bench circling the trunk of an oak-tree—and she sank upon it.

The crunching of footsteps told her some one was coming up the slope. In all probability it was Claude; but it might be a stranger, or even an animal. The crunching continued, measured, slow. She would have fled if there had been any way of fleeing without encountering the object of her alarm. The regular beat of the footsteps growing heavier and nearer through the darkness rendered her almost hysterical. When at last Claude's figure emerged into the moonlight, his erect slenderness defined against the sky, she threw herself, sobbing, into his arms.

It was not the least of Claude's attractions that he was so tender with women swept by crises of emotion. Where Thor would have stood helpless, or prescribed a mild sedative, Claude pressed the agitated creature to his breast and let her weep.

When her sobs had subsided to a convulsive clinging to him without tears, he explained his delay in arriving by his meeting with Uncle Sim. They were seated on the bench by this time, his arms about her, her face close to his.

"Awful nuisance, he is. Regular Paul Pry. Can't keep anything from him. Scours the country night and day like the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. Never know when you'll meet him."

"I met him, too," Rosie said, getting some control of her voice.

"The deuce you did! Did he speak to you? Did he say anything about me?"

"He said he'd seen you."

"Is that all?"

She weighed the possible disadvantages of saying too much, coming to the conclusion that she had better tell him more. "No, it isn't quite all. He seemed to—warn me against you."

"Oh, the devil!" In his start he loosened his embrace, but grasped her to him again. "What's he up to now?"

"Do you think he's up to anything?"

"What else did he say? Tell me all you can think of."

She narrated the brief incident.

"Will it make any difference to us?" she ventured to ask.

"It 'll make a difference to us if he blabs to father. Of course!"

"What sort of difference, Claude?"

"The sort of difference it makes when there's the devil to pay."

She clasped him to her the more closely. "Does that mean that we shouldn't be able to see each other any more?"

The question being beyond him, Claude smothered it under a selection of those fond epithets in which his vocabulary was large. In the very process of enjoying them Rosie was rallying her strength. She was still clasping him as she withdrew her head slightly, looking up at him through the moonlight.

"Claude, I want to ask you something."

With his hand on the knot of her hair

he pressed her face once more against his. "Yes, yes, darling. Ask me anything. Yes, yes, yes, yes."

She broke in on his purring with the words, "Are we engaged?"

The purring ceased. Without relaxing his embrace he remained passive, like a man listening. "What makes you ask me that?"

"It's what people generally are when they're—when they're like us, isn't it?"

Brushing his lips over the velvet of her cheeks, he began to purr again. "No one was ever like us, darling. No one ever will be. Don't worry your little head with what doesn't matter."

"But it does matter to me, Claude. I want to know where I am."

"Where you are, dearie. You're here with me. Isn't that enough?"

"It's enough for now, Claude, but—"

"And isn't what's enough for now all we've got to think of?"

"No, Claude dearest. A girl isn't like a man—"

"Oh yes, she is, when she loves. And you love me, don't you, dearie? You love me just a little. Say you love me—just a little—a very little—"

"Oh, Claude, my darling, my darling, you know I love you. You're all I've got in the world—"

"And you're all I've got, my little Rosie. Nothing else counts when I'm with you—"

"But when you're not with me, Claude? What then? What am I to think when you're away from me? What am I to be?"

"Be just as you are. Be just as you've always been since the day I first saw you—"

"Yes, yes, Claude; but you don't understand. If any one were to find out that I came here to meet you like this—"

"No one must find out, dear. We must keep that mum."

"But if they did, Claude, it wouldn't matter to you at all—"

"Oh, wouldn't it, though? Father'd make it matter, I can tell you."

"Yes, but you wouldn't be disgraced. I should be. Don't you see? No one would ever believe—"

"Oh, what does it matter what any one believes. Let them all go hang."

"We can't let them all go hang. You can't let your father go hang, and I can't let mine. Do you know what my father would do to me if he knew where I am now? He'd kill me."

"Oh, rot, Rosie!"

"No, no, Claude; I'm telling you the truth. He's that sort. You wouldn't think it, but he is. He's one of those mild, dreamy men who, when they're enraged—which isn't often—don't know where to stop. If he thought I'd done wrong he'd put a knife into me, just like that." She struck her clenched hand against his heart. "When Matt was arrested—"

He tore himself from her suddenly. The sensitive part of him had been touched. "Oh, Lord, Rosie, don't let's go into that. I hate that business. I try to forget it."

"No one can forget it who remembers me."

"Oh yes, they can. *I* can—when you don't drag it up. What's the use, Rosie? Why not be happy for the few hours every now and then that we can get together? What's got into you?" He changed his tone. "You hurt me, Rosie, you hurt me. You talk as if you didn't trust me. You seem to have suspicions, to be making schemes—"

"Oh, Claude! For God's sake!" Rosie, too, was touched on the quick, perhaps by some truth in the accusation.

He kissed her ardently. "I know, dear; I know. I know it's all right—that you don't mean anything. Kiss me. Tell me you won't do it any more—that you won't hurt the man who adores you. What does anything else matter? You and I are everything there is in the world. Don't let us talk. When we've got each other—"

Rosie gave it up, for the present at any rate. She began to perceive dimly that they had different conceptions of love. For her, love was engagement and marriage, with the material concomitants the two states implied. But for Claude love was something else. It was something she didn't understand, except that it was indifferent to the orderly procession by which her own ambitions climbed. He loved her; of that she was sure. But he loved her for her face,

her mouth, her eyes, her hair, the color of her skin, her roughened little hands, her lithe little body. Of nothing else in her was he able to take cognizance. Her hard life and her heart-breaking struggles were conditions he hadn't the eyes to see. He was aware of them, of course, but he could detach her from them. He could detach her from them for the minutes she spent with him, but he could see her go back to them and make no attempt to follow her in sympathy.

But he loved her beauty. There was that palliating fact. After all, Rosie was a woman, and here was the supreme tribute to her womanhood. It was not everything, and yet it was the thing enchanting. It was the kind of tribute any woman in the world would have put before social rescue or moral elevation, and Rosie was like the rest. She could be lulled by Claude's endearments as a child is lulled by a cradle-song. With this music in her ears doubts were stilled and misgivings quieted and ambitions overruled. Return to the world of care and calculation followed only on Claude's words uttered just as they were parting.

"And you'd better be on your guard against Thor. So long as he's going to your house you mustn't give anything away."

CHAPTER VIII

DRESSED for going out, Mrs. Willoughby was buttoning her gloves as she stood in the square hall hung with tapestries of a late Gobelins period and adorned with a cabinet in the style of Buhl flanked by two decorative Regency chairs. Her gaze followed the action of her fingers or wandered now and then inquiringly up the stairway.

Her broad, low figure, wide about the hips, tapered toward the feet in lines suggestive of a spinning-top. She was proud of her feet, which were small and shapely, and approved of a fashion in skirts that permitted them to be displayed. Being less proud of her eyes, she also approved of a style of hat which allowed the low, sloping brim, worn slantwise across the brows, to conceal one of them.

"You're surely not going in that rag!"

The protest was called forth by Lois's appearance in a walking-costume on the stairs.

"But, mamma, I'm not going at all. I told you so."

"Told me so! What's the good of telling me so? There'll be loads of men there—simply loads. Goodness me! Lois, if you're ever going to know any men at all—"

"I know all the men I want to know."

"You don't know all the men you want to know, and if you do I should be ashamed to say it. A girl who's had all your advantages and doesn't make more show! What on earth are you doing that you don't want to come?"

Lois hesitated, but she was too frank for concealments. "I'm going to see a girl Thor Masterman wants me to look after. He thinks I may be able to help her."

The mother subsided. "Oh, well—if it's that!" She added, so as not to seem to hint too much: "I always like you to do what you can toward uplift. I'll take you as far as the Old Village, if you're going that way."

There had been a time when such concessions at the mention of Thor Masterman would have irritated Lois more than any violence of opposition; but that time was passing. She could hardly complain if others saw what was daily becoming more patent to herself. She could complain of it the less since she found it difficult to conceal her happiness. It was a happiness that softened the pangs of care and removed to a distance the conditions incidental to her father's habits and impending financial ruin.

Nevertheless, the conditions were there, and had to be confronted. She made, in fact, a timid effort to confront them as she sat beside her mother in the admirably fitted limousine.

"Mother, what are we going to do about papa?"

Mrs. Willoughby's indignant rising to the occasion could be felt like an electric wave. "Do about him? Do about what?"

"About the way he is."

"The way he is? What on earth are you talking about?"

"I mean the way he comes home."

"He comes home very tired, if that's what you're trying to say. Any man who works as they work him at that office—"

"Do you think it's work?"

"No, I don't think it's work. I call it slavery. It's enough to put a man in his grave. I've seen him come home so that he could hardly speak; and if you've done the same you may know that he's simply tired enough to die."

Lois tried to come indirectly to her point by saying, "Thor Masterman has been bringing him home lately."

"Oh, well; I suppose Thor knows he doesn't lose anything by that move."

Lois ignored the remark to say, "Thor seems worried."

The mother's alertness was that of a ruffled, bellicose bird defending its mate. "If Thor's worried about your father, he can spare himself the trouble. He can leave that to me. I'll take care of him. What he needs is rest. When everything is settled I mean to take him away. Of course we can't go *this* winter. If we could we should go to Egypt—he and I. But we can't. We know that. We make the sacrifice."

These discreet allusions, too, Lois thought it best to let pass in silence. "It wasn't altogether about papa that Thor was worried. He seems anxious about money."

Bessie tossed her head. "That may easily be. If your father takes our money out of the firm, as he threatens to do, the Mastermans will be—well, I don't know where."

The girl felt it right to go a step further. "He seemed to hint—he didn't say it in so many words—that perhaps papa wouldn't have so very much to take out."

This was dismissed lightly. "Then he doesn't know what he's talking about. Archie's frightfully close in those things, I must say. He's never let either of the boys know anything about the business. He won't even let me. But your father knows. If Thor thinks for a minute the money isn't nearly all ours he may come in for a rude awakening."

Reassured by this firmness of tone, Lois began to take heart. Getting out at the Old Village, she continued her way on foot, and found Rosie among the azaleas and poinsettias.

Thor Masterman met her an hour later, as she returned homeward. He knew where she had been as soon as he saw her turn the corner at which the road descends the hill, recognizing with a curious pang her promptness in carrying out his errand. The pang was a surprise to him—the beginning of a series of revelations on the subject of himself.

Her desire to please him had never before this instant caused him anything but satisfaction. It had been but the response to his desire to please her. He had not been blind to the goal to which this mutual good-will would lead them, but he had quite made up his mind that she would make him as good a wife as any one. As a preliminary to marriage he had weighed the possibility of falling ardently in love, coming at last to the conclusion that he was not susceptible to that passion.

His long-standing intention to marry Lois Willoughby was based on the fact that besides being sympathetic to him she was plain and lonely. If the motive hadn't taken full possession of his heart it was because the state of being plain and lonely had never seemed to him the worst of calamities, by any means. The worst of calamities, that for which no patience was sufficient, that for which there was no excuse, that which kings, presidents, emperors, parliaments, congresses, embassies, and armies should combine their energies to prevent, was to be poor. He was entirely of Mrs. Fay's opinion, that with money ill-health and unhappiness were details. You could bear them both. You could bear being lonely; you could bear being plain. Consequently, the menace that now threatened Lois Willoughby's fortunes strengthened her claim on him; but all at once he felt, as he saw her descend the hill, that the claim might make complications.

Was it because she was plain? Curious that he had never attached importance to that fact before! But it blinded him now to her graceful carriage as well as to the way she had of holding her head

with a noble, independent poise that made her a woman of distinction.

She was smiling with an air at once intimate and triumphant. "I think I've won in the first encounter, at any rate."

In his wincing there was the surprise of a man who in a moment of expansion has made a sacred confidence only to find it crop up lightly in subsequent conversation. He was obliged to employ some self-control in order to say, with a manner sufficiently offhand, "What happened?"

She told of making her approaches under the plea of buying potted plants. A cold reception had given way before her persistent friendliness, while there had been complete capitulation on the tender of an invitation to County Street to tea. The visit had been difficult to manage, but amusing, and a little pitiful.

To the details that were difficult or pitiful he could listen with calm, but he was inwardly indignant that Lois should find anything in her meeting with Rosie that lent itself to humor. He knew that humor. The superior were fond of indulging in it at the expense of the less fortunate. Even Lois Willoughby had not escaped that taint of class. Fearing to wound her by some impatient word, he made zeal in his round of duties the excuse for an abrupt good-by.

But zeal in his round of duties changed to zeal of another kind as with set face and long, swinging stride he hurried up the hill. The plans he had been maturing for the psychological treatment of Mrs. Fay melted into eagerness to know how the poor little thing had taken Lois's advances. He was disappointed, therefore, that Rosie should receive him coldly.

Within twenty-four hours his imagination had created between them something with the flavor of a friendship. He had been thinking of her so incessantly that it was disconcerting to perceive that apparently she had not been thinking of him at all. He was the doctor to her, and no more. She continued to direct Antonio, the Italian, who was opening a crate of closely packed azalea-plants, while she discussed the effect of his sedative on her mother. Her manner was dry and business-like; her replies to his questions brief and to the point.

But professional duty being done, he endeavored to raise the personal issue. "What did you mean yesterday when you said that you couldn't play fair, but that you'd play as fair as you could?"

She turned from her contemplation of the stooping Antonio's back. "Did I say that?"

He hardly heeded the question in the pleasure he got from this glimpse of her green eyes. "You said that—or something very much like it."

His uncertainty gave her the chance to correct that which, in the light of Claude's warning, might prove to have been an indiscretion. "I'm sure I can't imagine. You must have—misunderstood me."

He pursued the topic not because he cared, but in order to make her look at him again. "Oh no, I didn't. Don't you remember? It was after you said that there was one thing that might happen—"

She was sure of her indiscretion now. He might even be setting a snare for her. Dr. Sim Masterman might have withdrawn from her mother's case in order to put the one brother on the other's tracks. If Claude was right in his suspicions, there was reasonable ground for alarm. She said, with assumed indifference: "Oh, that! That was nothing. Just a fancy."

He still talked for the sake of talking, attaching no importance to her replies. "Was it a fancy when you said that I would be one of the people opposed to it—if it happened?"

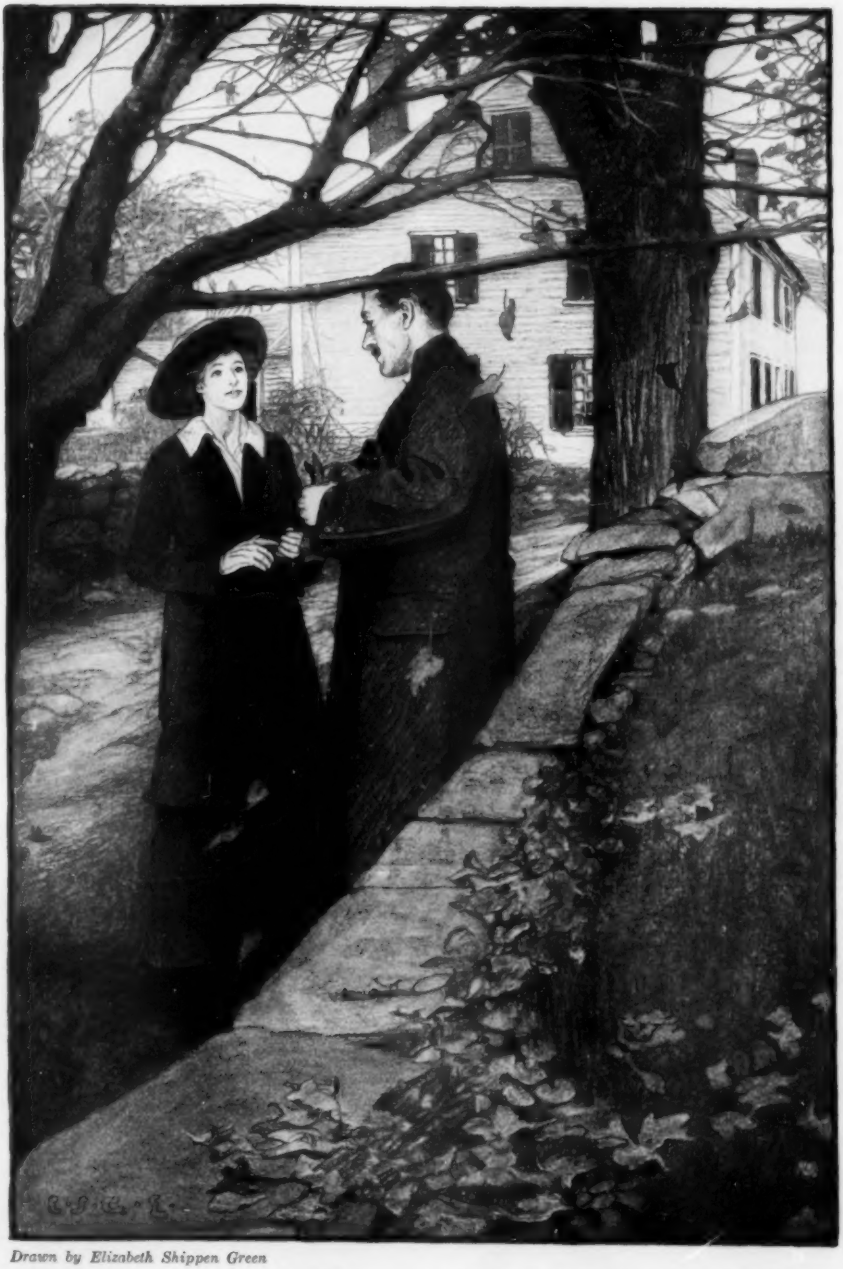
"Well, yes. But you'd only be one among a lot." She shifted to firmer ground. "I wasn't thinking of you in particular—or of any one in particular."

"Were you thinking of any *thing* in particular?"

The question threw her back on straight denial. "N-no; not exactly; just a fancy."

"But I shouldn't be opposed to it, whatever it is—if it was to your advantage."

His persistence deepened her distrust. A man whom she had seen only once before would hardly display such an interest in her and her affairs unless he



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE WAS SMILING WITH AN AIR AT ONCE INTIMATE AND TRIUMPHANT

had a motive, especially when that man was a Masterman. She took refuge in her task with the azaleas. "No, not there, Antonio. Put them there—like this—I'll show you."

The necessity for giving Antonio practical demonstration taking her to the other side of the hothouse, Thor felt himself obliged to go. He went with the greater regret since he had been unable to sound her on the subject of Lois Willoughby's advances, though her skill in eluding him heightened his respect. His disdain for the small arts of coquetry being as sincere as his scorn of snobbery, he counted it to her credit that she eluded him at all. There would be plenty of opportunities for speech with her. During them he hoped to win her confidence by degrees.

In the bedroom up-stairs, where the mother was again seated in her upholstered arm-chair with the quilt across her knees, he endeavored to put into practice his idea of mental therapeutics. He began by speaking of Matt, using the terms that would most effectively challenge her attention. "When he comes back, you know, we must make him forget that he's ever worn stripes."

She eyed him sternly. "What 'd be the good of his forgetting it? He'll have done it, just the same."

"Some of us have done worse than that, and yet—"

"And yet we didn't get into Colcord for them. But that's what counts. You can do what you like as long as you ain't put in jail. Look at your father—"

"So when he comes home—" he interrupted, craftily.

She leaned forward, throwing the quilt from her knees. "See here," she asked, confidentially, "how would you feel if you saw your son coming up out of hell?"

"How should I feel? I should be glad he was coming up instead of going down. You would, too, wouldn't you? And now that he's coming up we must keep him up. That's the point. So many poor chaps that have been in his position feel that because they've once been down they've got to stay down. We must make him see that he's come back among friends—and you must tell us what to do. You must give your mind to it and think it out. He's your boy—so it's your duty to take the lead."

Her cold eye rested on him as if she were giving his words consideration. "Why don't you ask your father to take the lead? He sent him to Colcord."

Thor got no further than this during the hour he spent with her, seeing that Uncle Sim had been right in describing the case as one for ingenuity—and something more. Questioning himself as to what this something more could be, he brought up the subject tentatively with Jasper Fay, whom he met on leaving the house. Thor himself stood on the door-step, while Fay, who wore gardening overalls, confronted him from the withered grass-plot that ended in a leafless hedge of bridal-veil.

"She's never been a religious woman at all, has she?"

Fay answered with a distant smile. "She did go in for religion at one time, sir; but I guess she found it slim diet. It got to seem to her like Thomas Carlyle's hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed. After that she quit."

"I had an idea that you belonged to the First Church and were Dr. Hilary's parishioners."

Fay explained. "Dr. Hilary married us, but we haven't troubled the church much since. I never took any interest in the Christian religion to begin with; and when I looked into it I found it even more fallacious than I supposed." To account for this advanced position on the part of a simple market-gardener he added, "I've been a good deal of a reader."

Thor spoke slowly and after meditation. "It isn't so much a question of its being fallacious as of its capacity for producing results."

Fay turned partially round toward the south where a haze hung above the city. His tone was infused with a mild bitterness. "Don't we see the results it can produce—over there?"

"That's right, too." Thor was so much in sympathy with this point of view that he hardly knew how to go on. "And yet some of us doctors are beginning to suspect that there may be a

power in Christianity—a purely psychological power, you understand—that hasn't been used for what it's worth."

Fay nodded. He had been following this current of contemporary thought. "Yes, Dr. Thor. So I hear. Just as, I dare say, you haven't found out all the uses of opium."

"Well, opium is good in its place, you know."

"I suppose so." He lifted his starry eyes with their mystic, visionary rapture fully on the young physician. "And yet I remember how George Eliot prayed that when her troubles came she might get along without being drugged by that stuff—meaning the Christian religion, sir—and I guess I'd kind o' like that me and mine should do the same."

Thor dropped the subject and went his way. As far as he had opinions of his own, they would have been similar to Fay's had he not within a year or two heard of sufficiently authenticated cases in which sick spirits or disordered nerves had yielded to spiritual counsels after the doctor had had no success. He had been so little impressed with these instances that he might not have allowed his speculations with regard to Mrs. Fay to go beyond the fleeting thought, only for the fact that on passing through the Square he met Reuben Hilary. In general he was content to touch his hat to the old gentleman and go on; but today, urged by an impulse too vague to take accurate account of, he stopped with respectful greetings.

"I've just been to see an old parishioner of yours, sir," he said, when the preliminaries of neighborly conversation had received their due.

"Have you, now?" was the non-committal response, delivered with a North-of-Ireland intonation.

"Mrs. Fay — wife of Fay, the gardener. I can't say she's ill," Thor went on, feeling his way, "but she's mentally upset." He decided to plunge into the subject boldly, smiling with that mingling of frankness and perplexity which people found appealing because of its conscientiousness. "And I've been wondering, Dr. Hilary, if you couldn't help her."

"Have you, now? And what would you be wanting me to do?"

Thor reflected as to the exact line to take, while the kindly eyes covered him with their shrewd, humorous twinkle. "You see," Thor tried to explain, "that if she could get the idea that there's any other stand to take toward trouble than that of kicking against it, she might be in a fair way to get better. At present she's like a prisoner who dashes his head against a stone wall, not seeing that there's a window by which he might make his escape."

There was renewed twinkling in the merry eyes. "But if there's a window, why don't you point it out to her?"

Thor grinned. "Because, sir, I don't see it myself."

"T't, t't! Don't you, then? And how do you know it's there?"

Thor continued to grin. "To be frank with you, sir, I don't believe it *is* there. But if you can make her believe it is—"

"That is, you want me to deceive the poor creature."

"Oh no, sir," Thor protested. "You wouldn't be deceiving her because you do believe it."

"So that I'd only be deceiving her to the extent that I'm deceived myself."

"You're too many for me," Thor laughed again, preparing to move on. "I didn't know but that if you gave her what are called the consolations of religion—that's the right phrase, isn't it—"

"There is such a phrase. But you can't *give* people the consolations of religion; they've got to find them for themselves. If they won't do that, there's no power in heaven or earth that can force consolation upon them."

"But religion undertakes to do something, doesn't it?"

The old man shook his head. "Nothing whatever—no more than air undertakes that you shall breathe it, or water that you shall drink it, or fire that you shall warm yourself at its blaze."

Thor mused. When he spoke it was as if summing up the preceding remarks. "So that you can't do anything, sir, for my friend, Mrs. Fay?"

"Nothing whatever, me dear Thor—

but help her to do something for herself."

"Very well, sir. Will you try that?"

"Sure I'll try it. I'm too proud of the Word of God to thrust it where it isn't wanted—*margaritas ante porcos*, if you've Latin enough for that—but when any one asks for it as earnestly as you, me dear Thor—"

Having won what he asked, Thor shook the old man's hand and thanked him, after which he hurried off to the garage to take out his runabout and bring Lois's father home from town.

CHAPTER IX

As November and December passed and the new year came in, small happenings began to remind Thorley Masterman that he was soon to inherit money. It was a fact which he himself could scarcely credit. Perhaps because he was not imaginative the condition of being thirty years of age continued to seem remote even when he was within six weeks of that goal.

He was first impressed with the rapidity of his approach to it on a morning when he came late to breakfast, finding at his plate a long envelope, bearing in its upper left-hand corner the request that in the event of non-delivery it should be returned to the office of Darling & Darling, at 27, Commonwealth Row. A glance, which he couldn't help reading, passed round the table as he took it up. It was not new to him that among the other members of the household, closely as they were united, there was a sense of vague injustice because he was coming into money and they were not.

The communication was brief, stating no more than the fact that in view of the transfer of the estate which would take place a few weeks later, Mr. William Darling, the sole trustee, would be glad to see the heir on a day in the near future, to submit to him the list of investments and other properties that were to make up his inheritance. Thor saw his grandfather's money, so long a fairy prospect, as likely to become a matter of solid cash. The change in his position would be considerable.

As yet, however, his position remained that of a son in his father's family, and, in obedience to what he knew was expected of him, he read the note aloud. Though there was an absence of comment, his stepmother, in passing him his coffee, murmured, caressingly, "Dear old Thor."

"Dear old Thor," Claude mimicked, "will soon be able to do everything he pleases."

Mrs. Masterman smiled. It was her mission to conciliate. "And what will that be?"

"I know what it won't be," Claude said, scornfully. "It won't be anything that has to do with a pretty girl."

Thor flushed. It was one of the minutes at which Claude's taunts gave him all he could do to contain himself. As far as his younger brother was concerned, he meant well by him. It had always been his intention that his first use of Grandpa Thorley's money should be in supplementing Claude's meager personal resources and helping him to keep on his feet. He could be patient with him, too—patient under all sorts of stinging gibes and double-edged compliments—patient for weeks, for months—patient right up to the minute when something touched him too keenly on the quick, and his wrath broke out with a fury he knew to be dangerous. It was so dangerous as to make him afraid—afraid for Claude, and more afraid for himself. There had been youthful quarrels between them from which he had come away pale with terror, not at what he had done, but at what he might have done had he not maintained some measure of self-control.

The memory of such occasions kept him quiet now, though the irony of Claude's speech cut so much deeper than any one could suspect. "Won't be anything that has to do with a pretty girl!" Good God! When he was beginning to feel his soul rent in the struggle between love and honor! It was like something sprung on him—that had caught him unawares. There were days when the suffering was so keen that he wondered if there was no way of lawfully giving in. After all, he had never asked Lois Willoughby to marry him. There

had never been more between them than an unspoken intention in his mind which had somehow communicated itself to hers. But that was not a pledge. If he were to marry some one else, she couldn't reproach him by so much as a syllable.

It was not often that he was tempted to reason thus, but Claude's sarcasm brought up the question more squarely than it had ever raised itself before. It was exactly the sort of subject on which, had it concerned any one else, Thor would have turned for light to Lois herself. In being debarred from her counsels he felt strangely at a loss. While he said to himself that after all these years there was but one thing for him to do, he was curious as to the view other people might take of such a situation. It was because of this need, and with Claude's sneer ringing in his heart, that later in the day he sprang the question on Dearlove. Dearlove was the derelict English butler whom Thor had picked out of the gutter and put in charge of his office so that he might have another chance. He had been summoned into his master's presence to explain the subsidence in the contents of a bottle of cognac Thor kept at the office for emergency cases and had neglected to put under lock and key.

"That was a full bottle a month ago," Thor declared, holding the accusing object up to the light.

"Was it, sir?" Dearlove asked, dismally. He stood in his habitual attitude, his arms crossed on his stomach, his hands thrust, monklike, into his sleeves.

"And I've only taken one glass out of it—the day that young fellow fell off his bicycle."

Dearlove eyed the bottle piteously. "'Aven't you, sir? Perhaps you took more out that day than you thought."

But Thor broke in with what was really on his mind. "Look here, Dearlove! What would you say to a man who was in love with one woman if he married another?"

Dearlove was so astonished as to be for a minute at a loss for speech. "What 'd I say to him, sir? I'd say, what did he do it for? If it was—"

"Yes, Dearlove?" Thor encouraged. "If it was for—what?"

"Well, sir, if he'd got money with her, like—well, that 'd be one thing."

"But if he didn't? If it was a case in which money didn't matter?"

Dearlove shook his head. "I never 'eard of no such case as that, sir."

Thor grew interested in the sheerly human aspects of the subject. Romance was so novel to him that he wondered if every one came under its spell at some time—if there was no exception, not even Dearlove. He leaned across the desk, his hands clasped upon it.

"Now, Dearlove, suppose it was your own case, and—"

"Oh, me, sir! I'm no example to no one—not with Brightstone 'anging on to me the way she does. I can't look friendly at so much as a kitten without Brightstone—"

"Now here's the situation, Dearlove," Thor interrupted, while the ex-butler listened, his head judicially inclined to one side. "Suppose a man—a patient of mine, let us say—meant to marry one young lady, and let her see it. And suppose, later, he fell very much in love with another young lady—"

"He'd 'ave to ease the first one off a bit, wouldn't he, sir?"

"You think he ought to."

"I think he'd 'ave to, sir, unless he wanted to be sued for breach."

"It's the question of duty I'm thinking of, Dearlove."

"Ain't it his dooty to marry the one he's in love with, sir? Doesn't the Good Book say as 'ow fallin' in love"—Dearlove blushed becomingly—"as 'ow fallin' in love is the way God A'mighty means to fertilize the earth with people? Doesn't the Good Book say that, sir?"

"Perhaps it does. I believe it's the kind of primitive subject it's likely to take up."

"So that there's that to be thought of, sir. They say the children not born o' love matches ain't always strong." He added, as he shuffled toward the door: "We never had no little ones, Brightstone and me—only a very small one that died a few hours after it was born."

Thor was not convinced by this reasoning, but he was happier than before.

Such expressions of opinion, which would probably be indorsed by nine people out of ten, assured him that he might follow the urging of his heart and yet not be a dastard.

He felt on stronger ground, therefore, when he talked with Fay one afternoon in the week following. "Suppose my father doesn't renew the lease—what would happen to you?"

Fay raised himself from the act of doing something to a head of lettuce which was unfolding its petals like a great green rose. His eyes had the visionary look that marked his inability to come down to the practical. "Well, sir; I don't rightly know."

"But you've thought of it, haven't you?"

"Not exactly thought of it. He's said he wouldn't two or three times already, and then changed his mind."

"Would it do you any good if he did? Aren't you fighting a losing battle, anyhow?"

"That's not wholly the way I judge, Dr. Thor. Neither the losing battle nor the winning one can be told from the balance-sheet. The success or failure of a man's work is chiefly in himself."

Thor studied this, gazing down the level of soft verdure to the end of the greenhouse in which they stood. "I can see how that might be in one way, but—"

"It's the way I mostly think of, sir. Every man has his own habit of mind, hasn't he? I agree with the great prophet Thomas Carlyle when he says"—he brought out the words with a mild pomposity—"when he says that a certain inarticulate self-consciousness dwells in us which only our works can render articulate. He speaks of the folly of the precept 'Know thyself' till we've made it 'Know what thou canst work at.' I can work at this, Dr. Thor; I couldn't work at anything else. I know that making both ends meet is an important part of it, of course—"

"But to you it isn't the *most* important part of it."

Fay's eyes wandered to the other greenhouse in which lettuce grew, to the hothouse full of flowers, and out over the forcing-beds of violets. "No, Dr. Thor; not the most important part of it—to me. I've created all this. I love it. It's my life. It's myself. And if—"

"And if my father doesn't renew the lease—?"

"Then I shall be done for. It won't be just going bankrupt in the money sense; it 'll be everything else—blasted." He subjoined, dreamily: "I don't know what would happen to me after that. I'd be—I'd be equal to committing crimes."

Thor couldn't remember ever having seen tears on an elderly man's cheeks before. He took a turn down half the length of the greenhouse and back again. "Look here, Fay," he said, in the tone of one making a resolution, "supposing my father would give *me* a lease of the place?"

"You, Dr. Thor?"

"Yes, me. Would you work it for me?"

Fay reflected long, while Thor watched the play of light and shadow over the mild, mobile face. "It wouldn't be my own place any more, would it, sir?"

"No, I suppose it wouldn't—not strictly. But it would be the next best thing. It would be better than—"

"It would be better than being turned out." He reflected further. "Was you thinking of taking it over as an investment, sir?"

Not having considered this side of his idea, Thor sought for a natural, spontaneous answer, and was not long in finding one. "I want to be identified with the village industries, because I'm going into politics."

"Oh, are you, sir? I didn't know you was that way inclined."

"I'm not," Thor explained, when they had moved from the greenhouse into the yard. "I only feel that we people of the old stock hang out of politics too much and that I ought to pitch in and make one more. So you get my idea, Fay. It 'll give me standing to hold a bit of property like this, even if it's only on lease."

There was no need for further explanations. Fay consented, not cheerfully, but with a certain saddened and yet grateful resignation, of which the ex-

pression was cut short by a cheery, ringing voice from the gateway:

"Hello, Mr. Fay! Hello, Dr. Thor! Whoa, Maud! whoa! Stand, will you? What you thinking of?"

The response to this greeting came from both men simultaneously, each making it according to his capacity for heartiness. "Hello, Jim!" They emphasized the welcome by unconsciously advancing to meet the tall, stalwart young Irishman of the third generation on American soil who came toward them with the long, loose limbs and swinging stride inherited from an ancestry bred to tramping the hills of Connemara. A pair of twinkling eyes and a mouth that was always on the point of breaking into a smile when it was not actually smiling tempered the peasant shrewdness of a face that got further softening, and a touch of superiority, from a carefully tended young mustache.

Thor and Jim Breen had been on friendly terms ever since they were boys; but the case was not exceptional, since the latter was on similar terms with every one in the village. From childhood upward he had been a local character, chiefly because of a breezy self-respect that was as free from self-consciousness as from self-importance. There was no one to whom he wasn't polite, but there had never been any one of whom he was afraid. "Hello, Mr. Masterman!" "Hello, Dr. Hilary!" "Hello, Father Ryan!" "Hello, Dr. Sim!" had been his form of greeting ever since he had begun swaggering around the village, with head up and face alert, at the age of five. No one had ever been found to resent this cheerful familiarity, not even Archie Masterman.

As a man in whom friendliness was a primary instinct, Jim Breen never entered a trolley-car nor turned a street corner without speaking or nodding to every one he knew. Never did he visit a neighboring town without calling on, or calling up, every one he could claim as an acquaintance. He was always on hand for fires, for fights, for fallen horses, for first-aid in accidents, for ball-games, for the outings of Boy Scouts, and for village theatricals and dances. There were rumors that he was sometimes "wild," but the wildness being confined to his incursions into the city—which generally took place after dark—it was not sufficiently in evidence to shock the home community. It was a matter of common knowledge that he used, in village phrase, "to go with" Rosie Fay—the breaking of the friendship being attributed by some of the well-informed to his reported wildness, and by others to differences in religion. As Thor had been absent in Europe during this episode, and was without the native suspicion that would have connected the two names, he took Jim's arrival pleasantly.

Having finished his bit of business, which concerned an order for azaleas too large for his father to meet, and in which Mr. Fay might find it to his advantage to combine, Jim turned blithely toward Thor. "Hear about the town meeting, Dr. Thor?—what old Billy Taylor said about the new bridge? What do you think of that for nerve? Tell you what, there's some things in this town needs clearing up."

The statement bringing out Thor's own intention to run as a candidate for office at the next election, Jim expressed his interest in the vernacular of the hour, "What do you know about that?" Further discussion of politics ending in Jim's pledging his support to his boyhood's friend, Thor shook hands with an encouraging sense of being embarked on a public career, and went forward to visit his patient in the house.

His steps were arrested, however, by hearing Jim say, with casual lightheartedness, "Rosie anywheres about, Mr. Fay?"

The old man having nodded in the direction of the hothouse, Jim advanced almost to the door, where Thor, on looking over his shoulder, saw him pause.

It was a curious pause for one so self-confident as the young Irishman—a pause like that of a man grown suddenly doubtful, timid, distrustful. His hand was actually on the latch when, to Thor's surprise, he wheeled away, returning to his "team" with head bent and stride slackened thoughtfully. By the time he had mounted the wagon, however, and begun to tug at Maud he was whistling the popular air of the

moment with no more than a subdued note in his gaiety.

CHAPTER X

BUT Thor was pleased with the idea that his father could scarcely refuse him the lease. He would in fact make it worth his while not to do so. Rosie Fay and those who belonged to her might, therefore, feel solid ground beneath their feet, and go on working and, if need were, suffering, without the intolerable dread of eviction. It would be a satisfaction to him to accomplish this much, whatever the dictates of honor might oblige him to forego.

He felt, too, that he was getting his reward when, after Jim's departure, Rosie nodded through the glass of the hothouse, giving him what might almost be taken for a smile. He forbore to go to her at once, keeping that pleasure for the end of his visit. After seeing his patient, there were generally small directions to give the daughter which afforded pretexts for lingering in her company. His patient was getting better, not through ministrations of his own, but through some mysterious influence exerted by Reuben Hilary. As a man of science and a skeptic, Thor was slightly impatient of this aid, even though he himself had evoked it.

He was half-way up the stairs on his way to the bedroom in the mansard roof when, on hearing a man's voice, he paused. The voice was saying, with that inflection in which there was no more than a hint of the brogue:

"Now there's what we were talking of the last time I was here: 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye believe in God; believe also in me.' There's the two great plagues of human existence—fear and trouble—staggered for you at a blow. And you do believe in God, now, don't you?"

Thor had turned to tiptoe down again when he heard the words, spoken in the rebellious tones with which he was familiar, modulated now to an odd submissiveness: "I don't know whether I do or not. Isn't there something in the Bible about, 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief'?"

"There is, and it's a good way to begin."

Thor was out in the yard before he could hear more. Standing for a minute in the windy sunshine, he wondered at the curious phenomenon presented by men in evident possession of their faculties who relied for the dispersion of human care on means invisible and mystic. The fact that in this case he himself had appealed to the illusion rendered the working of it none the less astonishing. His own method for the dispersion of human care—and the project was dear to him—was by dollars and cents. It was, moreover, a method as to which there was no trouble in proving the efficiency.

He took up the subject of her mother with Rosie, who, with the help of Antonio, was rearranging the masses of azaleas, carnations, and poinsettias after the depletion of the Christmas sales. "She's really better, isn't she?"

Rosie pushed a white azalea to the place on the stand that would best display its domelike regularity. "She seems to be."

"What do you think has helped her?"

She gave him a queer little sidelong smile. "You're the doctor. I should think you'd know."

He adored those smiles—constrained, unwilling, distrustful smiles that varied the occasional earnest looks that he got from her green eyes. "But I don't know. It isn't anything I do for her."

She banked two or three azaleas together, so that their shades of pink and pomegranate-red might blend. "I suppose it's Dr. Hilary."

"I know it's Dr. Hilary. But he isn't working by magic. If she's getting back her nerve it isn't because he wishes it on her, as the boys say."

Suspecting all his approaches, she confined herself to saying, "I'm sure I don't know," speaking like a guilty witness under cross-examination. The assiduity of his visits, the persistency with which he tried to make her talk, kept her the more carefully on her guard against betraying anything unwarily.

But to him the reserve was an added charm. He called it shyness or coyness or maidenly timidity, according to the circumstance that called it forth; but whatever it was, this apathy to his passionate dumb-show piqued him to a

frenzy infused with an element of homage. Any other girl in her situation would have come half-way at least toward a man in his. His training having rendered him analytical of the physical side of things, he endeavored, more or less unsuccessfully, to account for the extraordinary transformation in himself, whereby every nerve in his body yearned and strained toward this hard, proud little creature who, too evidently—as yet, at any rate—refused to take him into account. She made him feel like a man signaling in the dark or speaking across a vacuum through which his voice couldn't carry, while he was conscious at the same time of searchings of heart at making the attempt to do either.

He was beset by these scruples when, after taking his runabout from the garage, in order to go to town, he met Lois Willoughby in the Square. On the instant he remembered Dearlove's counsel of a few days earlier—"He'd 'ave to ease the first one off a bit." Whatever was to be his ultimate decision, the wisdom of this course was incontestable. As she paused, smiling, expecting him to stop, he lifted his hat and drove onward. Perhaps it was only his imagination that caught in her great, velvety brown eyes an expression of surprise and pain; but whether his sight was accurate or not, the memory of the moment smote him. The process of "easing the first one off" would probably prove difficult. "I shall have to explain to her that I was in a hurry," he said, to comfort himself, as he flew onward to the town.

The explanation would have been not untrue, since he was already overdue at his appointment with Mr. William Darling, his grandfather's executor.

It was the second of the meetings arranged for giving him a general idea of the estate he was coming into. At the first he had gone over the lists of stocks, mortgages, and bonds. To-day, with a map of the city and the surrounding country spread out, partially on the desk and partially over Mr. Darling's knees as he tilted back in a revolving-chair, Thor learned the location of certain bits of landed property which his grandfather, twenty or thirty years before, had considered good investments. The astuteness of this ancestral foresight was illustrated by the fact that Thor was a richer man than he had supposed. While he would possess no enormous wealth, according to the newer standards of the day, he would have something between thirty and forty thousand dollars of yearly income.

"And that," Mr. Darling explained with pride, "at a very conservative rate of investment. You could easily have more; but if you take my advice you'll not be in a hurry to look for more till you need it. I don't want to hurt any one's feelings. You surely understand that."

Thor was not sure that he did understand it. He was not sure; and yet he hesitated to ask for the elucidation of what was intended perhaps to remain cryptic. In a small chair drawn up beside Mr. Darling's revolving seat of authority, his elbow on his knee, his chin supported by his fist, he studied the map.

"I don't want to hurt any one's feelings," the lawyer declared again, "either before or after the fact."

This time an intention of some sort was so evident that Thor felt obliged to say, "Do you mean any one in particular, sir?"

The trustee threw the map from off his knees, and, rising, walked to the window. He was a small, neat, sharp-eyed man of fresh, frosty complexion, his exquisite clothes making him something of a dandy, while his manner of turning his head, with quick little jerks and perks, reminded one of a bird. At the window he stood with his hands behind his back, looking over the jumble of nineteenth-century roofs—out of which an occasional "sky-scraper" shot like a tower—to where a fringe of masts and funnels edged the bay. He spoke without turning round.

"I don't mean any one in particular unless there should be any one in particular to mean."

With this oracular explanation Thor was forced to be content, and, as the purpose of the meeting seemed to have been accomplished, he rose to take his leave.

Mr. Darling was quick in showing himself not only faithful as a trustee, but cordial as a man of the world. "My wife would like you to come and see

her," he said, in shaking hands. "She asked me to say, too, that she hopes you and your brother will come to the dance she's going to give for Elsie in the course of a month or two. You'll get your cards in time."

Warmly expressing the pleasure this entertainment would give him, while knowing in his heart that he wouldn't attend it, the young man took his departure.

But no later than that evening he began to perceive why the oracle had spoken. Claude having excused himself from dressing for dinner on the ground of another mysterious engagement with Billy Cheever, and Mrs. Masterman having retired up-stairs, Thor was alone in the library with his father.

It was a mellow room, in which the bindings of long rows of books, mostly purchased by Grandpa Thorley in "sets," an admirable white-marble chimney-piece in a Georgian style, and a few English eighteenth-century prints added by Archie Masterman himself, disguised the heavy architectural taste of the sixties. Grandpa Thorley had built the house at the close of the Civil War, the end of that struggle having found him—for reasons he was never eager to explain—a far richer man than its beginning. He had built the house, not on his own old farm, which was already being absorbed into the suburban portion of the city, but on a ten-acre plot in County Street, which, with its rich bordering fields, its overarching elms, and its lofty sites, was revealing itself even then as the predestined quarter of the wealthy. So long as there had been no wealthy, County Street had been only a village highway; but the social developments following on the Civil War had required a Faubourg St.-Germain.

In this house Miss Louisa Thorley had grown up and been wooed by Archie Masterman. It had been the wooing of a very plain girl by a good-looking lad, and had received a shock when Grandpa Thorley suspected other motives than love to account for the young man's ardor. Her suitor being forbidden the house, Miss Thorley had no resource but to meet him in the city on the 7th of March, 1880, and go with him to a convenient parsonage. Thor was born on the tenth of February of the year following. Two days later the young mother died.

Grandpa Thorley himself held out for another ten years, when his will revealed the fact that he had taken every precaution to keep Archie Masterman from profiting by a penny of the Thorley money. So strict were the provisions of this document that on the father was thrown the entire cost of bringing up and educating Louisa Thorley's son.

But Archie Masterman was patient. He took a lease of the Thorley house when Darling & Darling as executors put it in the market, and paid all the rent it was worth. Moreover, there had never been a moment in Thor's life when he had been made to feel that his maintenance was a burden unjustly thrown on one who could ill afford to bear it. For this consideration the son had been grateful ever since he knew its character, and was now eager to make due return.

For the minute he was moving restlessly about the room, not knowing what to say. From the way in which his father, who was comfortably stretched in an arm-chair before the fire, dropped the evening paper to the floor, while he puffed silently at his cigar, Thor knew that he was expected to give some account of the interview between himself and the trustee that afternoon. Any father might reasonably look for such a confidence, while the conditions of affectionate intimacy in which the Masterman family lived made it a matter of course.

The son was still marching up and down the room, smoking cigarettes rapidly and throwing the butts into the fire, when he had completed his summary of the information received in his two meetings with the executor.

The father had neither interrupted nor asked questions, but he spoke at last. "What did you say was the approximate value of the whole estate?"

Thor told him.

"And of the income?"

Thor repeated that also.

"Criminal."

Thor stopped dead for an instant, but resumed his march. He had stopped in

surprise, but he went on again so as to give the impression of not having heard the last observation.

"It's criminal," the father explained, with repressed indignation, "that money should bring in so trifling a return."

"He said it was very conservatively invested."

"It's damned idiotically invested. Such incompetence deserves an even stronger term. If my own money didn't earn more for me than that—well, I'm afraid you wouldn't have seen Vienna and Berlin."

The remark gave Thor an opening he was glad to seize. "I know that, father. I know how much you've spent for me, and how generous you've always been, with Claude to provide for, too; and now that I'm to have enough of my own I want to repay you every—"

"Don't hurt me, my boy. You surely don't think I'd take compensation for bringing up my own son. It's not in the least what I'm driving at. I simply mean that now that the whole thing is coming into your own hands you'll probably want to do better with it than has been done heretofore."

Thor said nothing. There was a long silence before his father went on:

"Even if you didn't want *me* to have anything to do with it, I could put you in touch with people who'd give you excellent advice."

Thor paced softly, as if afraid to make his footfalls heard. Something within him seemed frozen, paralyzed. He was incapable of a response.

"Of course," the father continued, gently, with his engaging lisp, "I can quite understand that you shouldn't want me to have anything to do with it. The new generation is often distrustful of the old."

Thor beat his brains for something to say that would meet the courtesies of the occasion without committing him; but his whole being had grown dumb. He would have been less humiliated if his father had pleaded with him outright.

"And yet I haven't done so badly," Masterman continued, with pathos in his voice. "I had very little to begin with. When I first went into old Toogood's office I had nothing at all. I made my way by thrift, foresight, and integrity. I think I can say as much as that. Your grandfather Thorley was unjust to me; but I've never resented it, not by a syllable."

It was a relief to Thor to be able to say with some heartiness, "I know that, father."

"Not that I didn't have some difficult situations to face on account of it. When the Toogood executors withdrew the old man's money it would have gone hard with me if I hadn't been able to—to"—Thor paused in his walk, waiting for what was coming—"if I hadn't been able to command confidence in other directions," the father finished, quietly.

Thor hastened to divert the conversation from his own affairs. "Mr. Willoughby put his money in then, didn't he?"

"That was one thing," Masterman admitted, coldly.

Thor could speak the more daringly because his march up and down kept him behind his father's back. "And now, I understand, you think of dropping him."

"I shouldn't be dropping him. That's not the way to put it. He drops himself—automatically." The clock on the mantelpiece ticked a few times before he added, "I can't go on supporting him."

"Do you mean that he's used up all the capital he put in?"

"That's what it comes to. He's spent enormous sums. At times it's been near to crippling me. But I can't keep it up. He's got to go. Besides, the big, drunken oaf is a disgrace to me. I can't afford to be associated with him any longer."

Thor came round to the fireplace, where he stood on the hearth-rug, his arm on the mantelpiece. "But, father, what 'll he do?"

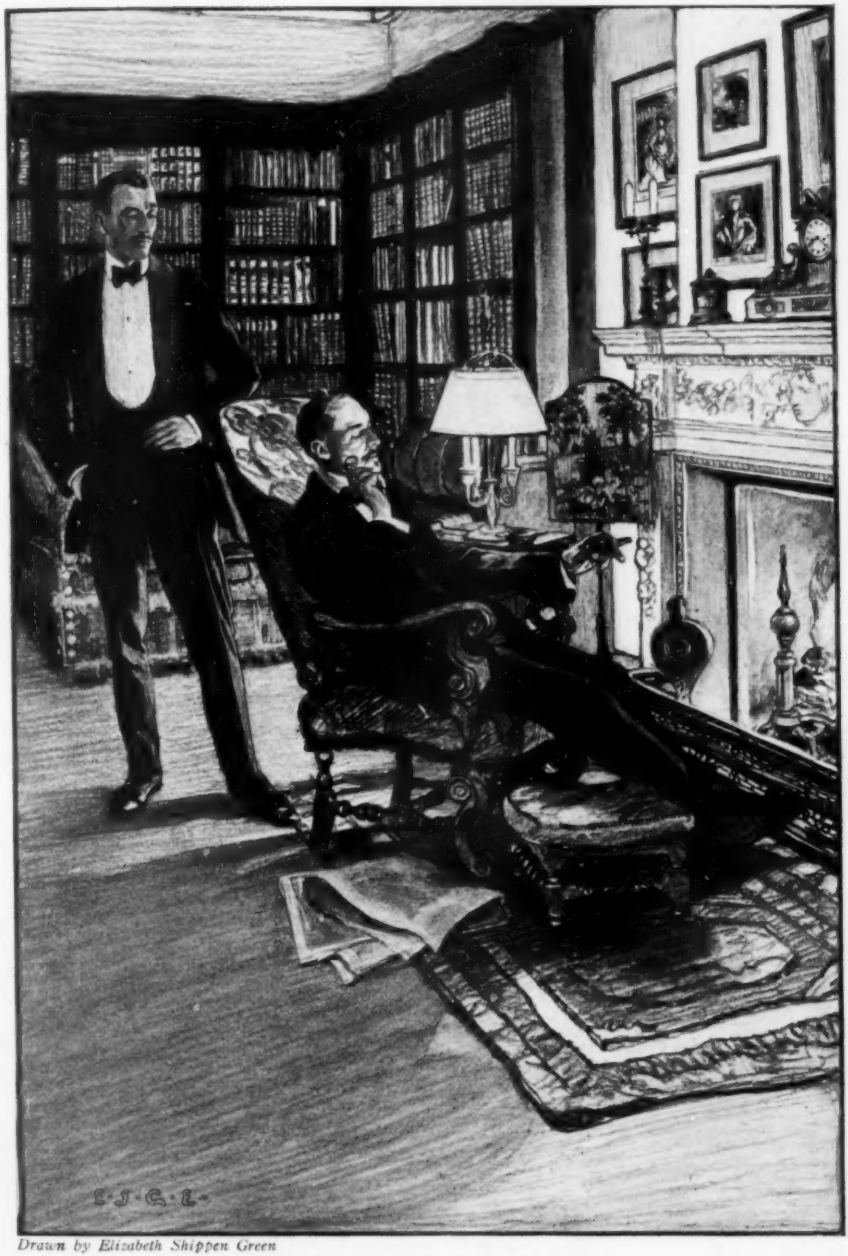
"Surely that's his own lookout. Bessie's got money still. I didn't get all of it, by any means."

"No; but if you've got most of it—"

Masterman shot out of his seat. "Take care, Thor. I object to your way of expressing yourself. It's offensive."

"I only mean, father, that if Mr. Willoughby saved the business—"

"He didn't do anything of the kind," Masterman said, sharply. "No one



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"AND NOW, I UNDERSTAND, YOU THINK OF DROPPING HIM"

knows better than he that I never wanted him at all."

But Thor ventured to speak up. "Didn't you tell mother one night in Paris, when we were there in 1892, that his money might as well come to you as go to the deuce? Mother said she hated business and didn't want to have anything to do with it. She hoped you'd let the Willoughbys and their money alone. Didn't that happen, father?"

If Thor was expecting his father to blanch and betray a guilty mind he was both disappointed and relieved. "Possibly. I've no recollection. I was looking for some one to enter the business. He wasn't my ideal, the Lord knows; and yet I might have said something about it — carelessly. Why do you ask?"

The son tried to infuse his words with a special intensity as, looking straight into his father's eyes, he said, "Because I—I remember the way things happened at the time."

"Indeed? And may I ask what your memories lead you to infer? They've clearly led you to infer something."

During the seconds in which father and son scrutinized each other Thor felt himself backing down with a sort of spiritual cowardice. He didn't want to accuse his father. He shrank from the knowledge that would have justified him in doing so. To express himself with as little stress as possible, he said, "They lead me to infer that we've some moral responsibility toward Mr. Willoughby."

"Really? That's very interesting. Now, I should have said that if I'd ever had any I'd richly worked it off." It was perhaps to glide away from the points already raised that he asked: "Aren't you a little hasty in looking for moral responsibility? Let me see! Who was it the last time? Old Fay, wasn't it?"

Thor flushed, but he accepted the diversion. He even welcomed it. Such glimpses as he got of his father's mind appalled him. For the present, at any rate, he would force no issue that would verify his suspicions and compel him to act upon them. Better the doubt. Better to believe that Willoughby had been a spendthrift. He would have no difficulty as to that, had it not been for those dogging memories of the little hotel in the rue de Rivoli.

Besides, as he said to himself, he had his own ax to grind. He endeavored, therefore, to take the reference to Fay jocosely. "That reminds me," he smiled, though the smile might have been a trifle nervous, "that if you don't want to renew Fay's lease when it falls in, I wish you'd make it over to me." Disconcerted by the look of amazement his words called up, he hastened to add: "I'd take it on any terms you please. You've only got to name them."

Masterman backed away to the large oblong library table strewn with papers and magazines. He seemed to need it for support. His tones were those of a man amazed to the point of awe. "What in the name of Heaven do you want that for?"

Thor steadied his nerve by lighting a cigarette. "To give me a footing in the village. I'm going into politics."

"O Lord!"

Thor hurried on. "Yes, I know how you feel. But to me it seems a duty."

"Seems a—*what?*"

The son felt obliged to be apologetic. "You see, father, so few men of the old American stock are going into politics nowadays—"

"Well, why should they?"

"The country has to be governed."

"Lot of fools to do that who are no good for anything else. Why should *you* dirty your hands with it?"

"That isn't the way I look at it."

"It's the way you *will* look at it when you know a little more about it than you evidently do now. Of course, with your money you'll have a right to fritter away your time in anything you please; but as your father I feel that I ought to give you a word of warning. You wouldn't be a Masterman if you didn't need it—on that score?"

"What score?"

"The score of being caught by every humbugging socialistic scheme—"

"I'm not a socialist, father."

"Well, what are you? I thought you were."

"I'm not now. I've passed that phase."

"That's something to the good, at any rate."

"With politics in this country as they are—and so many alien peoples to be licked into shape—it's no use looking for the state to undertake anything progressive for another two hundred years."

"Ah! Want something more rapid-firing."

"Want something immediate."

"And you've found it?"

"Only in the conviction that whatever's to be done must be done by the individual. I've no theories any longer. I've finished with them all. I'm driven back on the conclusion that if anything is to be accomplished in the way of social betterment it must be the man-to-man process in one's own small sphere. If we could get that put into practice on a considerable scale we should do more than the state will be able to carry out for centuries to come."

"Put what into practice?"

"The principle that no man shall let a friend or a neighbor suffer without relief when he can relieve him."

"Thor, you should have been God."

"I don't know anything about God, father. But if I were to create a God, I should make that his first commandment."

Masterman squared himself in front of his son. "So that's behind this scheme of yours for taking over Fay's lease. You're trying to trick me into doing what you know I won't do of my own accord. What could *you* do with the lease but make a present of it to old Fay? Politics be hanged! Come, now. Be frank with me."

Thor threw back his head. "I can't be wholly frank with you, father; but I'll be as frank as I can. I do want to help the poor old chap; you'd be sorry for him if you'd been seeing him as I have; but that was only one of my motives. Leaving politics out of the question, I have others. But I don't want to speak of them—yet. Probably I shall never need to speak of them at all."

Thor was willing that his father should say, "It's the girl!" but he contented himself with the curt statement: "I'm sorry, Thor; but you can't have the lease. I'm going to sell the place."

"But, father," the young man cried, "what's to become of Fay?"

"Isn't that what you asked me just now about Len Willoughby? Who do you think I am, Thor? Am I in this world to carry every lame dog on my back?"

"It isn't a question of every lame dog, but of an old tenant and an old friend."

"Toward whom I have what you're pleased to call a moral responsibility. Is that it?"

"That's it, father—put mildly."

"Well, I don't admit your moral responsibility; and, what's more, I'm not going to bear it. Do you understand?"

Thor felt himself growing white, with the whiteness that attended one of his surging waves of wrath. He clenched his fists. He drew away. But he couldn't keep himself from saying, quietly, with a voice that shook because of his very effort to keep it firm: "All right, father. If you don't bear it, I will."

He was moving toward the door when Archie called after him, "Thor, for God's sake, don't be a *fool!*"

He answered from the threshold, over his shoulder. "It's no use asking me not to do as I've said, father, because I can't help it." He was in the hall when he added, "And if I could, I shouldn't try."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sad-glad Lady

BY REBECCA HOOPER EASTMAN

BECAUSE he wanted to get away and try and be completely sane once more, Father closed the little house in Pelham Road, and took Brother and Sister camping on a Maine lake. They were such excellent company, Brother and Sister, for they hadn't realized how empty the world is when the big dream is ended. During the long, desolate months since it happened Father had several times caught them crying on each other's shoulder, but, happily, they were too young to feel the full meaning of their sorrow. *They* could have stayed on in the little house through the imminent first anniversary of their mother's going, because, having been born there, they took it all for granted.

For Father, however, the little house was far too crowded with intimacies, sacrifices, and achievements to have room in it for him in this difficult springtime. Even the enterprising young crocuses just poking up through the soil under the dining-room windows had been too much for him. Up here in Maine no crocus had thought of budging, and the weather was bracing and stinging cold. The bare board walls of the cottage-camp were comforting. The big lake outside the window laughed and danced in the sun, and a comfortable flat-bottomed boat invited fishing. Brother and Sister secured lines and hooks, and made their first catches. When it was too windy to fish, they played tag with Father, and hide-and-seek among the stumps of the clearing. At night, the three campers slept snug and warm under the roof, drunk with fresh air and exercise.

For the first two days the burly farmer's wife, loquacious and cheery, who brought them their three meals a day from her house behind the big rock, was the only person they saw. She was interesting because she concocted rich custard-pies baked in milk-pans, and doughnuts, too, which played a large healing part in one's existence.

Late in the afternoon of the third day at the lake, when Father was staring out of the cottage window at a horizontal streak of red-gold sunset which silhouetted the hills, he noticed the slender figure of a young girl seated on a rock. She, too, was staring out across the water at the sunset, and even from the distance, although the smartness of her clothes proclaimed the town, the hopeless droop of her shoulders suggested poignant loneliness and despair. She was sitting there, looking exactly the way that Father had so many times felt. As long as it was at all light she gazed fixedly into the flaming beauty of the fading sky, and then at last, when it was too dark to see whether she was still there or not, Father guessed that she had stolen away.

On being questioned, the farmer's wife knew nothing about her at all, but admitted that since automobiles had been invented, and they had put a state road along the shore of the lake, you couldn't keep track of folks. They were here one minute and gone the next; and it didn't seem quite right or natural.

The next night at sunset the girl again appeared, and sat down on the selfsame rock to watch the sky. Although Father had come here to be alone with Brother and Sister, and to get away from every one else in the world, the girl on the shore nevertheless piqued his curiosity. Following Father's interested glance, Brother caught sight of her the second night, and called to Sister to see. Both children instantaneously noted the pathetic droop of her shoulders.

"Some one has died, I guess," said Brother.

"She's a sad lady," remarked Sister, conclusively.

Hesitatingly, Father watched the sad lady—for that was what they called her thenceforth.

"We could ask her to supper, maybe—if we wanted to *very* much," ventured Brother, looking sideways at Father.

"Go ahead and invite her!" commanded Father, surprisingly.

Before there was time to retract, Brother took to his heels, and soon stood unabashed before the sad lady.

"Hello! We've got lots to eat at our house," he cheerfully remarked. "Don't you want to come and have supper with us?"

The sad lady stared at him with big, frightened eyes, and swallowed hard, and after finding her voice—which was very soft—she said that she would greatly enjoy coming to supper. But she was so bashful, and wistful, and lacking in courage that Brother was obliged to take her hand and lead her into the cottage, where Father and Sister had already made a place for her at the table.

"We thought we'd like to have 'company' to supper," said Father, struck by the sadness in the little face before him.

Although the strange, sad little lady was indescribably girlish, she was thirty-eight at least, and she was shaken and pitifully indecisive.

"Will you sit here?" asked Sister, with an adorably unconscious imitation of her mother's manner when there had been guests. "Don't you just love ham and eggs and baked potatoes?"

They heaped up her plate, and poured her a brimming glass of milk, and set the doughnuts in front of her. The sad lady took occasional birdlike sips of the milk, and when she remembered it she pecked away resolutely at her food, as if some one had ordered her to eat and she had sworn to obey. Ever and always she stole interested, covetous glances at Father as he finished his supper, shoved back his chair, poked up the fire, and lighted his pipe. She didn't miss a detail of him, from his crisp brown hair and slight tendency to baldness to the old brown shoes which he toasted luxuriously before the fire. Occasionally she threw a suspicious, self-conscious glance at the children, but for the most part her eyes were riveted on Father.

Afterward he thought how strange it was that they hadn't talked. It was almost as if Brother had brought in a stray dog as they all sat before the fire and watched the blaze with silent sociability. Nobody asked who anybody was. They simply accepted the sad lady and she accepted them, and that was all there was to it. The little sad lady's eyes grew delightfully bright as she sat there, as though her soul as well as her body was being warmed. After a while, Brother and Sister, impelled by good-natured paternal admonishments, kissed Father good night, and at length turned to wish the sad lady a polite good night.

"Good night, dears," she said, with a surprising air of possession. "Open the window wide and cover up warm."

The words sounded so natural that Brother and Sister displayed no astonishment, but scampered up the stairs in the usual interesting helter-skelter race that led to bed.

After this intimate command the sad lady reseated herself silently by the fire, looking more contented than ever. Indeed, she seemed so engrossed with her own thoughts that Father picked up an old paper-covered novel and began to read, quite as if she weren't there. He had unearthed an ancient trunk in the cottage which proved to contain a wealth of old-time favorites long since condemned as trash. They were bound in imitation alligator-skin paper covers, with imitation-leather straps round them, and they bore alluring titles such as *His Dear Revenge*. Each book was "by" some one who seemed to have written hundreds of other books, twenty or thirty of which were mentioned on the imitation-leather cover, and they all had scary, shivery names like *The Evil Boudoir* and *The Staircase of Sin*. In these innocuous volumes Father had found temporary forgetfulness. He read them half-interested, half-amused, and wholly diverted. And to-night, when with a gratified sigh he reached "The End," and looked up to find the room quiet and empty, he forgot all about the sad lady's existence as he fixed the fire for the night and fastened the doors and win-

A FARMER'S WIFE BROUGHT THEM THEIR THREE MEALS A DAY

dows. It was only after he got into bed that he remembered the sad lady at all, and drowsily and comfortably wondered what had become of her.

The next night at sunset and supper-time she was nowhere to be seen, but just as they were sitting down she came hurrying along the shore and rushed into the room with an inexplicable, repentant manner.

"I was so afraid that I would be late!" she apologized. She moved up a chair and seated herself opposite Father in the place that Sister had assigned to her the night before. "I had so much to do to-day."

All of them, Brother and Sister and Father, looked at her askance. Had she misunderstood and thought that they had also asked her to supper to-night? Either she didn't notice their surprise or else she pretended to ignore it. One thing, however, was manifest, that the sad lady was pathetically glad to be there.

After supper Brother proposed Five Hundred, and on the sad lady's miserably admitting that she didn't know how to play, Sister and Brother volunteered to show her. Bedtime came all too quickly, and it took more moral suasion than usual before Brother and Sister succumbed and gave Father the customary rough embraces and unlimited kisses. And the little sad lady said, quite boldly and seriously:

"Why, children, you've forgotten to kiss *me!*"

They only hesitated and hung back a second before they came round and kissed the sad lady's thin lips—somewhat timidly, however.

"I'll be up in ten minutes and put out your light," she said, as they raced up-

stairs. And she actually did so, tucking them in and opening the windows, besides. When she came down-stairs she walked across the floor in a business-like manner, and, sitting down at the table, took from her pocket some new linen and shining scissors in a case. After having cleared a large place on the table, she began to cut out big squares of the cloth.

"I've decided to make your handkerchiefs myself, after this," she announced to Father. "I can hemstitch like lightning. Do you want your monogram in the corner, or just your initials?"

"I think I'd like F this time—for Father," he replied, delicately humoring her.

She couldn't quite meet his eyes, so she pretended to be in a great hurry with her cutting. When it was finished she took out the tiniest gold thimble in the world and began to baste the handkerchiefs at breakneck speed. Father watched her closely out of the corner of his eyes, because he had no intention of letting her slip out again unperceived. But, after all, she did get away, because Brother suddenly shouted from up-stairs an imperative "Father!" Everett left the sad lady and leaped up-stairs two steps at a time, to find that Brother and Sister had been meditating, and desired an immediate explanation of the sad lady's conduct. Father found himself whispering that the sad lady must have had some great trouble, and that since spending the evening with them seemed to comfort her, it was best not to bother her with questions. When he came down again she had, of course, vanished; but she had left her sewing neatly folded on the mantel, with the baby of a thimble on top.

She came the next night, and the next, and the next; and the more she came the gladder they were to see her. Somehow or other, though, she cunningly managed to slip out and evade Father every night. She would go unexpectedly early, or else she would pretend that she was just running out on the piazza to see if the moon was up, and then she wouldn't come back. She managed some new evasion every night.

It was with a comic, ponderous sigh of relief that she finished Father's handkerchiefs one evening, and after saying, shortly, "There, thank goodness, *those* are done!" she ran up-stairs softly, so as not to wake the children, and fumbled her way in the dark into his bedroom, and put the handkerchiefs in the left-hand corner of his top drawer.

With the passage of every evening the sad lady less and less deserved her name.

THE HOPELESS DROOP OF HER SHOULDERS SUGGESTED POIGNANT LONELINESS AND DESPAIR

Her cheeks took on a little becoming roundness, her hands were far less fairy-like, and she complained that her thimble was getting too small.

Although Everett had intended to spend only two weeks at the lake, he found himself curiously reluctant to leave. Up here in the woods the wound was healed as much as it ever could be. He felt cleansed and purified and made bigger and better by his sorrow. Away from all the associations, the thought of Mother became bearable; indeed, it was like a pure, celestial fire. At night the very stars were strangely companionable and near, not only because Her smile was just back of them, but because the smiles of the others he had lost—his own mother and father—were there, too.

Inevitably came the night when the sad lady failed to appear. At first irritated, Father fumed as he sometimes had done at home when the newsboy omitted to leave the evening paper. The sad lady's absence made him feel even more defrauded. One could send out for a paper, but one couldn't send for the sad lady without knowing who she was or where she lived. Brother and Sister hardly ate anything at all for supper, because they were so busy running to the door to see if their sad lady wasn't coming at last. The evening was the most endless, tiresome affair they had known at the lake, and Brother and Sister could only be cajoled to bed with the promise of an early hunt for the missing sad lady. Father, now for the first time in days sitting alone before the fire, considered. And the more he considered the more aggrieved he felt. She hadn't played quite fair—this sad lady of theirs. They had accepted her unquestioningly; they had taken everything about her for granted; and such acceptance has its attendant obligations.

Exploration the next day did no good, although they did make an interesting discovery that half a mile down the lake, and up a narrow inlet screened by trees, there was a rather pretentious boat-landing which they had never noticed before. Behind the landing was a boat-house containing two canoes, a motor-boat, and a sail-boat. Back of this boat-house an arbored walk with flagstones turned and wound until it opened into what in summer would be a formal garden covering nearly an acre. This was surrounded by a tall evergreen hedge, and its only other entrance was a vine-hung pergola which ended with two of the trees that Brother always called giant exclamation-points—Lombardy poplars. When they had passed between these sentinels they found themselves on the edge of an immense sweep of lawn with a broad driveway. The fact that they were on a legitimate hunt for the sad lady led them boldly up the drive until suddenly, from behind a clump of evergreen trees, a mansion confronted them, castle-like in its proportions, and so stately and awe-inspiring withal that they felt suddenly small and unimportant. The sense of having been badly used by the sad lady led them on, though with a little less assurance, to a side-entrance where, after continuous knocking with a wrought-iron knocker and accompanying ringing of the electric bell, a hoary caretaker homely enough to be a witch in a child's fairy-book peered at them through a crack. She gruffly stated that the family were all in California, and she slammed the door in their faces.

Rather relieved that the sad lady was not to be found in this too impressive establishment, the amateur detectives, the minute they were out of sight of the house, began to run back to informality and freedom. They raced joyously between the exclamation-points, they tore through the pergola, they skipped indecorously across the formal garden, they clattered down the arborway to the landing, where they jumped quickly into the flat-bottomed boat and rowed away. As they steered out of the inlet they laughed at their fears and suspicions. The sad lady would materialize as usual that night—of course she would! She must want them even more than they wanted her. She would first give them a satisfactory explanation, and then let them have the intense pleasure of forgiving her.

Although they waited supper for over an hour, the sad lady remained mysteriously absent for the second night. Then, to ease their minds, they gave her up point-blank, once for all, and remained proudly reticent where she was con-

cerned, and endeavored to forget that she had ever been.

The third night, when they didn't expect her at all, and only glanced casually out of the window just as they had done before they knew of her existence, they saw her coming. Instead of carefully picking her way, as usual, she was running, and taking hazardous jumps from rock to rock, and when she saw the three faces in the window she laughed and waved her hand and tried to run faster so that she should reach them sooner. In spite of the fact that they had been so cross and hurt with her, they rushed out on the piazza to greet her. She ran up, breathless, and seized Father's two hands and danced up and down, and then hugged the children with what breath she had left. During the three days since they had last seen her she had miraculously been shorn of all her sadness.

"Why—you aren't sad at all—any more!" cried Brother.

"To-night you're our *glad* lady!" added Sister, exuberantly.

When the sad lady finally got her breath she put her great question.

"Did you miss me at all?" she asked.

Did they miss her? They all three talked at once, tumultuously. When the excitement had subsided a little, the sad lady was so tired that Father made her lie down on the couch and they all three brought her her supper. She ate and ate and ate—almost as much as Brother when he was hungriest.

"Oh, I'm so happy, so happy!" she exclaimed, as they sat in a row in front of her, waiting for explanations. "I'm going to get *well!* I went to New York to my doctor's. I had to go. And for the first time in months he has given me hope. The best part of it, he said, the most hopeful part, is that I seem for the first time to *want* to get well."

After a while they wheeled the card-table up in front of the couch, and they had a wild game of Five Hundred at which they all bid extravagantly and laughed uproariously when beaten. Finally, when bedtime came for Brother and Sister, the sad lady slipped off the couch and went up-stairs and tucked them in. When she came down again she announced that hereafter she intended to knit all Father's ties, and that she was going to crochet an Irish lace coat for Sister and knit a thick sweater for Brother.

"I've laid out enough work to last me a lifetime," she said, thankfully.

After this remark Father and the sad-glad lady sat very still, watching the fire, but not watching it as usual, because Father kept stealing inquisitive glances at her. She somehow looked very guilty, too, and she entirely avoided meeting his eyes. The more he looked the lower she bent over her crocheting. At length Father rose and, bringing a long strap from the hall, fastened it tight round the sad lady's arm—not so that it would interfere with her work, but so that she couldn't again slip away unobserved. This done, he sat down in his corner of the fireplace, being careful to hold fast to his end of the strap.

"I won't try to steal away again," she promised.

He took a still firmer hold of the strap.

"Oh, I'll tell you about myself," she said, simply. "I'm not mysterious at all. I'm living over at the Granvilles!"

"Not the big estate—not the castle in the woods?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

Father's face fell.

"Don't look like that!" she begged. "I'm not the millionaire you think me. I'm just a poverty-stricken librarian from a New York public library. By a streak of luck I met Miss Granville at a business-woman's club to which I belong. She gave the money to buy the club-house. And, somehow, she got interested in *me*. When she found out that I was threatened with a decline she sent me up here for a year's rest. I'd only been here two weeks when you people came. Although the doctor prescribed the Maine woods, I didn't feel a bit better, because I had nothing to live for. The dusty old library didn't count! And yet I couldn't quite give it all up and die without ever having lived at all. That's the way it was—I didn't want to live and I didn't want to die. I was getting so negative that I fancy I would soon have obliterated myself without realizing it if you people hadn't asked me to supper that night. Then you were all so kind that I thought I'd steal

A MANSION CONFRONTED THEM, CASTLE-LIKE IN ITS PROPORTIONS

a little happiness, since none had come my way. And so all these days I have been pretending the most beautiful, shocking things. I dare say you would think me quite indecent if I told you."

"You have already told me," he said.

"You realized?"

"A blind man could have seen!"

There was a long silence, embarrassing for the sad lady, and entertaining for Father.

"Did you very much—mind—my pretending?" asked a small voice at last.

"We needed to be mothered! And you did it so unobtrusively."

"Then perhaps you won't mind if I keep it up after I go back to work. A little long-distance mothering couldn't hurt you very much. Just let me send you the things I make! I won't require anything at all from any of you, if you'll only let me go on—pretending."

Father considered. "I suppose you'd keep at it, anyway," he said. "But I don't mind admitting that we were miserable without you. Perhaps we can manage better when *we* get back home again if we all three secretly know that we have you."

Her fingers moved aimlessly at her crocheting because she couldn't see through her scalding tears.

"It is such a relief to find people who will let you care for them," she said. "Until now there was really no one on earth who seemed to need me at all." She rose and put her crocheting on the mantel until the next night. "It helps with the pretending—to keep my work here," she said, as she walked to the door. "No, you mustn't come a step with me. It will make everything conventional and spoil all the fun."

As she spoke the sad lady slipped out the door and waved her hand at Father as she ran through the moonlight.

The next night, after Brother and Sister had been tucked in, Father filled his pipe, and after much scratching of matches and great concentration got it to draw satisfactorily. Then he leaned back and said, with a happy sort of gloom, "We are going home to-morrow."

"It's business, I suppose."

"Yes. Servants and provision bills will not pay themselves indefinitely."

"You—you will give me your address, so that I may send the things when I finish them?"

He wrote it all out on a card which he handed her, and which she slipped in the front of her waist. After that he stared at her irresolutely, hardly knowing how to begin.

"I wish that you would tell me about —Her," said the sad lady, at last.

And then he unburdened the pent-up anguish of the story of Her beauty, and that heart of Hers that had been big enough to take in all the world. He told how intimately personal she had made everything with which she came in contact—how no detail had been too small or unimportant to be interesting, and no problem too big to face with confidence. Physically, he said, she had been quite tall, and in her cheeks was a pink that seemed, as you looked at it, to be growing constantly deeper, although of course it didn't. People often turned to look after her because she was so splendidly normal and wholesome and sweet. "And she believed"—he rose and walked to the door and looked out at the friendly stars—"she believed so in the other side of things that I shall never be afraid myself," he said. "She made me *sure*."

A little hand stole into his, pressed it just for a second, and then, on tiptoe, the sad-glad lady stole out into the darkness. For a long time she stood looking hard at the cottage, and then she darted into the woods where the caretaker was waiting.

The next morning, before they took the train for home, the three of them went confidently up to the Granville mansion to bid their sad lady good-by. But the hoary caretaker insisted, just as before, that the family were all in California, and that there was no one in the house but herself. And she said that she had never heard of a librarian from New York who had come there to get well.

So, although they had to go home without seeing their sad-glad lady again, they all felt certain of her in their hearts. If for some reason she chose to be mysterious, they couldn't quarrel with her when she seemed to be living just to love them. When they reached home again Father found that he once more saw things in the right perspective, that those weeks in the woods had heartened him. Almost at once, too, lovely hand-made things began to come for them from the little librarian. As these packages from the first were postmarked New York, they inferred that the sad lady was well enough to go back to the library.

The first time that Father had occasion to go to New York on business, he made a thorough search for the sad-glad lady, but he couldn't unearth her anywhere. Not knowing the person's name for whom you are looking is rather a serious handicap; and although he ransacked every library, he had to leave New York as much in the dark about the sad lady as ever. It seemed unfair to accept so many gifts without being able to say thank you for them.

On that hardest day of all, Christmas, there were telegrams, special-delivery letters, mysterious telephone calls, flow-

THEY SAT IN A ROW IN FRONT OF HER, WAITING FOR EXPLANATIONS

ers, candy, presents, and surprises of all kinds which kept interrupting the thoughts of other Christmases. Father's correct, cold-blooded sister Margaret, who had come, as usual, to help them get through the day, was utterly bewildered by the sad-glad lady's demonstrations, and said that their librarian friend must be slightly demented.

"What's — slightly demented?" inquired Brother, slowly.

"Crazy," explained Aunt Margaret, briefly.

"She's not crazy," said Sister. "She's the perfectest person we know—except relatives." The last two words were remarkable for their politeness and lack of enthusiasm.

In spite of their aching curiosity, they didn't find out anything definite about their sad lady until the following May, a little over a year from the night when they had last seen her—after the second anniversary, in fact. Then there came an exceedingly interesting letter from Maine.

I'm up here in the woods again—this time just for a holiday from the musty books [wrote the sad-glad lady]. And Miss Granville says that I may have some guests, so I want Brother and Sister and their Father to come up and spend the week-end at the castle in the woods. We'll try and manage some doughnuts, and pies, and cookies, and brown bread, and milk, so be good and hungry when you arrive. I'll meet you at the station next Friday at five o'clock.

They determined to go. Once on the

train, Father suffered almost as many misgivings as if he were answering an anonymous newspaper advertisement. Suppose, when they arrived, all anticipation, there was no one to meet them? And suppose, on going to the castle, they found the caretaker as formidable and unsatisfactory as before? Well, they would have to try and hire their old cottage, hunt up the farmer's wife, go fishing, and make the best of it.

At the station, however, he was ashamed of his doubts, for there on the platform stood the sad lady, radiant in smiles, smaller and gladder than ever, and trembling all over with the joyful excitement of seeing them. She tried to shake hands with Father and hug and kiss Brother and Sister all at once, after which she led the way to a station wagon which she said belonged to the Granvilles.

As the driver whipped up his horses, and the carriage lurched rapidly over the rough road, Father looked at the sad-glad lady with new and altered misgivings. The horrible suspicion had formed itself in his mind that the sad-glad lady was not a poverty-stricken librarian at all, but rather Miss Granville herself. The suspicion was confirmed by the fact that the whole house was thrown open, and that a respectful middle-aged "companion" greeted them cordially, and yet kept her distance. The sad-glad lady herself looked smaller than ever in front of the huge fireplace in the hall where they found a table all laid for supper. She had on a white gown under her long coat, and the firelight danced on it and lit up her eyes, which, instead of being anxious, timid, and mournful, were full of little sparks of light. After supper they played Five Hundred until bedtime, when the sad-glad lady tucked away Brother and Sister in adjoining rooms, each of which was as big as the whole ground floor of their house at home.

When she ran down-stairs again she bade Father take out his pipe, and she fetched a half-finished necktie and sat down beside him to crochet. The "companion" said a discreet good night.

While the sad lady had been busy upstairs, Everett had discovered in the dimly lighted drawing-room the life-size portrait of a young girl who was none other than the sad lady—painted a few years ago.

"You are an impostor!" he therefore accused her, when they were comfortably fixed for the evening. "You're no librarian! I'm not impressed with your wealth and possessions at all! And the whole affair is spoiled because you weren't sincere and we were. You haven't played fair, Sad Lady!"

The sad lady put down her crocheting.

"You aren't half as angry as I was afraid you would be," she said. "I knew you'd hate my being Miss Granville, which is precisely the reason I wouldn't let you know." She stared hard at the fire, and then went on, apologetically: "You might think that all my inherited money would have made my happiness and usefulness a simple affair," she said. "But it's hindered me, I think. You and Brother and Sister are the only people I've ever felt really at home with. The money hasn't entered in before. Why should it now? And won't you please forgive me for pretending to be poor?"

"But you pretended to be sick and lonesome, too."

"So I was! I didn't want to live—until over there, in that little cottage of yours, I found my real self. Make the best of my money," she begged, half-smiling.

"I shall never in all this world forgive you," he stoutly declared. "But some day—in a year or two—I shall marry you, Sad Lady!"

The room swam before her eyes. "I can't take—Her place."

"Of course you can't. The only thing that would make our marriage possible is the fact that Her place is always Her place. But in spite of your being so bad and deceitful, you have made a little place all your own. Don't you want to come and live in it?"

After the briefest, shyest, sweetest hanging-back, she ran into his arms like a lonely child.

John Hay's Years with Roosevelt

From the UNPUBLISHED LETTERS and DIARIES of JOHN HAY

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer

JOHN HAY had the unique fortune of serving President Lincoln as private secretary, and President Roosevelt as Secretary of State. He was a youth when he lived in the White House with Lincoln; he had passed threescore when he accepted Roosevelt's urgent invitation, after McKinley's death, to continue at the head of the State Department. Having assembled elsewhere the extracts from his diaries and letters in which he portrays the intimate life of Lincoln carrying the burden of the Civil War, I propose to present here the pieces, bit by bit, which make up his mosaic portrait of Roosevelt.

John Hay had known Theodore Roosevelt's father, his senior by only seven years, at the time of the war, and afterward when Hay was on the editorial staff of the *Tribune* and made New York his home. No doubt he watched intently the early career of Theodore, who, within two years of his graduation from Harvard, in 1880, came to be known throughout the country by his work as a reformer in the New York Assembly.

Thenceforward Mr. Roosevelt enjoyed a national reputation. In 1889, on being appointed by President Harrison a member of the National Civil Service Commission, he removed to Washington, where he quickly made a place apart for himself, mixing cheerily with all sorts of men, equally at home with Cabinet officers and cowboys; surprising some, puzzling others, amusing nearly all. I have heard Mr. Rudyard Kipling tell how he used to drop in at the Cosmos Club at half-past ten or so in the evening, and then young Roosevelt would come and pour out projects, discussions of men and politics, criticisms of books, in a swift and full-volumed stream, tremendously emphatic and enlivened by bursts of humor. "I sat in the chair opposite," said Kipling, "and listened and wondered, until the universe seemed to be spinning round and Theodore was the spinner."

One of the groups in which Mr. Roosevelt found an immediate welcome was that of which Mr. Henry Adams was the center. Mr. Adams drew around him the Washingtonians of culture and many men distinguished in letters or art from every part of the world. Saint Gaudens, John S. Sargent, La Farge, Clarence King, Henry James, H. H. Richardson were among the frequenters of his beautiful library; but none was so intimate as John Hay, Mr. Adams's next-door neighbor; and before long the Hays and the Roosevelts stood on the friendliest footing.

Of this period no letters remain, and naturally, because persons who live in the same town and see each other often have little need to write. In 1895 Mr. Roosevelt returned to New York City, where he was Police Commissioner for two years. Then President McKinley made him Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a post which he resigned in the spring of 1898 to organize the regiment of Rough Riders and take part in the Spanish War.

Just as Mr. Roosevelt was coming to Washington to enter the Navy Department, John Hay was leaving for London to be American ambassador. From the steamer *St. Paul* Hay writes, on April 20, 1897:

> We are nearing land after a voyage of such extraordinary mansuetude that my wife and daughter have joined us at lunch every day. Herodotus [Henry] Adams has been as fit as

a fiddle; Bigelow has kept us keyed up to a proper degree of Brahminical optimism; Chandler Hale has had only one headache a day, which he bears with a cheerful meekness which makes the rest of us ashamed to swear; and Colwell is always on hand with quaint seafaring wisdom.

We all send over our loves and best wishes to you and Mrs. Roosevelt in your old-new home. Decidedly, Washington cannot do without you. We have given the thing a fair trial, and it does not go.

It seems a long day since we left Lafayette Square. Take good care of all our beloveds. Hurry up Mrs. C.'s convalescence and send her over here to finish her conquest of the peerage. And as to them there Lodges, June won't be June unshared with them.

From London, after he had been several months in the Embassy, Hay wrote:

I have your letter of the 21st and agree with every word of it. I assure you I shall bear no hand in such business, unless I am ordered, which I do not think possible—and in that case I will consider. I have not heard of it and it sounds faky.

I try to hold the scales as level as I can over here, not kissing them nor kicking them. I have received a great deal of kindness from all sorts of people and have read a lot of abuse of my country from all sorts of papers. I used rather to think we had a monopoly of abusive newspapers, but I really believe these people are our equals in vituperation.

It is a curious fact that while no Englishman, not a madman, wants to fight us, and no American, not an idiot, wants to fight England, there is never a civil word printed about England in America, and rarely a civil word about us printed in England. Whether this ill-will is all historical, or partly prophetical, I cannot say.

I implore my friends at Washington not to be too nasty in their talk about John Bull; for every idle word of theirs *I* get banged about the lot, till I am all colors of the rainbow.

There are many things of which I would fain discourse to you, but most of them are unfinished and not decent subjects of conversation. Sometime in the future, for which I already begin to long, we may have our will of them over a pipe and a bottle. I neither drink nor smoke nor talk, but it sounds jovial.

X, the outcast wretch, was in town this week, but only gave me five minutes; he was flying to Paris to see Mrs. C. Germany certainly queers a man's taste; fancy any one preferring to see Mrs. C. rather than me. But [Senator] Wolcott is coming to-night. C. F. Adams is here. He goes roaring about that neither McKinley nor Wolcott nor I want the Commission [on Bimetallism] to succeed. [September 29, 1897.]

Particularly characteristic are the whimsical passages in this letter.

Nearly a year later, when the Spanish War was at an end, Mr. Hay sent these greetings to the colonel of the Rough Riders:

I am afraid I am the last of your friends to congratulate you on the brilliant campaign which now seems drawing to a close, and in which you have gained so much experience and glory. When the war began I was like the rest; I deplored your place in the Navy, where you were so useful and so acceptable. But I knew it was idle to preach to a young man. You obeyed your own dæmon, and I imagine we older fellows will all have to confess that you were in the right. As Sir Walter wrote:

> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name.

You have written your name on several pages of your country's history, and they are all honorable to you and comfortable to your friends.

It has been a splendid little war; begun with the highest motives, carried on with magnificent intelligence and spirit, favored by that Fortune which loves the brave. It is now to be concluded, I hope, with that fine good nature which is, after all, the distinguishing trait of the American character. [July 27, 1898.]

A few months wrought great changes in the position of both correspondents. Colonel Roosevelt came back from the war and was elected Governor of New York; Ambassador Hay took up in October the work of Secretary of State. The following letter is from Governor Roosevelt.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, ALBANY.
Feb. 7th, '99.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—Just a few lines to congratulate you on bringing to so successful an end so great a work. Ambassador and Secretary of State during the most important year this Republic has seen since Lincoln died—those are positions worth filling, fraught with memories your children's children will recall with eager pride. You have indeed led a life eminently worth living, O writer of books and doer of deeds!—and, in passing, builder of beautiful houses and father of strong sons and fair daughters.

Compared with the great game of which Washington is the center, my own work here

is parochial. But it is interesting, too; and so far I seem to have been fairly successful in overcoming the centrifugal forces always so strong in the Republican party. I am getting on well with Senator Platt, and I am apparently satisfying the wishes of the best element in our own party; of course I have only begun, but so far I think the state is the better, and the party the stronger, for my administration.

With love to Mrs. Hay, I am
Ever faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The draft of the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty drew forth from Governor Roosevelt the following friendly, but keen and emphatic, criticism, in a private letter to Secretary Hay:

ALBANY, *Feb. 18th, 1900.*

I hesitated long before I said anything about the treaty through sheer dread of two moments—that in which I should receive your note, and that in which I should receive Cabot's. [Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.] But I made up my mind that at least I wished to be on record; for to my mind this step is one backward, and it may be fraught with very great mischief. You have been the greatest Secretary of State I have seen in my time—Olney comes second—but at this moment I cannot, try as I may, see that you are right. Understand me. When the treaty is adopted, as I suppose it will be, I shall put the best face possible on it, and shall back the Administration as heartily as ever; but, oh, how I wish you and the President would drop the treaty and push through a bill to build *and fortify* our own canal.

My objections are twofold. First, as to naval policy. If the proposed canal had been in existence in '98, the *Oregon* could have come more quickly through to the Atlantic; but this fact would have been far outweighed by the fact that Cervera's fleet would have had open to it the chance of itself going through the canal, and thence sailing to attack Dewey or to menace our stripped Pacific coast. If that canal is open to the war-ships of an enemy, it is a menace to us in time of war; it is an added burden, an additional strategic point to be guarded by our fleet. If fortified by us, it becomes one of the most potent sources of our possible sea strength. Unless so fortified it strengthens against us every nation whose fleet is larger than ours. One prime reason for fortifying our great seaports is to unfetter our fleet, to release it for offensive purposes; and the proposed canal would fetter it again, for our fleet would have to watch it, and therefore do the work which a fort should do, and what it could do much better.

Secondly, as to the Monroe Doctrine. If we invite foreign powers to a joint ownership, a joint guarantee, of what so vitally concerns us but a little way from our borders, how can we possibly object to similar joint action say in Southern Brazil or Argentina, where our interests are so much less evident? If Germany has the same right that we have in the canal across Central America, why not in the partition of any part of Southern America? To my mind, we should consistently refuse to all European powers the right to control, in any shape, any territory in the Western Hemisphere which they do not already hold.

As for existing treaties—I do not admit the "dead hand" of the treaty-making power in the past. A treaty can always be honorably abrogated—though it must never be abrogated in dishonest fashion.

Yours ever,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

To understand the sarcasm of the next paragraph we must remember that Governor Roosevelt proved too independent to be acceptable to Senator Platt, the Republican boss of New York State. While his popularity with the people was undiminished, the machine found him so inconvenient that it plotted to get him out of the way by nominating him for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Roosevelt, however, had no desire to be put into the Vice-Presidential chair, whose occupant, like that of the dodo's nest, becomes painlessly obsolete. He insisted that he would be a candidate for renomination, and Senator Platt had to consent. Mr. Hay, on June 15, 1900, wrote as follows in confidence to his friend Mr. Henry White, at the American Embassy in London:

Teddy has been here: have you heard of it? It was more fun than a goat. He came down with a somber resolution thrown on his strenuous brow to let McKinley and Hanna know once for all that he would not be Vice-President, and found to his stupefaction that nobody in Washington except Platt had ever dreamed of such a thing. He did not even have a chance to launch his *nolo episcopari* at the Major. That statesman said he did not want him on the ticket—that he would be far more valuable in New York—and Root said, with his frank and murderous smile, "Of course not—you're not fit for it." And so he went back quite eased in his mind, but considerably bruised in his *amour propre*.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, has always

had a way of surprising his friends, and his opponents, too, by doing what seemed to him the most natural thing; and when he found in the convention that the delegates from outside of New York State stampeded to him and would not nominate any one else, he accepted the second place on the Republican ticket.

Thereupon Secretary Hay sent him the friendliest greeting on June 21st:

My dear Governor,—As it is all over but the shouting, I take a moment of this cool morning of the longest day in the year to offer you my cordial congratulations. The week has been a racking one to you. But I have no doubt the future will make amends. You have received the greatest compliment the country could pay you, and although it was not precisely what you and your friends desire, I have no doubt it is all for the best. Nothing can keep you from doing good work wherever you are—nor from getting lots of fun out of it.

We Washingtonians, of course, have our own little point of view. You can't lose us; and we shall be uncommonly glad to see you here again.

During the few months when Mr. Roosevelt served as Vice-President his relations with the Secretary seem to have been purely social, with no interchange of letters. Then, suddenly, the assassination of President McKinley brought the "young fellow of infinite dash and originality"—as Hay described him to Lady Jeune—into the White House. On September 15, 1901, the Secretary wrote to the new President:

My dear Roosevelt,—If the Presidency had come to you in any other way, no one would have congratulated you with better heart than I. My sincere affection and esteem for you, my old-time love for your father—would he could have lived to see you where you are!—would have been deeply gratified.

And even from the depths of the sorrow where I sit, with my grief for the President mingled and confused with that for my boy, so that I scarcely know, from hour to hour, the true source of my tears—I do still congratulate you, not only on the opening of an official career which I know will be glorious, but upon the vast opportunity for useful work which lies before you. With your youth, your ability, your health and strength, the courage God has given you to do right, there are no bounds to the good you can accomplish for your country and the name you will leave in its annals.

My official life is at an end—my natural life will not be long extended; and so, in the dawn of what I am sure will be a great and splendid future, I venture to give you the heartfelt benediction of the past.

God bless you.

Yours faithfully,

John Hay.

On reaching Washington, Mr. Hay met the President at the railway station; and Mr. Roosevelt, instead of listening to the Secretary's desire to resign, made him promise to stay on and carry out the work he was doing.

I saw it was best for him to start off that way, and so I said I would stay, for ever of course, for it would be worse to say I would stay a while than it would be to go out at once.

Until Mr. Hay's death, nearly four years later, he and President Roosevelt lived on intimate terms, official and personal. The President enjoyed Hay's sparkling conversation and irony; Hay enjoyed the President's vigor and downrightness, his humor and dash and talents, and his enlivening surprises; he felt, too, the President's masterful grip on the international relations of the government. Mr. Roosevelt, a voracious reader, found in Mr. Hay not only a lover of literature, but a maker of it, and a critic of fine taste. A day rarely went by when the Secretary and his chief did not meet to confer on public matters, and on the frequent notes passed between them there were often jotted informal comments or witty asides. On Sundays, after church, the President stopped regularly at the Secretary's for a chat.

The following letter, for example, shows how Hay's sense of humor enabled him to refer playfully to a matter which, in Berlin, seemed monstrously important. The Kaiser had had struck off medals to commemorate the glories of the German army in China, and apparently the official of the German embassy, who was ordered to present one of these tokens to President Roosevelt, was almost overpowered at the honor which the President was about to receive.

Count Quadt has been hovering around the State Department in ever-narrowing circles for three days, and at last swooped upon me this afternoon, saying that the Foreign Office, and even the Palace, Unter den Linden, was in a state of intense anxiety to know how you received his Majesty's Chinese medal, conferred only upon the greatest sovereigns. As I had not been authorized by you to express your emotions, I had to sail by dead reckoning, and, considering the vast intrinsic value of the souvenir—I should say at least thirty-five cents—and its wonderful artistic merit, representing the German Eagle eviscerating the Black Dragon, and its historical accuracy, which gives the world to understand that Germany was IT and the rest of the universe nowhere, I took the responsibility of saying to Count Quadt that the President could not have received the medal with anything but emotions of pleasure commensurate with the high appreciation he entertains for the Emperor's majesty, and that a formal acknowledgment would be made in due course. He asked me if he was at liberty to say something like this to his government, and I said he was at liberty to say whatever the spirit moved him to utter.

I give thanks to "whatever powers there be" that I was able to allow him to leave the room without quoting "*quantula sapientia!*" [November 12, 1901.]

On Christmas Day, 1901, the President sent this little note to the Secretary, to whom death had brought in the space of a few months the loss of his son Adelbert, of President McKinley, of John G. Nicolay, and now of Clarence King:

DEAR JOHN,—I am very, very sorry; I know it is useless for me to say so—but I do feel deeply for you. You have been well within range of the rifle-pits this year—so near that I do not venture to wish you a merry Christmas. But may all good henceforth go with you and yours.

Your attached friend,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In 1902 President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay attended the Harvard Commencement exercises, where both received the degree of Doctor of Laws. At the dinner President Roosevelt made a stirring speech in which, after declaring that it was "indeed a liberal education in high-minded statesmanship to sit at the same council-table with John Hay," he eulogized the great work of Wood, Taft, and Root.

The next day Mr. Hay wrote him from the Hotel Touraine, Boston:

DEAR THEODORE,—I must congratulate you with all my heart on yesterday's triumph—it was nothing less. That great company was a *corps d'élite*, and you had them with you from start to finish. President Eliot, when you sat down, said: "What a man! Genius, force, and courage, and such evident honesty!"

And another thought was in everybody's mind also. "He is so young and he will be with us for many a day to come." We are all glad of that—even the old fellows who are passing.

I can never tell you how much I thank you for your kind reference to me. But your splendid defense of Root, Wood, and Taft touched me still more deeply. It was the speech of a great man, and a great gentleman—and will not be forgotten.

Yours affectionately,
JOHN HAY.

The little note, undated, which follows seems to refer to a literary point which had come up in conversation:

DEAR THEODORE,—
"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of Folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!"
—*Il Penseroso.*

"With thee conversing I forget all" authorities.

J. H.

In the spring of 1903 the President made a tour to the Pacific, during which he addressed many gatherings. On April 5th Hay writes:

Your speeches have been admirable—strong, lucid, and eloquent; they will make a splendid platform for next year.

They are having an extraordinary reception all over the country. I send you a leader from to-day's *Sun*. It carries out what I said the other day—they are going to give you a hearty support. Root made a very fine speech in Boston. . . . Do not let them work you too hard. Wisconsin has been terribly exacting. You owe something to the rest of the country—not to speak of Mrs. Roosevelt and the children.

The next note refers to messages addressed to Edward VII. and William II. at the time of the cruise of the American fleet abroad.

I thank you a thousand times for your kind and generous letter of the 11th. It is a comfort to work for a President who, besides being a lot of other things, happened to be born a gentleman. . . .

Perhaps you may think your telegram to King Edward rather deficient in warmth. But you did not want to make it warmer than the one to your great and good friend William. I am always in favor of the *ne quid nimium*. The whole cruise has been a great success. Germany and England have both bid high, and our attitude of platonic friendship to both has been well maintained. [July 13, 1903.]

From January 1, 1904, until a few days before his death on July 1, 1905, John Hay kept a diary, from which I extract the most interesting passages about Mr. Roosevelt.

1904. January 17.—The President came in for an hour and talked very amusingly on many matters. Among others he spoke of a letter he had received from an old lady in Canada denouncing him for having drunk a toast to Helen [Hay] at her wedding two years ago. The good soul had waited two years, hoping that the pulpit or the press would take up this enormity. "Think," she said, "of the effect on your friends, on your children, on your immortal soul, of such a thoughtless act."

March 14.—We lunched with the President; Cardinal Gibbons, the Hengelmüllers, Thayers, and others were there. . . . The Cardinal told the President he hoped earnestly for his election. He is deeply disgusted with the campaign of Gorman against the negroes. He told the President that he had seen a memorial drawn up by an eminent lawyer in favor of paying a large sum to Colombia for her rights in Panama. He would not tell the name of the eminent lawyer, but a light of recognition came into his cold blue eye when the President told him that X favored paying the money to Reyes, as that would strengthen the Liberals as against the Clericals!

March 18.—At the Cabinet meeting today the President said some one had written asking if he wanted to annex any more islands. He answered "about as much as a gorged anaconda wants to swallow a porcupine wrong end to." . . . He was *éreintering* some one, when it was observed that the man was doubtless conscientious. "Well," he burst out, "if a man has a conscience which leads him to do things like that, he should take it out and look at it—for it is unhealthy."

March 20.—The President talked of the situation, which seems to him very rosy: he thinks that Congress will adjourn by the first of May, and that everything will go smoothly during the summer; that Parker will probably be nominated by the Democrats, but that he will not be formidable. The things that annoy him most are trifles; such as the cost of the White House improvements, the upholstering of the *Mayflower*, etc. He has heard that some people in New York have said he was a grotesque figure in the White House, and wonders what they mean.

March 27.—The President is much preoccupied about the Chairmanship of the National Committee. His mind is now turned to Root. I should be glad if he would take it; it would still further extend his reputation and his national standing to carry on a campaign which is sure to be interesting and wholesome and crowned by a great success. It would be an advantage also to the party to keep its best men like Root and Taft, etc., as much to the front as possible, for the sake of contrast, etc.

April 10.—The President came in and talked mostly about the situation in New York, which annoys him greatly and somewhat alarms him. He sees a good many lions in the path—but I told him of the far greater beasts that appeared to some people, as in Lincoln's way, which turned out to be only bob-cats after all.

April 26.—At the Cabinet this morning the President talked of his Japanese wrestler who is giving him lessons in jiu-jitsu. He says the muscles of his throat are so powerfully developed by training that it is impossible for any ordinary man to strangle him. If the President succeeds, once in a while, in getting the better of him, he says, "Good! lovely!"

May 8.—The President was reading Emerson's "Days" and came to the wonderful closing line: "I, too late, Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn." I said, "I fancy you do not know what that means."—"Oh, do I not? Perhaps the greatest men do not, but I in my soul know I am but the average man, and that only marvelous good fortune has brought me where I am."

May 12.—Bade the President good-by. He said with jeering good nature he hoped I would enjoy my well-earned rest. [Mr. Hay was going to make an address at the World's Fair in St. Louis.]

June 5.—[The President] spoke of his own speeches, saying he knew there was not much in them except a certain sincerity and kind of commonplace morality which put him *en rapport* with the people he talked with. He told me with singular humor and recklessness of the way X and the late lamented Holls tried to put him on his guard against me.

June 21.—The President returned from Valley Forge yesterday, and we all congratulated him at the Cabinet meeting to-day on

his sermon on Sunday. It seems it was entirely impromptu, Knox having asked him to speak only just before church-time. K. says the question what is to become of Roosevelt after 1908 is easily answered, he should be made a bishop.

August 11.—I dined with the President last night. . . . After dinner we adjourned to the library, and the President read his letter of acceptance. I was struck with the readiness with which he accepted every suggestion which was made.

August 13.—I went to the White House this morning and found the President screaming with delight over a proposition in the *New York Evening Post* that Wayne MacVeagh should be Secretary of State in Parker's Cabinet. So the dear Wayne has wearied of waiting for my envied shoes at the hands of Roosevelt.

October 17.—I lunched at the White House—nobody else but Yves Guyot and Theodore Stanton. The President talked with great energy and perfect ease the most curious French I ever listened to. It was absolutely lawless as to grammar and occasionally bankrupt in substantives; but he had not the least difficulty in making himself understood, and one subject did not worry him more than another.

October 23.—The President came in this morning badly bunged about the head and face. His horse fell with him yesterday and gave him a bad fall. It did not occur to me till after he had gone that I had come so near a fatal elevation to a short term of the Presidency.[1] *Dei avertite omen!*

He was in high spirits, though he always speaks of the election as uncertain. I showed him Lincoln's Pledge of August, 1864, written when he thought McClellan might be elected. He was much impressed, and went on, as he often does, to compare Lincoln's great trials with what he calls his little ones. He asked me to read Stannard Baker's article about him in *McClure's*, which he likes.

October 30.—The President came in for an hour. We talked awhile about the campaign, and at last he said: "It seems a cheap sort of thing to say, and I would not say it to other people, but laying aside my own great personal interests and hopes—for of course I desire intensely to succeed—I have the greatest pride that in this fight we are not only making it on clearly avowed principles, but we have the principles and the record to avow. How can I help being a little proud when I contrast the men and the considerations by which I am attacked, and those by which I am defended?"

[1] There being no Vice-President, Mr. Hay, as Secretary of State, stood next in line of succession to the Presidency.

November 3.—The President's fall from his horse ten days ago might have been very serious. He landed fairly on his head, and his neck and shoulders were severely wrenched. For a few days there seemed a possibility of meningitis. But he is strong and well-knit, and the spine escaped injury. I am thankful to have escaped a four months' troubled term of the Presidency. Strange that twice I have come so hideously near it—once at Lenox and now with a hole-in-a-bridge. The President will of course outlive me, but he will not live to be old.

November 5.—This morning the President published his answer to Parker's stupid slanders.[2] I was sorry for the necessity of it, but of course he could not let these blatant falsehoods go uncorrected, and nobody but him could give a satisfactory answer. I wrote a letter about it myself, but did not print it, as I felt sure that Parker would continue to say Roosevelt admitted his guilt by silence. So the only way was to give him the lie direct—and I think the President did it very effectively. . . .

I went to see the President. He said: "I did not show you my statement because I thought you might not approve, and I did not want to be persuaded out of it." He said further that he had to do it now or never—as, whatever might be the result of the election, he could not refer to it afterward.

November 6.—The President came in this morning radiant over the effect of his statement and Parker's speech, which seemed to him, as it did to me, a complete collapse of his accusations. He has evidently thought for a week past that the President would not answer him, and he was exulting in his immunity, when all at once he was struck silly by this unexpected bolt from the blue. He has "softly and silently vanished away in the midst of his boisterous glee." The Snark was a Boojum.

The President said he felt a repose of mind to-day he had never felt before. He supposed, from what his friends said, that he should probably be elected; but, whether successful or not, he should feel that he had gone through the campaign on his character, and that this, the only attack on his honor, had been met and refuted. He was particularly gratified at the way in which he had been supported: the other side had nothing to compare with the speeches of Root and Taft and Knox, and he was good enough to include me—"though I had trouble enough to get you on the platform."

November 8.—I went over to the White

[2] At the close of the campaign Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate, accused President Roosevelt of employing a large corruption fund.

House at a quarter after nine, thinking that the returns must have begun to come by that time. I found the Red Parlor full of people, the President in the midst of them with his hands full of telegrams. I asked him if he had anything decisive as yet. He said: "Yes. Judge Parker has sent his congratulations." . . . Everywhere the majorities are overwhelming. . . . "I am glad," said Roosevelt, "to be President in my own right."

November 12.—The papers this morning announce on the authority of the President that I am to remain Secretary of State for the next four years. He did it in a moment of emotion—I cannot exactly see why—for he has never discussed the matter seriously with me, and I have never said I would stay. I have always deprecated the idea, saying there was not four years' work in me: now I shall have to go along awhile longer, as it would be a scandal to contradict him.

J. B. Bishop told me to-day of the tumultuous dinner last night at the White House, and the speechless amazement of John Morley at the *faconde* of the President. He said afterward to Bishop, "The two things in America which seem to me most extraordinary are Niagara Falls and President Roosevelt."

November 20.—I read the President's message in the afternoon. . . . Made several suggestions as to changes and omissions. The President came in just as I had finished and we went over the matter together. He accepted my ideas with that singular amiability and open-mindedness which form so striking a contrast with the general idea of his brusque and arbitrary character.

December 4.—The President talked about revision. He has omitted the passage about the tariff from his message, and rather doubts whether he can find enough support in Congress for attempting any revision at present. . . .

He told me to say to [Henry] White that he would expect the resignations of all the ambassadors in the spring, as well as those of the Cabinet. . . . He is trying to harden his heart, in several directions, but I doubt very much if he succeeds.

December 25.—The President came in out of the snow-storm looking as breezy as the weather. He had just got Choate's resignation [as ambassador to Great Britain] and was charmed by the tone of his letter. He will leave to him the time and manner of his recall. He was a little annoyed at being told by —— that McKinley had promised [Whitelaw] Reid the place. I assured him there was nothing in it. People like instinctively to diminish their apparent obligations by assigning part of the load to the dead. . . . I sent him a MS. Norse Saga of William Morris. He replied in a charming letter.

1905. January 1.—The President came in at 12.15, saying it seemed more like Easter than New-Year's. We talked of the Bureau of American Republics without coming to any conclusion. . . . He is quite firm in the view that we cannot permit Japan to be robbed a second time of the fruits of her victory—if victory should finally be hers.

January 3.—Little of importance at Cabinet meeting. The President was talking of an erring chaplain, which reminded Morton of a Methodist who, in giving an account of himself on the witness-stand, said he had been an exhorter for twenty years, but for only six a regular licentious preacher.

Secretary Hay's records during the months of January and February are largely taken up with memoranda on the arbitration treaties which the Senate ruined, as he and the President thought, by amendments; on negotiations for protecting China, and on the closing stages of the Russo-Japanese War. Here is a vivid description of Mr. Roosevelt dictating:

February 27.—The President asked me to dine at the White House, as Root was to be there, and he wanted to talk over Santo Domingo. After dinner we went to the study up-stairs and for two hours went over the whole business. The President sent for his stenographer and dictated a brief message he proposes to send to the Senate next week. It was a curious sight. I have often seen it, and it never ceases to surprise me. He storms up and down the room, dictating in a loud and oratorical tone, often stopping, recasting a sentence, striking out and filling in, hospitable to every suggestion, not in the least disturbed by interruption, holding on stoutly to his purpose, and producing finally out of these most unpromising conditions a clear and logical statement, which he could not improve with solitude and leisure at his command.

Meanwhile Secretary Hay's health, which had been visibly declining for several months, showed such alarming symptoms that his physicians prescribed for him a complete rest from official duties and treatment at Nauheim. On March 3d he sent the President a ring, with this note:

WASHINGTON, *March 3, 1905.*

DEAR THEODORE,—The hair in this ring is cut from the head of Abraham Lincoln. Dr.

Taft cut it off the night of the assassination, and I got it from his son—a brief pedigree.

Please wear it to-morrow; you are one of the men who most thoroughly understand and appreciate Lincoln.

I have had your monogram and Lincoln's engraved on the ring.

Longas O utinam, dux bone, ferias
Praestes Hesperiae.

March 4.—The President wrote me last night a charming letter of thanks for the Lincoln ring I gave him. He wore it to-day at his inauguration, and seemed greatly pleased to have it. . . . The President took the oath in a clear, resonant voice, and then delivered his Inaugural. The high wind made speaking difficult, but his voice lasted well—the address was short and in excellent temper and manner.

March 5.—The President sent me a note this morning saying he wished to see me, but that he would prefer I should come to him this morning, instead of expecting him here as usual. I went over to the White House and saw the reason of his action. Every approach was filled with a curious crowd. They swarmed over the porch and stood staring in the windows. As I came into his study the President started up with a jar of lilies in his hand and came to the door to greet me—recalling Bunthorne "Walking down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in his medieval hand." He said: "You will see why I asked you to come over. If I had come, I should have arrived at your door with a tail like a Highland chief."

March 12.—The President came this morning, wearing an overcoat, a garment which his hardy habit generally rejects. . . .

I tried to walk this afternoon, but it was tough work. By going very slowly and stopping often I was able to cover about a mile—but the pain does not pass away as it used. It continued all the way home.

That last item indicates the seriousness of Mr. Hay's condition. The following Saturday he embarked, in an almost desperate condition, on the *Cretic* for Genoa. After resting in Italy, he went to take the cure at Nauheim. His improvement was very slow. On May 20th he wrote the President:

I hate to be in this condition of Mahomet's coffin. If I were fit for work, I would gladly go back to my desk. If I were ready for the knacker, I would at once get out of the way. But when all the doctors tell me I am going to get well, but that it will be a matter of some months yet, I feel that I ought not to be a dead weight in the boat for an indefinite time. . . . I need not say that when you think a change would be, for any reason, advisable, I shall go. I don't say willingly, but, as Browning says,

Go dispiritedly, glad to finish.

My association with you has been altogether delightful, and if there is to be any space left me for memory, I shall always remember it with pleasure and gratitude.

Having lived to reach home, Hay imprudently visited Washington for a few days, to confer with the President and "clear his desk." The last memorandum in his diary reads:

June 18.—Spent the evening at the White House. The President gave me an interesting account of the Peace Negotiations—which he undertook at the suggestion of Japan. He was struck with the vacillation and weakness of purpose shown by Russia; and was not well pleased that Japan refused to go to The Hague.

Taft came in and we talked of the Bowen-Loomis matter and the Chinese Exclusion. The President is determined to put a stop to the barbarous methods of the Immigration Bureau.

On June 24th Secretary Hay, thoroughly exhausted, reached his summer home at Newbury, New Hampshire. There he died on July 1, 1905. The quotations I have given serve to outline John Hay's portrait of Theodore Roosevelt and to record a memorable friendship.

The Way of the Reformer

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE boyhood of Lakeville trooped through the changing seasons in close formation; it had no use for advance-guards, no sympathy for stragglers. When society decreed that it was time to bounce hard-rubber balls upon sidewalks, all the world went a-bouncing—until potato-shooters came in and made bouncing ridiculous. A nameless paper device that produced a valuable noise, a button buzzing on strings, a willow whistle, each strutted and fretted its hour upon the stage, then jackstones became the rage, subject to change without notice. At early frost-time when the air was blue and pungent with burning leaves all the best people wore walnut stains upon their fingers. A dry place upon the bare ground, a knuckle-warming sun and a shop-window display, mixed in the crucible of spring, and suddenly it could be seen that daylight was made for marbles. Now it was a matter of social solidarity to be lumpy in contour and to rattle when you walked.

Ranny was three days overdue as a marble fiend, and was beginning to feel like a fossil, when on an April Saturday morning of mellow breezes he came into money. This ten cents was a weekly tribute levied upon mother for alleged services in drying dishes. Ordinarily Ranny did not spend his income at once, but by dribbling it into his interior sometimes made it last until well toward noon. To-day, however, as he advanced along the sidewalk by an elaborate system of hops and skips—a method of locomotion of his own discovery—he had bolder and nobler plans.

Presently he met his friend Tom Rucker, who was indulging in the solitary pleasure of kicking a tin can along the walk. Tom was, of all persons, the one whom Ranny most desired to see, but the coincidence need not appear striking, as they were on the way to each other's homes.

"'Lo, Tom!" said Ranny, giving the can a sociable kick.

"Did ya git it?" asked Tom.

Ranny displayed two nickels. "Come on to Mis' Leonard's," he said.

"Aw, Mis' Leonard's is no good f'r marbles. Le's go down-town. Ya git more."

It was a tragic fact, frequently mentioned to customers by the perennially tearful Mrs. Leonard, that she could not compete with the larger stores down-town. Her little shop in the residence district was an economic error living precariously upon the bad memories of adults and the temptations of youth. As Ranny had no prejudice in her favor, the tin can was now belabored toward the busier marts of trade and was soon abandoned in favor of a hitch on the back of Alleston's delivery-wagon. The two boys rode almost a block before they were discovered and chased off.

Tom Rucker, connoisseur and collector of marbles, led his friend to the completest stock in Lakeville and gave out free advice in the purchase, producing from his own pocket examples of what heights of excellence marbles can reach. They examined hypocritically a number of cornelians, although both knew that Ranny was in no position to buy such luxuries. Finally they settled upon a glassy as a shooter, and a line of aggies, commies, and white alleys. The commies were the cheapest of all, due in part to the fact that these dabs of brown clay were not entirely round. They were useful, Tom explained, for playing keeps, because it was almost a pleasure to lose a few of them.

"One time," said Tom, as they proceeded toward a favorite gaming-place, "I saw two big fellas playin' keeps f'r canelias."

"'It's gamblin' to play keeps for canelias."

This phase of the subject did not excite Tom. "They c'd stand up like this and plunk 'em." Tom made gestures as of one plunking.

"One time I saw a great big man playin' marbles. He had a mustache an' everything"—reminiscences by Ranny.

"Ladies always steps on the ring and their dress spoils everything," was Tom's indictment.

By a perfect understanding the two marble fiends turned their faces toward the brick church. They both attended Sunday-school there, but it was not dogmatism that now led them thither; the brick church provided the best gaming facilities of all institutions in town—religious or secular. There was a vacant lot back of the church, which for topographical reasons was the first place to get dry in the spring. There was no fence around it, yet it was safe from feminine skirts, the bane of sidewalk playing. The brick church had no regular janitor like the Center School; the man who came on Saturday to sweep and dust had a deep prejudice against persons who attended church and tracked in dirt, but no feeling at all toward those who merely used the back yard. He did not have to sweep the back yard. As a consequence the brick church was unconsciously carrying on a flourishing institutional work with boys.

When Ranny and Tom reached this place of unbigoted entertainment they found a wide choice of activities and racket of a high character. Pairs of young citizens were competing for commies in small oval rings scratched in the ground. Two squares, each about the size of an elementary geography, were providing profit and loss to groups of four. Also there was a game of purgatory, a series of holes in the ground like a microscopic golf-course.

"Le's play by our own self," said Ranny. Not yet an expert, he preferred the shallow waters of Tom Rucker to the depths of general society. Tom readily consented and they provided themselves with one of the oval rings.

The two-handed game was a continuous performance; when one contestant knocked a marble from the ring the other had to supply the loss from his pocket. Theoretically the game had no end; practically it ran until one player had lost all his capital or until the affair broke up in a dispute over whether the shooter committed the crime of hunching. Ranny did not know the rules well enough to violate them, so he went on doggedly digging up fresh capital until his resources were severely strained. He made no complaint, showed no sign of distress, but played carefully with the aid of his tongue, the corners of his

THE TIN CAN WAS NOW BELABORED TOWARD THE MARTS OF TRADE

mouth, and his nose. At last the hand that emerged from his pocket brought up nothing but a piece of chalk.

"I 'ain't got nothin' left but my shooter," he said. "I gotta quit."

Tom Rucker's friendship was the most agreeable fact of Ranny's ninth year. It had survived repeated tests and yet it had never reached the heights of which it was capable. What Tom did now was a revelation in boy's humanity to boy.

"We wasn't playin' keeps," he said. "I kep' 'em all in a differ'nt pocket."

"Aw right," said the amazed Ranny, stowing away the recovered marbles. "I thought we was playin' keeps." It is, of course, not good form to express thanks in any way.

Bud Hicks now entered the palace of pleasure, rattling his assets ostentatiously. "Come on; le's have a square game," he said.

Tom agreed eagerly, Ranny scarcely less so, and Ted Blake, who had the boastful talk and the cracked knuckles of the experienced marble-player, made a fourth.

This was keeps for some people, but it was not keeps for Randolph Harrington Dukes. When the dinner whistle blew in father's wagon-factory Ranny left for home with nothing but his glassy. (The only way to lose a shooter is to have a hole in your pocket.) Otherwise he was no better off at this hour than if he had as usual poured his ten cents into the alimentary canal.

Tom accompanied his friend as far as the store corner. In order that the time devoted to travel might not be wasted, they played the walking game, shooting alternately at each other's marbles. It was owing to this glacial system of transportation that so many people were late to meals in those days.

"When ya learn to play a little better," said Tom, "you an' me c'n be pardners."

"Aw right," said Ranny.

"Come on over 'safternoon. We c'n play in the back yard—jes' fun ya know."

"I'd jes' as leave."

To be a marble partner of Tom's was an alluring prospect. Marble partnerships were a common phenomenon in Lakeville, two players pooling their resources and dividing their profits. That there were no advantages whatever in the arrangement did not prevent its continuing—as an institution. Such alliances never survived a period of adversity because of the well-known law that failure is inevitably due to the lack of ability of one's partner.

The afternoon passed in patient effort, also with various matters connected with the barn. Once the scene shifted to Ranny's house, where a start was made in putting the Dukes-Rucker Drug Company on its feet for the summer, the cold weather having wrought devastation among the liquids.

The next day they met again, but this time in the restraining garments of Sunday-school. Tom was humorous, Andrew wore a red bow-tie, and the teacher was late; everything was as usual and there was no sign of impending trouble. But at class-time Miss Binford twisted the lesson story about in such a way as to get a moral precept out of it.

"We must be good boys and always do what is right," she said. "We must not drink or smoke or gamble."

"It's gambling to play marbles for keeps," said Andrew, who was always currying favor with the teacher.

"Yes, Andrew, that is true. It is not wrong to play marbles, but we must never play for keeps; that is gambling, and leads to other bad habits. Many a man who leads a life of crime began by playing marbles for keeps."

Miss Binford did not support this charge with actual examples, but the bare statement fell upon Ranny like a blanket of dismay. He had played marbles for keeps only the day before just outside that colored window; he intended, if all went well, to make something of an industry of it. He had heard that it was gambling to play keeps, but had never given the report credence except in the case of cornelians and possibly moss-agates. Now here was an authority on wickedness affirming that he, Tom, Bud Hicks, Ted Blake, and everybody of consequence were headed for a career of crime. The thought of Ted Blake made the monstrous thing seem probable.

After Sunday-school Ranny slipped

RANNY PLAYED CAREFULLY WITH THE AID OF HIS TONGUE, THE CORNERS OF HIS MOUTH, AND HIS NOSE

away without Tom, a thing which he had not done for months, and took up the matter with father. "The teacher says it's gamblin' to play keeps."

A moment of silence gave birth to a hope that father might take issue with Miss Binford. Certainly father had never mentioned the matter before.

"Yes, Ranny," he said, "I suppose it is. Why? Have you been winning anybody's marbles?"

"No," Ranny replied, truthfully.

"Has anybody been winning yours?"

"Yes—a little."

"Well, I guess it isn't gambling to lose marbles," father said, with a smile. "But if I were you I wouldn't play for keeps. It's just as much fun the other way, especially for people who can't shoot very straight."

A load was lifted from Ranny's conscience when he learned that he had not as yet started upon a career of crime. He would go to Tom to-morrow and explain that the partnership was dissolved in favor of some stainless pursuit like running a drug-store; Tom would understand, because he was of the brick-church faith.

But at the noon-hour the next day Tom was cold in demeanor. "Why did ya run off home yeste'day?" he asked. "Are ya mad at me?"

"It ain't right to play keeps," replied Ranny, with characteristic directness. "It's gamblin'. Le's don't be pardners in marbles—only drug-stores and things."

"Aw, wha's the matter with ya? It ain't gamblin' to play f'r commies an' aggies an' white alleys. Everybody plays keeps. Ya played keeps y'r *own* self Satu'day."

"I didn't win any marbles," said Ranny, with retroactive virtue.

"No; good reason."

"Miss Binford said it's gamblin' to play keeps, didn't she? Are ya deef, or what?"

"What's *she* know about marbles? I bet she'd think a aggie was a canelia."

"She would not!"

"She would, too!"

"Would not!"

There was fist-clenching that came to nothing, but the merits of the case were completely lost in personalities. Ranny predicted for his recent friend a life behind prison bars; Tom put forth the

WHEN HE APPROACHED THE BRICK-CHURCH MONTE CARLO HE WAS MET WITH RIDICULE

unwarranted view that Ranny was a sissy and a poor marble-player, and—the universal lot of the uplifter—that he thought he was smart.

Thus they parted. It is a curious fact that a friendship which had weathered many real storms finally came to grief over the question of whether or not Miss Binford would think an agate was a cornelian.

It was a weak issue with which to go before the public. Persons who were total strangers to the Sunday-school teacher in question promptly conceded her dense ignorance. Consequently Ranny went home without the aid of his patent hop and skip. He was angry and distressed, but not remorseful. Rather he felt that he had escaped from the society of criminals just in time.

His fame as an enemy of personal liberty spread, and when he approached the brick-church Monte Carlo after school he was met with ridicule. "Fatty" Hartman addressed him in the falsetto used to imitate girls, teachers, and Clarence Raleigh. Bud Hicks was less subtle in his methods.

"Go home," he said, "and tell y'r mother she wants ya."

Tom Rucker took no part in these hostilities, but there was a triumphant grin among his freckles. Ranny backed slowly away; this, obviously, was not a profitable way to dispose of one's time.

"Come on, Ranny; let's go to my house. It is wrong to play keeps. My mother says so."

It was a sign of the depths to which his prestige had fallen that the only voice that was raised in his defense was that of Clarence Raleigh.

"All right," said Ranny, without enthusiasm. "They can go to prison f'r all I care."

"My father," said Clarence, when the uproar had been left behind, "would buy me all the marbles in town if I wanted them, but it isn't right to gamble—or swear."

"Or chew tobacco," added Ranny, helpfully.

"My father buys me everything. I got an auto-wagon, and iron stuff to build bridges and things, and an electric train. And I've got more track than anybody in town."

Ranny began to see possibiilities in this hitherto neglected youth who could wallow in marbles if he but said the

word. He began to feel that virtue was about to receive a prompt reward. He had seen the auto-wagon in front of the store which had it for sale, and had spoken highly of it to father. Also he longed to get his fingers into that structural iron.

When they reached the ambitious Raleigh home they exercised the motor-car briefly upon the front sidewalk—that is, Clarence exercised it, and when it came Ranny's turn he suggested that they play something else. The guest knew his rights, but waived them because he was anxious to see the erector.

"We'd have to play it in the house," said Clarence; "we'd get it all dirty on the porch and probably lose things."

Ranny prepared himself for the ordeal of meeting adults.

"Ranny Dukes has come to play with me, mother," Clarence said, by way of introduction. "We want to play with the building thing."

Mrs. Raleigh, a stately lady of considerable girth, gave Ranny a critical examination and somehow conveyed the impression that he was passed by a narrow margin.

"Very well," she said. "See that you wipe your feet—both of you."

The mechanical erector proved a bewildering delight of steel pieces and screws. For ten minutes or more, barring a tendency on Clarence's part to grab, the two highly moral youths got on very well. But just as Ranny had his plans laid for an ambitious jail that would, by a charming little conceit, contain all of his former acquaintances, Clarence lost interest in architecture and transportation and life in general. For the first time in history Ranny became obsessed with the idea that perhaps he had better go home. Mrs. Raleigh made no objection, only stipulating that nobody was to bang the door.

At the supper-table Ranny gave his parents a hint as to the social changes of the day.

"I played with Clarence Raleigh 'safternoon," he said.

"Is he a good boy?" mother asked.

This was solid ground. "Yes; he don't swear or gamble or anything."

"Do you mean he doesn't do anything at all?" Father's remark was too near the truth to be a successful jest. Ranny searched his mind for virtues that might be tacked upon his new playmate—not cleanliness or politeness, because mother had an exaggerated idea of these things already. Clarence was taking violin lessons, but this secret also was safe in Ranny's hands. In the end he had to fall back upon worldly goods.

"He's got lotsa nice things—a auto-wagon, an' a 'lectric train (only I didn't see it yet), an' one of them building things of iron. If he wanted 'em he could have all the marbles in Lakeville. His father gets him ever'thing he wants."

"Now, look here, son," said father. "A boy doesn't have any more fun because he has expensive toys. I'll bet Tom Rucker can do more things with a couple of boards and nails than Clarence can with all his high-class blocks."

"They ain't blocks." Ranny was driven to technical quibbles. "They're made of iron, and you put 'em together with screws."

"Well—whatever they are—can Clar-

"I'LL TELL *YOU* WHAT LE'S DO. LE'S GIVE ME A RIDE"

ence make anything with them? Is he any good?"

"He's a good *boy*," said Ranny, desperately.

Herein lay the weakness of the new alliance, the reason why the week dragged out in a weary succession of unsatisfactory afternoons. Being good was a fine thing, but it did not solve the problem of what to do with one's time. Day after day he saw vice rampant and joyous back of the brick church, and virtue hideous at the Raleigh homestead. He began to suspect that when everybody was in prison except himself and Clarence, life was going to be a rather drab affair. Clarence was a good boy, but as a companion he was a total failure, coveting everything, enjoying nothing. He could not throw straight like Bud Hicks, or wiggle his ears like Tom, or bunch up his muscle like Ted Blake. His marble-playing was worse than a girl's; if his father *had* bought him all the marbles in Lakeville, what would he have done with them? He knew no more about aggies than Miss—than Tom said Miss Binford did.

HE WOULD TAKE HIS GLASSY AND HIS TEN CENTS AND PLUNGE INTO INIQUITY

In despair Ranny made an effort to get Clarence off his own ground; in fact, offered to organize the Dukes-Raleigh Drug and Guinea-pig Company. But Clarence's mother forbade him to go beyond the front sidewalk; apparently his virtue was of the fragile kind that could not be trusted in public.

The end came on Friday afternoon. Clarence had got out the auto-wagon, and, in accordance with the best Raleigh traditions, was taking the first ride and prolonging it unduly. Ranny thought of the school-free Saturday impending, and was very low in his mind.

"I tell you what le's do—" said Clarence, at last.

"I tell *you* what le's do. Le's give me a ride." With these words Ranny pushed his host out of the wagon and took his place.

Clarence made a weak effort to recover the vehicle. "I guess it's my wagon," he said. "I'll tell my mother."

There was a soft-looking place just above Clarence's uselessly white collar that Ranny had for days felt a growing desire to pinch. He realized this ambition without ceasing to be a chauffeur. Clarence, with bitter cries, started for the house.

Ranny sat as one enthralled; it was the most delightful sound he had heard for nearly a week. Presently he realized that he was being addressed by an angry adult.

"Get right out of that, Ranny Dukes," said Mrs. Raleigh, "and go home! We don't want bad boys around here, fighting and abusing Clarence."

The accused lost his taste for motoring, for Raleighs of all sizes, and for virtue in general. He had spent the most miserably moral week of his life, with the result that he was being chased home as a bad boy. When he reached the "secret den" in his own woodshed he resolved that in the morning bright and early he would take his glassy and his ten cents and plunge into iniquity. He would make his peace with the wicked and unselfish Tom, and

they would take the joyful downward road together.

The exclusive hop and skip was put into service again as Ranny set forth the next morning upon his criminal career. Being in a hurry to fall from grace, he spent his dime to poor advantage at the uneconomic Mrs. Leonard's—nine cents for marbles and one for two caramels. With a cheek stretched in a pleasantly lumpy way, with one piece of candy in his pocket, and noisy with commies, he approached the place of religious instruction and unconfined joy. A shout of derision greeted his appearance.

"Where's Clarence?" asked "Fatty," in the classic falsetto. "Wouldn't mamma let him come?"

There was only one person who did not join in these atrocities. Tom Rucker looked at the approaching reformer, and to Ranny's amazement pushed his shooter into his pocket. Then Tom's voice rang out in a cry that had not been heard in Lakeville for many dreary months:

"Round ball—inns!"

"Inns!" echoed Ted Blake.

"Catcher! — pitcher! — first base!" These cries from different boys followed in such quick succession that before Ranny realized what was happening he had to take an ignominious place in left field.

"It's purty dry back of the pickle-works," shouted Tom. "I saw it this morning. Come on, Ranny."

Ranny shyly pushed his peace-offering into Tom's hand.

A career of crime was blasted in its infancy. A greater reformer than Ranny, the springtime sun, had dried out the ball-field and abolished gambling. Uproar and outrage and the joy of living would henceforth be found back of the pickle-works.

Revelation

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

IF I could come again to that dear place
  Where once I came, where Beauty lived and moved,
Where, by the sea, I saw her face to face,
  That soul alive by which the world has loved,

If, as I stood at gaze among the leaves,
  She would appear again as once before
While the red herdsman gathered up his sheaves
  And brimming waters trembled up the shore,

If, as I gazed, her Beauty that was dumb,
  In that old time, before I learned to speak,
Would lean to me and revelation come
  Words to the lips and color to the cheek,

Joy with its searing-iron would burn me wise;
  I should know all; all powers, all mysteries.

In the Fifties

BY E. S. MARTIN

BEING not so young as you were is not all loss. If maturity of years is an ailment, then youth is another. To be fifty years old is to have made a fairly complete recovery from the ailment of youth, and that is no small achievement. It is not everybody that does it. The person who remembers statistics will tell you what proportion of us struggling people succumb to youth and its mischances and hardships. It is a large proportion. The rapids of the river of life, the rockiest places, the swiftest descents, are apt to be up-stream. To have passed them all and got down into the calmer levels of the fifties is a feat that justifies a good many comfortable thoughts.

Yes, it is; especially if one is not too much stove in by arduous preliminaries and has been able perhaps to bring down some cargo with him. It is, or used to be, a fashion to sigh for lost youth, and there are people who do sincerely mourn for it. Women, especially, who have had full measure of youthful beauty, part with it, usually, with sighs and reluctance. Gray hair seldom pleases them; they don't like wigs; the "ravages of time" are real and sad to them, and they repair them with diligence and what skill they may command. Beauty in a woman is a power. To be noticed and admired and courted for it is, no doubt, a very considerable stimulation and entertainment, not to be indifferently parted with, and not in all cases offset by gains in authority, or the tribute of deference that is paid to character, or the tribute of love that comes to unselfishness and gentleness and power of sympathy. What a woman loses by the years in freshness of physical beauty she ought more than to make up in wisdom that comes from living, in the fuller understanding of people and of life, in all the kinds of knowledge, in self-possession and increased skill in the arrangement and discharge of the parts of speech. So it does happen with able women who have had a chance to develop and who have lived good lives. They are vastly more interesting at fifty than at twenty-two, and many of them are lovelier to look at. But beauty comes ready-made, and these maturer attractions have to be earned, and not all women earn them.

As for men, to lose the beauty of youth seldom troubles them. Their part in the visible embellishment of life is of minor importance. A moderate degree of self-discipline is apt to bring them to fifty years better-looking than they were at twenty. Gray hairs or shining pates are no more to them than scars to a soldier. What comeliness they have is hardier than women's beauty. The habits of thirty years tell, and good habits leave their mark as well as bad ones. A man at twenty-two is still clay to be shaped. The general design is in it, but the finish is still to come. It comes to him from the thoughts he thinks, the burdens he carries; from effort, from fidelity, from service; or else from self-indulgence and self-seeking. By the time he is fifty he will look what he is, and time will have improved or marred him accordingly.

But he will not care very much how he looks. Beauty never won him anything of value so far as he knows. That he has come so far and brought along what he has brought, he will attribute, if he is modest, to good fortune; and if he is self-appreciative, to merit and diligence. He will credit nothing to beauty, will mourn never a day over lost looks, if he has lost any, but be thankful he is not more disfigured. And if he has formed the habit of keeping clean and presentable he will maintain that habit to the end because he is more comfortable so.

To be fifty is to have come fairly to

maturity. The fifties may be a man's best years, but we do well not to be too exact about best years. They vary in different people and according to circumstances. The twenties may be best years for some people because in them came their great opportunity and they shot their bolt once for all. Or for a like reason, the thirties or forties may be best years. And though the fifties may fairly be called years of maturity, it is not safe to impute decay to the years that follow them. There are people who go on ripening and sweetening to the very end of long life, whose best years are the sixties and seventies and the years later still; whom fourscore finds not only serene in wisdom, but valiant and bold in spirit, penetrated more than ever with ideals that have shaped their lives, and clearer than ever, out of experience and reflection, as to the means to be employed to realize them. There is no declared age of ripeness. Ripeness comes when it comes and lasts as long as it lasts. It is mostly spiritual, and whatever is spiritual defies time. Even energy is not all physical. That, too, may be spiritual, and ordinarily it is largely mental, and in either case it often drives and disciplines the body it is geared to, making it more capable and enduring as the years go on. Just as we see robust young people come by unwise management to early infirmities, so we see others, fragile in youth, come by discipline and development to hardiness and high endurance. To be sure, we all in time pass the top point of physical strength, but most useful people, by the time that their physical decline begins, have become specialists in their department of life, and in their own line can outdo younger and stronger persons. When strength has been duly spent in learning it does not take so much to apply what one has learned.

That is one reason why the mature people who have learned something and are still good earn the most money and have the most power. They have reached a time of life when success is thought to be safer than it is in earlier years; when they are supposed to have increased in wisdom enough to be trusted, and when money and power in their hands is less enviously regarded because their hold on them cannot be for very long. They are valued not only for what they do, but for what they know enough not to do; for judgment, dexterity, avoidance of the hazardous and inexpedient. Another reason is that they have succeeded to the command of affairs; that their hands are on the throttle of the engine and cannot conveniently be dislodged until they finally relax. They come to that place by effort or succession, or both; and while they last and the machine contrives to go, it is usually theirs.

The authority that comes with years is hardly appreciated in these times. Liberty and independence are much esteemed for all ages; it is claimed that the commandment has been amended and now reads, "Parents, obey your children," and it is supposed that authority has pretty well gone by the board. But in spite of all carping there is still a great deal of authority left in age, where age has earned it. Deference to one's elders is based on the actualities of life and dies hard. The younger generation still looks to the older generation to define its duties and settle its disputes. Twenty-five will not necessarily obey sixty because sixty is sixty, but twenty-five is often perplexed, and feels that it can more safely assist its conscience by heeding the counsels of sixty than those of its own generation. In France, says Chesterton, the young woman is protected like a nun while she is unmarried; but when she is a mother she is really a holy woman, and when she is a grandmother she is a holy terror. Deference to age does not often go to that extreme in this bumptious country, but it does persist, and it is a power, and it is stronger at thirty than it is at twenty. Boy or girl at twenty is possessed by the crude individuality which is the core of life and must develop. Parental interposition that collides with that development is jarred. But by thirty, or sooner, the necessary self-assertion has so far accomplished its end that the filial mind begins to see the value of the experienced point of view. Then the parental counsel, no longer feared as a distraction from an individual course, may be valued as an aid to holding the course selected.

Moreover, the advice of persons on their way out of this life is apt to seem more disinterested to persons still on their way into this life than the advice of their coevals. To thirty, sixty looks like a player for whom the whistle is just about to blow, and whose interest in the game must have come to be chiefly benevolent. So thirty will take details of coaching from sixty that he would by no means take from thirty-one, and that, especially, if sixty in his day has been rated a good player. In spite of all that is said of the decay of the family and the loss by the young of all sense of obligation to their elders, the young continue to rely with an impressive confidence on their elders' benevolence. Sometimes this confidence is a little too positive, and goes the length of a failure to imagine even a chastened and suitable degree of self-interest in the elders, or a disposition in them still to retain for their own uses some share of life and its blessings while they still have them. In such cases it is sometimes necessary for this confidence of youth to be checked, but usually it realizes that something for nothing is not the rule in this world, and that from whom much is received and much hoped for, to them is due something fairly substantial in return. It is true that the main debt of life has to be paid to our successors rather than to our progenitors, and that it is a sign that we are fairly faithful to our obligations to our progenitors if our successors feel that they can approve and commend us. Nevertheless progenitors, too, require some direct consideration, and deserve it if their descendants are any worth.

Maturity in its dealings with youth has it in its favor that it has arrived and means to keep its place. Youth in its dealings with maturity has the advantage that it is maturity's most intense concern; that it stands for life itself; that, if it comes to a pinch, maturity would rather die for it than survive it. Lear and Père Goriot were not sensible people, but they were fairly natural parents, and are not at all out of date, either of them. They are warnings to us all, but only against excess. The power to give to youth, is very valuable to maturity. It ought to last until the mourners get back from the funeral, and elders who exhaust it prematurely by reckless generosity ought to expect what they usually get. Kind people who have come to the time of life when it agrees best with them to take life easy are too much disposed to think that what is good for them is good also for the young. They want to make life easy for every one they love, and, if possible, for the rest of mankind; no one to be pinched, no one to have to struggle; steeplechases all to be run on level ground without obstacles, and no one to hurry or violate the spirit of "after you." They can't fix over the world that way, because there are not enough of them, and they haven't the means; but for those nearest them they are apt to try to do it, with the result sometimes that the young get too little of the discipline of life in the stages when it is salutary, and the mature get rather too much in the period when ease would do them more good.

In maturity we get to be part of the going world, merged enough in it to be no longer intolerably self-concentrated. That is a gain and makes for comfort, and even for popularity. To lose all interest in oneself does not do. It implies that one is not interesting, and to be alive and not interesting is a condition imputable, gently, to some one else, but incredible of oneself. But it is more tolerable to be interested in oneself as a factor in life than as life's great centerpiece, and to that we come easily as our years increase. No doubt this gentle decline in self-interest, or change in its quality, is one of the steps mercifully contrived to get us out of this world without too great a jolt. There is a time of life when to want to be the hero of the piece is necessary to due development. The more there is in you, the stronger is this impulse to be important. It shows in little boys in the resolve to be a pirate, or at least a really *great* detective, with guns in his clothing; it carries them a little later through the arduous exercises of baseball and even football; it fills police-forces and fire-departments, mans battle-ships and crowds recruiting-offices when there is a prospect of war. The girls have it too, in different manifestations, though not so different as they used to be. It is the back-bone of romance and helps young people to get

married. They never would, unless they were vitally interested in themselves. When a young person is "just crazy" about some one, that is the temper that adventures matrimony, but it must include a due tinge of craziness about oneself. In that timely insanity there is the will to be; the life principle defined in the current vernacular as "pep." All that makes us look with a kind of reverence on the self-interest of the young. It is necessary to inspire and sustain them in the difficult and hazardous stage of life that they are passing through.

But gradually to emerge from that stage into the condition when one sees himself more as he sees other people, is no small relief. We think of other people as cogs in a great machine, and when we have found our place in the world and turned in it long enough we come increasingly to think of ourselves more as we think of others. We, too, are cogs, and we know that it is important that we should keep turning so that we may not rust, and our young may be fed, and our obligations discharged. If we turn effectively, so that our usefulness is noticed and our opportunities increased, so much the better. It seems more agreeable to be noticed, and the sentiment in favor of enlarged opportunities —which usually means more money—is doubtless well founded. But still it is as factors in life rather than as objects of supreme interest that most elders think of themselves, and find satisfaction in that attitude. To twenty-five, aspiring to be a bank-president, a bank-president is a magnificent figure of a man, sitting in the bank's back parlor, letting humble borrowers have money, and deriving a large salary from dignified labors. But to sixty, who *is* a bank-president, or something equally impressive, a bank-president is just a cog in the financial machine, who tries to feed out other people's money so that it will earn more and come back; and charges what interest the market warrants, and takes such thought as he can, and often anxiously, not to be caught in bad loans.

It is not true that all jobs look alike to sixty, but it is true enough that as we grow older we see more distinction in men and less in employments. Observation has had time to persuade us, if we can learn at all, that high places do not necessarily make tall men. Accordingly we get to look more at people and not so much at their pedestals, and to consider more closely whom it is profitable to love or to admire, and come perhaps to bestow affection more on servants and people of the less-coveted vocations, and not so much on dinner company. Not that by mere increase of years we win release from servitude to mammon, and cease to admire merely because we are old enough to know better. A release of that sort is more an achievement of grace than of mere time; but time may help, especially by modifying our aspirations for prosperity and glory, and making us content with what we can get for ourselves. To reach the point in our dealings with our fellows where we need no longer consider what material benefits they may confer, is to get to a place worth reaching; and if timely thrift helps to bring us there, even thrift may seem worth while.

In this extravagantly progressive and fast-changing world some observers think they notice that life belongs more and more to youth, and that maturity is losing the place it used to hold in human esteem. The average term of life continues to be extended, but one remarks this growing uncertainty whether the extension is worth while. Men over fifty when thrown out of work find it hard to get new jobs! Churches looking for ministers are apt to prefer young men. When any business collapses, the older men who have had the best positions find it harder to place themselves on any terms.

To be sure; but all that comes to is that in beginners' places it is handier to have beginners. They are more manageable and cheaper. If a congregation is obliged to undertake the task of training a new minister it would rather have one not too fixed in habits. Unless an employer needs an experienced person upon whom he can put responsibilities that he would be rid of, he prefers one who does not yet know as much about his business as he does himself. This is the age of machines, and in that particular it is a very young age that has hardly found itself. The older human values have been disarranged, likely

enough, by the immense inrush of machinery. Just as theology has changed enormously in a generation, and a young minister whose training is modern may justly be more acceptable than an older one whose training is out of date, so in mechanical and clerical employments the young to whom telephones, type-writers, and motor-cars are second nature have a special and artificial advantage over persons whose mastery of all these new means came late in life. The young are handier with the new tools and also with the new thoughts than their elders; but that is not because youth is necessarily handier than maturity, but because the new tools and the new thoughts had not yet been distributed when contemporary maturity was in its pupilage. A craftsman's skill should be surer at fifty than at thirty, but when a machine furnishes the skill and the office of the human factor is merely to feed it, the readier energies of thirty may be more valuable to an employer than what fifty may have learned.

Though progress is not steady but alternates with reaction, and an old man may have imbibed in his youth and retain ideas much more progressive than his grandson's, it usually happens that twenty-five is somewhat ahead of fifty because of being born into a more fully developed world. More happens usually out of the ideas you begin with than out of those you end with. The mind works on the facts that are presented to it, and sometimes the assortment of presentable facts changes enormously in twenty-five years. We assure ourselves that in all the world's history it never changed more than in the twenty-five-year period that began in 1890 and has not yet quite ended. The distance from twenty-five to fifty in this contemporary time is enormous. Our visible world has come to be a lightning-change artist. All its fixtures have been moving about, most of its conclusions have been challenged, and just now, especially, we are standing by, open-eyed and open-mouthed, to see where it will bring up. In a world so deranged, and tumbling so rapidly out of one fit into another, little is predictable and no one knows quite where he will arrive. Old age is fairly confident that existence approximating to life as it has known it will last out its time; but fifty, with twenty years or more, possibly, ahead of him, is mighty uncertain where he will come out. The world that is about to be may be so new that some young person may think it necessary to take charge of it altogether—a thing that has sometimes happened. But at present it is still being managed or mismanaged by the mature, and the chances are that even if it changes mightily they will be able to keep their hands on it and to preserve something, if not all, of its tradition. But it does seem true that maturity is up harder against youth than usual, and it may continue to be true after this special season of demolition and readjustment passes.

And perhaps that will be a good thing. This world being not our permanent home, but only a field for exercises, it may be better for middle-age to feel itself in a livelier competition with youth than it likes, and obliged to keep young if it would succeed in it. Fifty is more abstemious than it used to be; more abstemious often than twenty-five. Twenty-five has strength to spare, but fifty, if it would continue in the ring, must keep in training and husband its energies. In a recent play of Shaw's there is a youth full of intolerant and intolerable impetuosities, whose father says of him that the problem is to endure him and keep him along in the expectation that he will be good for something at fifty. One sees such youths, in whose heads the problems and paradoxes of our newborn life are all whirling unassimilated and unadjusted and who are groping their way, impatient and perplexed, to some definite resultant of opinions and conduct. Be patient with such young people, whether they are girls or boys. In any kind of a world that we can imagine, to be valuable at fifty is more important than to be valuable at twenty-five. There are those who are valuable at both ages, and the rule is, no doubt, that usefulness at twenty-five is an earnest of still greater usefulness at fifty. But that rule does not always hold, and there are characters whose scope includes so many warring thoughts and impulses that they are fractious and difficult in their earlier years, and need

an extra long apprenticeship to fetch their contradictions into line. Authority strengthens the will, which gains in power by the exercise of power, but it does not necessarily improve the intelligence. Intelligence develops out of what is inside, and there should be time to store before heavy demands are made on our accumulations.

What are they, these accumulations which ought to make fifty fitter to exercise authority than twenty-five? Book-knowledge partly; but for the most part, thoughts. By the time he is fifty a man who is to amount to anything should have come to a few large, seasoned convictions that are part of the fiber of his mind. Convictions of that sort are not blithely obtained out of books. Books may have to do with them, but they are acquisitions of the spirit, and though the rudiments of them may be come by in youth, they need to be tempered, tried out and adjusted to practice by years of thought, talk, observation, effort, and experiment with life! Washington at twenty-five had in him the rudiments of the Washington that was to be, but he had nearly twenty years of training before he took command of the continental armies, and he was first President at fifty-seven. Lincoln in early manhood groped his way through grievous distresses and perplexities, but by the time he married, when he was thirty-three, he had come, it would seem, to a clear sense of the fundamental convictions that made him. Eighteen years more he thought and read and talked in courts and taverns, and pleaded on the stump the faith that was in him, and travailed variously, and then, at fifty-one he was elected President. Pitt, prime minister at twenty-four because England was short-handed and couldn't wait for him to get his growth, broke down in the middle of his job and died at forty-seven. Napoleon was first consul at thirty, had completed his activities at forty-six, and died at fifty-two. Alexander at thirty-three had done everything that seemed to him desirable to do in the world at that time, and departed out of it. Youth makes a greater figure in war than in anything else, but war is a comparatively simple business and can be learned young. In most matters men are lucky if they can take their time to learn and escape the prices and the heavy responsibilities of leadership until their thoughts are matured, their skill is fully practised, and their characters have been shaped and hardened in the forge of life.

The Guest

BY MARY SAMUEL DANIEL

THE lengthening shadows lay along the floor,
The low gold sun flamed in the purple west:
There came a sudden knocking at my door,
I welcomed in—a guest:

And hastened to prepare the stranger's bed:
No riches and no luxuries were mine:
So on the board I laid my heart for bread,
And poured its blood for wine.

I stand within my door; beneath the thatch
My robin pipes his sweet, heart-piercing lay:
Now God forgive the one who raised the latch
And supped—my guest—that day.

The Obstacle

BY LEILA BURTON WELLS

ANNE DOUGLAS stood hesitating in the center of the little room where the servant had left her, looking for some trace of her husband, some little material evidence of his presence.

Now that she was safely inside her mother-in-law's house, she paused, breathless, as if she had run up a long flight of stairs and found, to her dismay, that she had exhausted her last strength in reaching the landing. She knew that she had everything to gain and nothing to lose by the ensuing interview; that if it failed of an advantageous issue, her life must from this time forward at least be released from confinement. She could begin to use it again tentatively, as a man uses an arm that has been overlong in bandages.

For an interminable year she had considered meeting her mother-in-law as one of life's improbabilities, and, now that the improbability was a possibility, she wondered at all those months of pliant hesitancy. It had been quite simple. As a stranger she had entered the house, and as a stranger she was looking around her with eyes that vainly strove to gather an inner clue of personality from material objects.

The room was more suggestive of gentleness than she had believed possible from the knowledge that she had of her husband's mother. It indicated a woman of another generation who had sought with almost pathetic ardor to keep abreast of the times. Old-fashioned Shakespearian prints were flanked on the wall by pretty things done in the Impressionistic manner, yet on the backs of the modern chairs knitted antimacassars had been pinned by the economical hand of age. On the long library table, pushed back against the wall, was a homely basket from which a ball of drab-colored knitting protruded, and the failing summer sun crept in under a window awning so chastely lowered that one saw only a fugitive glimpse of blue sky and a window-box of carefully tended crocuses and mignonette. The room was very still and all the furniture ample, so that one got an effect of rest and seclusion and, in some strange and indefinable way, of purity, too, and of sheltered goodness. One could scarcely imagine vice as intruding here.

Anne turned her yearning face to the window. It was close to evening, and the light creeping under the striped awning was not full of color, but gray and merciless. She had stepped from the train into a street-car, and the long, hot trip had left little shadows under her eyes. She was near thirty, or perhaps beyond it, and because of a certain childlike outline to the oval of her face one would instinctively address her as "Miss" even while feeling, as the appellation was extended, that it might in a short time be susceptible of change. She was very slim, and yet in some way she gave the impression of immense vitality and exquisite good health. The blood raced very near the surface of her skin, and, now that the heat had brought it in full force to her cheeks, she was beautiful in spite of the fact that the dark hair lying on her forehead was slightly disarranged and lay in little damp tendrils on her forehead. She was dressed with a careful exploitation of good points and an equally careful neutralization of weak ones. You would have had to put a girl of high birth and breeding beside her and study long to detect the difference between the original and the counterfeit, for an imitative sensibility had enabled her to surround her person with an aura of a higher social position than she had the privilege of claiming. Without the color of animation she could scarcely call beauty her own, for her body was a tent that required a lamp lighted inside to render it

Drawn by T. K. Hanna

"BUT I'M NOT BEGGING. I'M ASKING FOR MY RIGHTS!"

in any way luminous. This fact had doubtless manipulated an otherwise ascending destiny.

She moved over the rug-covered floor now on tiptoe, as if she momentarily feared being accused of a criminal act, pulling off her gloves as she walked, to leave her slender white hands bare.

Behind the sofa she found a small taboret pushed back out of view, and on it a well-colored meerschaum pipe. She bent down swiftly and lifted it in her fingers; but the love instinct in her was not strong enough to allow her to proclaim it as his. She looked inquisitively around the room again. No sign! No sign! And yet he must be living in this house—must come to this room at least once every day.

The sound of a woman's voice speaking in the hall outside caused her to start almost guiltily, and then stand poised—listening.

"When my son comes," the voice was saying, "tell him I have placed those papers he was asking for on the table in his den."

There was a quick click as of the turning of a door-knob, and then, before Anne had time to alter her anomalous position, the door was pushed open, and in a breathing-space of horror she felt the pipe slipping from her hand to the floor.

A drab-colored figure stood in the aperture yawning before her—a little figure, so utterly unlike the preconceived image of his mother that had lived in her resentful consciousness that she stood staring stupidly. Then, even while bewilderment was partially stultifying her senses, she gathered from the expression in the precise face before her that she had at once created an erroneous impression by the trivial circumstance of having in her hand an object belonging to the furnishings of the room. Her face flamed, and she bent and raised the fallen pipe in her hand, and, laying it on the table beside her, stammered some inaudible words of apology. Her mother-in-law's eyes followed her hand with a politely resentful glance. They were standing but a few feet apart—the elder woman in the doorway, Anne with her face averted. Her cheeks were hot and abashed, and she could feel the flush that she knew showed on her forehead—even over her neck and bosom. She let her eyes fall again to the inconsiderable object she had laid down, as if seeking from it some appeasing explanation of her action. None was forthcoming.

"I—I—beg your pardon," she began, and her words tangled ignominiously in her throat before she could get them out of her mouth. "I was just looking—I was just—" Her voice broke and fell away.

Her husband's mother advanced a few steps into the room with the vigorous protest of the house-owner whose privacy has been rudely violated. The shade of politeness was quite gone from her voice.

"I think," she remarked, coldly, "that you have made some mistake. My maid told me that a lady wished to speak to me on—in regard to—business of importance, but—" Her eyes flashed over Anne's face and figure. "I believe—I am quite sure—that I do not know you."

To Anne's surprise she found a small, frightened voice somewhere in her being. "I—I think you *do* know me, in—a way!"

The elder woman's brows drew together disputingly. Her eyes lingered over the face before her with an identifying stare. She shook her head. "No," she reasserted. Then, after a moment's hesitation, and with a little repelling inflection in her voice, "Do you want—are you seeking—work?"

Anne smiled. She recognized so well the mental reception accorded the mendicant in the other's whole attitude. Well, she was more or less of a beggar, though she was not begging for gold. She drew up her head and turned her tastefully clothed figure full on the other woman's vision. "Do I"—she put the question with a hint of certainty of the answer already in her voice—"Do I *look* like a person who is seeking—work?"

For an instant the elder woman did not reply. Then, with well-bred reluctance in her voice to enter further into the subject, she said, "I could not imagine any other reason for your—your—"

She paused, and Anne knew as consciously as if she had spoken that she

had courteously withheld the word "intrusion." She was thrown back on herself for the moment by the poise of a class that had learned through centuries to separate itself from close contact with anything distasteful. Something in the utter misery of her silence, perhaps, penetrated through the crust of convention that covered the other woman's heart. Mrs. Douglas moved forward.

"Are you in trouble?" she asked, her voice chilly with a do-not-impose-on-me sympathy, her face sharpened with that curiosity over sorrow which is one of woman's strongest characteristics.

"Yes," rejoined Anne, slowly—"yes, I *am* in trouble."

"You are in need of—pecuniary assistance?" The voice was already regretful of the previous compliance.

Anne shook her head. "No." She looked Mrs. Douglas straight in the face. There was something electrical and mysterious in her glance. Her husband's mother looked hastily around the room, hesitated, went over and closed the door behind her, and then indicated a chair with a little cool gesture.

"Won't you sit down?" she invited.

Anne stood for a moment stock-still. It seemed to her that she was facing the supreme moment of her life. They were to sit opposite, they two! She was to be allowed to speak at last, just to speak, to present her long-repudiated cause.

Her hands trembled and her face went pallid. She was hardly conscious that she had physically complied with the invitation until she felt the support of the chair under her body and saw Mrs. Douglas, with an uneasy indecision in her manner, cross to the table and, pushing aside the basket that held the ball of knitting with a frankly disturbed hand, seat herself on the very edge of the little sewing-chair, as if she already desired to recall the impulsive invitation.

"My time is limited," she began, speaking with soft haste and glancing admonishingly at the little clock on the mantel-shelf. "I am expecting my son home any moment."

Anne tried to keep the excitement out of her voice. "I won't take long," she stammered hurriedly. "Perhaps— I think you can *help* me!"

"I am sure I would be only too happy." Her mother-in-law's face composed itself into civil lines, her voice was as narrowly conventional as her shoulders, and her shoulders were very narrow. She picked up the ball of knitting and laid it down again in an indecisive manner.

Anne suddenly felt a sense of supreme apathy and dissatisfaction with strife of any sort. This woman oppressed her with the uselessness of anything except sinking back and letting the tides of the usual flow over and on. Though she was subtly ashamed of it, she realized that her voice was touched with a physical and mental *malaise* when she spoke. The conviction and glow had gone from it. She put a mechanical question first with an expression of rare bitterness on her face.

"I suppose," she regarded her mother-in-law with an eye used to weighing characteristic atmospheres—"I suppose *you* had a father and mother who did things for you; who taught you to be good and took care of you, and to whom it mattered whether you"—she paused as if unable to put into expression her subconscious thought—"were alive or not. *I* never had, you know. My father died before I was born, and my mother taught school for a living, and during the day had to leave me with the woman who afterward gave me a place to sleep and eat, just that—nothing more. I didn't see enough of her—my mother—to care when she was taken away. I didn't know much in my childhood except that there was a thing called work in the world and I must do it if I wanted something to eat. When I was ten years old and went to the factories, the woman who had supported me took the first money I made to pay my mother's funeral expenses. She said she had defrayed them out of her own pocket and I must pay back. It took a long time, and I thought of my mother for the first while I was paying for burying her.

"A minister who came into the district where I lived taught me the difference between good and evil. He taught me that if I was hungry I mustn't steal, and that if I was cold I couldn't have a fire unless I could pay for it. He told me what it was to be good, and that when I died I would get a reward if I

was. He said the pleasant things were nearly always the devil's. He took me to night-school and I began to learn to *think*." She paused, turning her face for a moment to the waning light creeping under the scalloped awning. "When I found I could think," she went on stolidly, "I started to raise myself out of the place where I was. I couldn't stay there! Something in me made me struggle. I took a course in stenography and bookkeeping. I went and worked in business offices, among all kinds of men. I watched life, and watched it, and watched it. I tried to imitate the things I liked. I tried to dress like the women above me. I tried to talk and act and think like a lady." Her voice trembled. "I tried so hard to reach toward higher things, but men did not offer me marriage—not the better kind of men, I mean; and I was so often tired, and the way seemed so long."

Mrs. Douglas half rose to her feet. Her face was unpleasantly disturbed, as if she had been forced to look upon some alien object which she could by turning her head have avoided seeing. "Really," she commenced, "I don't see how this concerns—"

"Wait!" Anne put out her hand as if on first impulse she would have pushed the other back into her seat, so strong was her determination to be heard unto the end, but her fingers went instead to her head and pressed a loose tress of hair back from her flushed face. The little unconscious gesture, that seemed to be the manifestation of a rebounding thought, caused the pure outline of her cheek to come into view. In a moment she glowed with vitality and a soft, desirable beauty. Her rounded arms and the curve of her young bosom showed through the thin lawn of the shirt-waist, and the quickening pulses throbbed in her white throat. She seemed in a moment and in some subtle way to have lifted an intangible curtain from before her beauty, even as an Eastern woman lifts a veil from her face.

"At this moment," she stammered, her voice rushing into unreckoning haste as if she feared that, after all, she might not be allowed to proceed until the end—"at this moment the man came who offered to lift me out of the life I was living. He was from the West, and came to the office where I was employed to have some stenographic work done. I suppose you—any one—would say he became infatuated with me. I don't know what word would explain his feelings. The world—you, I suppose, call it 'infatuation' when a man marries a woman of my class. He did marry me, though. I think he couldn't help it. Something drew him to me," she said, her voice taking on a thrill as if she had forced by an effort of sheer will a living quality into it which it had not possessed before.

"I married him. It was wonderful, though it only lasted a few weeks—our life together; but he *did* marry me, and because I expected so little of life I appreciated what I got. Love seemed to explain so many things! It was strange—just to feel it. To think more of another person than of yourself. To begin to fear that even their body might be hurt—and to feel that you would offer your body instead to prevent their feeling pain. I began to feel—*that*." She bit her lip, driving back an emotion she instinctively felt she must not exhibit. "The man I married seemed to *need* me, too. We fitted together. I guess that is what draws people—a *need*. I don't know. But I was so happy I was afraid, and I used to lie awake at night and listen to his even breathing and think that some day I would hold a child of his in my arms, a child that would be fine and strong and honest, somehow, and then—then—"

"Then?" Mrs. Douglas leaned forward, fascinated in spite of herself by the vital personality facing her.

"Then," said Anne, unemotionally, meeting the other woman's eyes level and straight. "Then his mother telegraphed him that she was ill, that she was dying. His family had always been opposed to me, of course—and he went away."

Mrs. Douglas rose slowly to her feet. Very slowly, like one in a trance. An incredulous wonder lay wavering in her eyes. "You!" She began putting out both her wrinkled hands as if to push something away. "Oh no! Why—it isn't possible!"

Anne smiled nervously. "I thought it

was impossible once that you could take him away from me," she said. "For weeks and months I believed it *was* impossible. I thought he would come back. But I am not blaming him. I understand. You got him under your influence again and worked and worked, and never stopped working. If I had been of your class you couldn't have done it; but when a man marries beneath him, as the world calls it, the woman has a double battle to fight. . . ."

Her words were tumbling thick and fast from her lips, as if by leaving no opening she could avert instant repudiation. A pain that a person of less vitality could never comprehend trembled in her eyes.

"You got him away from me," she whispered, "and then you poisoned his mind. You had the influence of all his past life on your side—and I had only the few months we spent together—that time when we were just beginning to know each other. I was back there in New York waiting, hoping. . . . I have been waiting and hoping ever since."

There were no tears in her voice, but it was more pitiful than tears could have rendered it.

"You!" stammered Mrs. Douglas again, gazing wide-eyed into the girl's face, her wrinkled lips slowly turning paper-white. "Oh *no!*" She put her left hand to her head with a little gesture of horror.

"Yes," assented Anne. "I've just stopped waiting—that's all. I wrote and wrote, and you returned them unanswered—my letters—all of them. I begged you on my knees just to see me—to let me see *him*—once, only once, but you took no notice. You worked on him at first through your illness, I suppose. It seems strange, doesn't it, but you made him write that it had all been a mistake. I suppose you made him think you knew better than he did—and it didn't matter about me at all. It seemed to you, I suppose, little more than discharging a servant. You thought I had accepted my fate—had forgotten, or I wouldn't have gotten in here to-day. You would have told your maid to turn me away. But you see I *hadn't* forgotten. I was back there struggling, saving enough out of what he sent me to live on to get here—just to get here and speak. She turned her face away, her lips twitching.

"You," repeated Mrs. Douglas for the third time. Her eyes traveled slowly over Anne's face and figure, grasping her body with an appraising eye; measuring, as one measures who has suddenly been forced to make a lightning estimate of a piece of goods that they have already decided not to buy.

"His wife," she repeated in a stunned whisper. Her hands touched the table with an unconsciously destructive gesture. A book fell to the floor. Her eyes followed it, and she started at the slight noise and then bent instinctively to recover it. At the same moment, with a youthful swiftness, Anne bent, too, and, snatching it from the floor, replaced it on the table. The gesture brought her very close to her mother-in-law. They stood with their clothes almost touching. In that moment of nearness their eyes had bridged the gulf of acquaintanceship and touched an unwilling intimacy of status.

Mrs. Douglas realized that this was no longer a stranger who was standing in her room. A strange woman, yes! But some one that was hatefully linked to her life. Her voice was still dazed. She had taken her hand from the table now and stood erect, her pale-gray gown falling bleakly around her.

"You are the — that girl he — married?"

"Yes," said Anne, quietly.

"How did you get—*here?*" The old eyes wandered around the little sheltered room to the door, even to the window, as if the improbable idea of a forced entrance had come to her mind.

"The maid let me in. I came by train," answered Anne, speaking with great simplicity.

"You—you forced yourself into my house—my home!" There was outraged dignity in the voice.

"I thought I had a right to see you."

"To see my son, you mean." The implacable resistance in the voice was instantly present.

"Oh no—to see *you*. When you have heard me I will go away again."

"You will go away?"

"When you have heard me, yes," as-

sented Anne, a little contempt for the other's ill-concealed fear in her voice. She watched Mrs. Douglas gather her startled faculties together, saw her catch at the back of the chair before which she stood and let her body down heavily. She recognized behind the intense fear in the eyes that strange maternal instinct that will fight to the death for its offspring, that will fight to the death and crawl on bleeding knees to the side of a child who has drawn life at its bosom and make almost any compromise to avert a threatened evil.

"Sit down again—please." His mother was speaking with an effort.

Anne obeyed. All the flame and ardor seemed to have passed away from her mind and body. It was cold like a thing that the sun had never touched. Now that without reservation she could speak she seemed to have no words to say. She looked at his mother from under her tired eyelids, and, because she could think of nothing else, asked a pregnant question: "Would you— Do you think you would have *liked* me if I had been—any one else—coming to you here?"

Mrs. Douglas was silent.

Anne flushed. She held on to her self-possession with an effort. Looking down at the little silk purse in her hand, she mechanically opened and shut the clasp. "I have to make you see," she declared, stolidly. "That is why I came—to make you see!"

"Make me see!" Mrs. Douglas lifted amazed eyes. "Make me see—what?"

"Make you see how wicked it was for you to try to put me out of his life!" She stepped closer, her voice thrilling with recovered confidence. "You thought—you imagined—that I would injure him in some way, and you wanted to protect him, I suppose. You thought I might hurt him because of my birth and position in the world. Did you ever think that I might *help* him?"

"Help him!" Mrs. Douglas repeated the last words incredulously.

Anne smiled. "Some law of *need* brought us together, speaking with passionate insistence. He *wanted* something in me—something he didn't have."

"Something in *you!*" Class prejudice was still uppermost in the disdainful emphasis.

Anne's face flamed. "For his future children, perhaps," she answered, proudly. "Women of your kind don't bear them—big men, strong men; and the world wants them. Why, can't you *see?*"

Mrs. Douglas turned away her shocked eyes, as if from a sight it would be indelicate to look upon.

Anne clasped her hands together in her lap—clasped them tightly. "It is true!" she reaffirmed—"what I am saying. It came to me all those long nights when I lay alone wondering, wondering what made you think you had the right to stop the wheels of my life because—of an opinion." She lifted her hands and pressed them passionately against her breast. "What makes you think you can judge what is good and bad for another person? Are you sure you know it when you see it—goodness? Are you sure"—she leaned forward—"are you *sure* you are good yourself? Were you ever tempted—here?" Her eyes flashed around the secluded room. "Have you ever gone to bed in a mean little room night after night, staring at the sky through a window no bigger than a band-box—like a prisoner? Have you taken off your clothes shivering as you listened to some Elevated train rattling past your—home? And then have you known that if you wanted to get a decent bite to eat, in a decent place, among decent people, you had to get it by sinning? Good? Yes, I'm good. Are you? Do you *know* it?"

The rush of her emotion had carried her off her feet, and it swept the other woman back in her chair, crouching like one who has been physically assaulted. Her eyes were wide and startled, as if a light had been flashed suddenly before them, while a voice cried, "Behold!"

Anne's face grew tender as she looked. Her hands relaxed and fell to her sides.

Mrs. Douglas trembled. "I don't want to hear any more!" she stammered, putting out her hands almost pathetically. "*Don't*—say any more!"

Anne grew suddenly pale. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I'm not begging. I'm asking for my rights!" She threw out her arms with the relieved expression

of one who is flinging the last weight from him in a race for a goal. "It has been seething in me all these months—the injustice of it! The knowledge that you were a woman, too—and had never thought of me! That you were a mother, too, and could trample me down! Why, I eat, and go to bed in my narrow room; I get up in the morning and go through the day, and go back and go to bed and sleep, and get up again and go back and go to sleep again, but that isn't living! I'm young still. There is blood in my veins. My heart beats. I am *alive* in this body that is going through the only motions you have left it. But don't you understand? I won't be young always." The blood flamed to her face, and she stopped, panting. "You are wicked," she ended, coldly. "That's what I have come to tell you—that you are wicked, and you don't *know* it!"

She reached forward with the first fierce gesture she had allowed herself, and closed her fingers around the other woman's arm, as if by the passionate pressure she could wake the sleeping pulses in that placid body. "Don't you see?" she whispered, with a voice touched with awe, "what a terrible thing it is to change the course of another woman's life?" She looked down at the frail hand she was holding, that hand which carried many trivial jeweled rings and its justifying gold band. "Don't you realize that you might as well have gone out and stabbed some one in the back as to try to take the chance of honest motherhood away from another woman? What made you think you could do it?" she demanded, bewildered at the majestic extension of her own thought. She flung the hand she was holding away in rebellion, as if emotion had at last broken every conventional barrier, and she, a primal thing, had only to do with the supreme problem of existing, and fighting for food, and mothering her young.

Mrs. Douglas put her hand to her face. Her eyes were still wide and startled. "Wicked," she faltered, referring back to the word as if unable to define it as applied to herself. A slow flush of comprehension lifted itself over her face. She looked down to her hands, her gown, around the dim, peaceful room.

Anne began to cry. She sat down in a chair and pressed the backs of her hands against her eyes to stop the flood of tears. "I'm not asking you to pity me," she defended herself. "I'm not begging for anything. I'm just asking for my right—the right to bear my children as you have born yours. I only want you to take the obstacle of your opinion out of my life, and leave me what is rightly mine."

"You think—?" Mrs. Douglas whispered, with frightened eyes.

"I think he can't *help* coming to me! I think we belong together." Her voice was choked. "And he will come, too, if you will get out of the way, because he *needs* me!"

There was an intense childishness in her tears. She had spoken almost with inspiration, driven by a dominating emotion. She wept with the little material self that was hurt.

"You *can't* take it from me," she moaned. "You can't. I'm going to fight. I can't live all my life without love! I want little hands around my neck—babies of my own! I've come all this way to make you see that it isn't right to have opinions about other peoples lives and act on them. It's a sin, that's what it is. The great sin!"

All restraint had fallen from her. She crouched in the chair, crowding her face against its back, the arraignment in her last words thrilling through the room.

Evening had fallen unnoticed, and everywhere there was that brooding lethargy that follows intense heat. A faint insinuating breeze stirred the scalloped edges of the awning at the window. The pictures on the wall were dim, the furniture hazy; nothing showed saliently. From outside came the rattle of passing cars and the hum of the street. Inside there was the breathlessness of rising and falling emotion—a silence that had no peace in it.

The little clock on the mantel-shelf began to strike the hour. It struck slowly, almost calmly, as if to silence the noise of emotion with its mechanical voice. One—two—three—four—*five!* There was the sound of footsteps in the hall outside, and then a man's voice whistling a popular air. There was something contented and desultory in

Drawn by T. K. Hanna

"I HAVE BEEN WANTING YOU—JUST YOU!"

the tone. One caught at once the sense of well-being, of every-day content.

If a pistol-shot had gone off in the room, the effect upon the two women could not have been more electrical. Anne raised her head and slowly turned her eyes to her mother-in-law's face as she listened incredulously to the easy, light tones of the voice outside. As she listened the stunned, blasted wonder grew on her face.

"*Is* it?" she breathed in an appalled whisper.

His mother did not even bow her head. Her eyes answered.

Anne gave a little blanched cry. "And he is—*whistling!*"

There was a long silence, so crucial that it seemed to Anne she was actually experiencing bodily pain. For a long year she had yearned and suffered and tortured her mind; she had fought and agonized, and he had been—whistling! She looked at the older woman before her, at the one obstacle she had intended to remove from her path, and stretched out her hands piteously. "He doesn't *care!*" she cried, terrified by the information so swiftly snatched, with the absence of logic of womankind, from an accident of circumstance. She stumbled to her feet.

"Oh," she moaned, "I thought *you* were the obstacle. I didn't know he had forgotten! He *couldn't* have whistled if he hadn't forgotten!" She stretched out groping hands.

The little moment of helpless feminine woe was more far-reaching in its effects than all that had gone before. His mother's face expressed at last a mothering instinct that had passed from the individual to the universal. The impulse of kind to succor kind spoke in her voice.

"Child!" she stammered, and gave her hands impulsively and mercifully.

Anne stumbled forward. "I didn't have any mother," she sobbed, clinging to those extended hands, her face all distorted with famine for tenderness. "That's why I wanted so to *be* one. Don't you understand?"

Mrs. Douglas hesitated for a moment, and, putting up embarrassed fingers, she brushed back a strand of hair from the girl's flushed brow. She moved awkwardly, as if she did not know just what to do with the involuntary emotion that was actuating her. Then, as she listened to the desultory whistling outside and looked down at the convulsed young face on her breast her lips trembled into a little understanding smile.

"Aren't *you* having an opinion now?" she asked, rebukingly, and then, releasing the hands she held she turned to the door. "Wait!"

Anne caught her as she passed. "Oh no! I don't want to see him! I don't *want* to!"

It was so dark in the room now that Mrs. Douglas had to grope her way to the door. "You are going to have your chance," she said. "I am going to give it to you. You told the truth: I haven't the right to judge. I am going to get out of the way—and see!"

But even as Anne gave voice to a resisting cry she had a swift impression of her mother-in-law's gray-clad figure framed in the doorway, the letting in of a shaft of light, and then—darkness.

Unconsciously she began to moan to herself. "I don't want it," she whispered the words aloud, "I don't want it—now! Please don't get him!—please!" She felt a shamed flush creeping to her very eyes, and put her hands over her face with a woman's swift instinct to seek shelter after having unwittingly humiliated herself.

She stumbled over to the window, groping blindly. She had been so sure that it was a cobweb of opinion that lay between them; mentally she had never pictured him save as manifesting a misery equal to her own. She had imbued him with her own feminine singleness of emotion, and in an instant a trivial, masculine act had thrown her from her mental focus. She thought of the words she had said to his mother, and burned from head to foot with self-conscious shame. "Let what is mine come to me . . ."

She heard the door opening, but she had no power to look around. The scent of the mignonette in the window-box was blown toward her by a passing breeze, and she knew that in all ways and for ever it would be associated in her mind with this moment of sick shame and defeat.

From the open door a full band of light fell into the room, and she felt his presence without moving. She turned abruptly like one in a trance, and moved forward with the stiff steps of a thing that walks without mental volition. Then, suddenly, she saw his face and figure as he stood in the light—his slender body and thin face, and she could have screamed at the mere naturalness of it. Why—he was her husband after all. He had always been her husband. He might have but opened the door of her room, after an hour's absence, and advanced with an every-day sentence on his lips.

The dominance of the reality, which had brought her back to him over bulwarks of opinion and class prejudice and compliant apathy, stirred in her again. She flamed with the primal strain. Her face glowed with beauty and strength. She advanced into the light with unerring footsteps. She stood at one end of that luminous band of light, and he at the other; and they looked into each other's eyes.

She did not stir, but the man moved forward. Slowly and inevitably he came, his face as slowly growing pale. It took three great strides to reach her. She was absolutely still under his hands. She felt his fingers slowly tightening on the flesh of her arms.

"She sent me!" he said, stammering. "My mother—" His hands trembled where they were clasped about her arms. He stared down at her as a man stares who has received a blow which has restored his memory. "I have been wanting you," he whispered, dizzily, as if surprised, as he spoke the words, at the depth of the long-undeclared need, "wanting—just you!"

She made no answer.

"I was going back," breathed the man, still in that stupefied tone. "I was thinking, when I put my latch-key in the door to-night, that you were the one big thing in life—that the rest didn't matter so much, after all!"

"You were thinking—to-night?" she repeated, dully. Then her voice, leaping to an astonished outcry, "But you were whistling—whistling!" Then, as she met his blank, uncomprehending stare, she began to laugh tearfully as a child laughs who has found that a broken toy may be mended, after all. "It is so absurd." Her voice choked in her throat. "When I came all this way to say how wicked it was to have an opinion—and *act* on it—and I was having one, too, and would have acted on it—if she hadn't stopped me; and it never was real at all. You *were* caring all the time—even if you did whistle." She leaned closer, her lips parted, her eyes swimming with light. "Oh, you *man!*"

Half closing her eyes, she waited to feel his arms gently encircling her, the familiar roughness of his coat, the beat of his racing heart—to feel his cheek as it bent down to her hair with a shame-faced emotion. Then she lifted herself with all the throbbing beautiful life and vitality in her body to his embrace.

"Oh, let me love you, love you, *love* you!" she sighed. She drooped a little as she felt the long-coveted support of his hands under her shoulders. Then turning her cheek to his breast, "I am so tired," she whispered, confidingly, "so tired."

Do Insects Migrate Like Birds?

BY HOWARD J. SHANNON

OVER the dunes they drive, often veering to the wind as they crest the highest mounds of sand, then, after balancing upon even wings again, in innumerable multitudes they volley past. Increasingly, impressively, portentously they come in a driving hail of green bodies and gleaming wings; or, rather, they seem like an invading winged army with glittering hosts overspreading the entire width of the beach, and with rank beyond rank, company beyond company, steadily emerging from the misty distance as far as the eye can penetrate. For I am crouched beneath the crest of a sea-shore dune, watching the vast spectacle of the seldom observed and less understood dragon-fly migration sweeping over the shore.

They travel parallel with the ocean, and in irregularly regular order—that is, at fairly even distances apart; and so concerted is the movement that even my sudden striking gesture with the net turns aside only the insects immediately attacked; it does not disturb the onsweeping advance of the general body that seems like a sentient river in irresistible, ceaseless flow. Indeed, their number is enormous! For a brief calculation of the numerical strength of the ranks—that is, the number of insects passing in a given minute, when multiplied by the period of time, two hours, during which the hastening hosts were in transit—produces the impressive though probably underestimated total of three hundred and sixty thousand dragon-flies. When I look toward their unknown haven in the West I see rank beyond crowding rank, cloud beyond hastening cloud enfilading off between the grass-covered dunes, with the September sunlight all aglitter and ashimmer upon the retreating, slanting bayonets of innumerable shining wings.

How were they marshaled—these columns, regiments, and companies without number? What impulse or purpose captains them in united flight? And the same questions confront the curious observer who considers those other insect hosts which traverse the earth or the upper and lower avenues of the air.

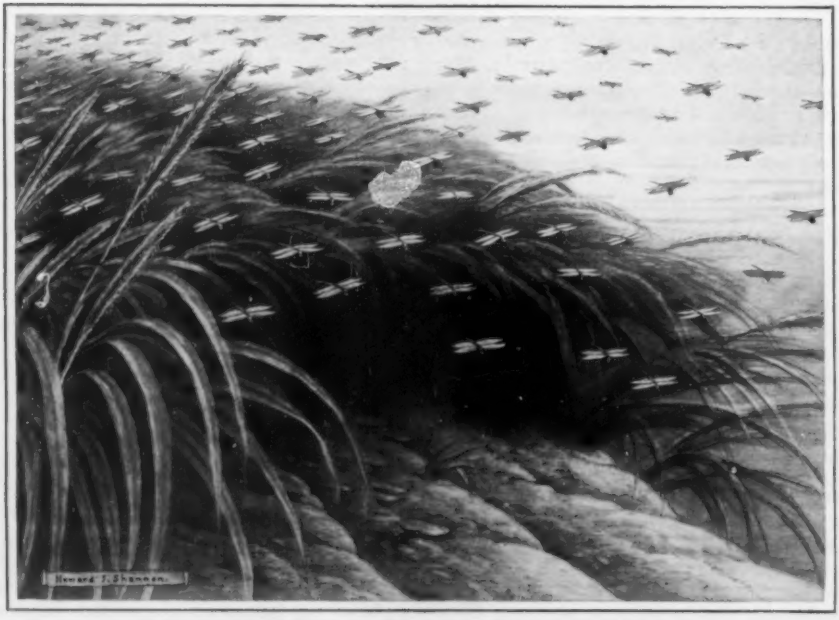
Not all of these impressive manifestations are contained in the same category; sharp differences exist in the initial impulses, characteristics, and results of forced marches in the insect world. Most of us know the army worm's activities; for example, those swarming, caterpillar myriads which recently appeared in damaging numbers in the vicinity of New York, but which in their most devastating marches through New England have left broad belts of barren brown where the timothy and blue-grass waved, and in their impetuous advances upon the harvest lands have swarmed over sheds and houses in their path so that such structures have been literally covered with a moving, black curtain of the hungry hordes.

The blight of the Western locusts may be recalled—how in certain unforgetable years they have risen above their native plateaus along the Rocky Mountains, and after appearing in the far western sky as shining clouds of sunlit, membranous wings advancing in fan-like formation over the wheat-lands of Kansas, Missouri, and neighboring states, they have settled down as masses of jumping, struggling, voracious mouths that marched and countermarched over fields, over fences, through brooks and larger streams here, there, everywhere—even into the forests, devouring every living green thing and leaving devastation behind. In such ways did the pestilential locust of the Scriptures originate in the mountain regions of Arabia and descend upon the fields of Egypt, for such is the behavior of its descendants to-day.

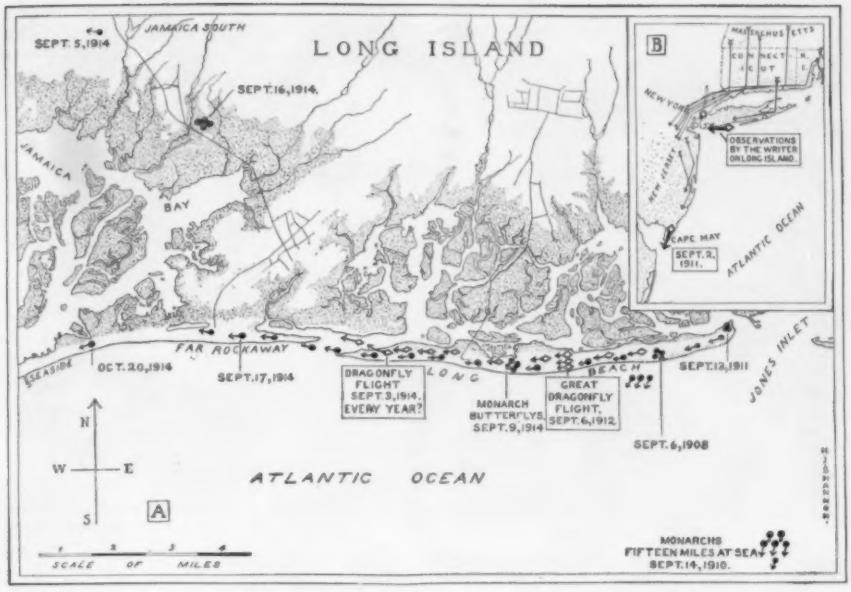
But these are not true migrations. For the army worm is always with us, and only in certain years of favorable weather (a wet season following one of drought) are its numbers able to increase until they assume the proportions of a plague; their so-called march is only an advance upon more and better food. The Rocky Mountain locust's behavior, too, is due to an exceptional increase in numbers that demand new feeding-grounds, so they take flight from their mountain strongholds just as European lemmings desert home fields and travel over land and water until the animals eventually cast themselves into the North Sea. These instances of massed movement are largely due to the production of unusual numbers which move outward from exhausted home fields, seeking a new food-supply; there is no annual exodus from one region and a return in the following season, such as one finds in certain birds and fishes.

Some hint of this trait appears, however, in the locust's after behavior. For, in the summer following the invasion, the progeny of these swarms often take a united and extensive flight northwestward from the Missouri lands of their invasion in an attempt, as Dr. Riley believed, to reach their home breeding-grounds along the Rockies' foot-hills. But many fall by the way, and, although when met by adverse winds they settle to the ground and await more favorable breezes, few ever return to the land of their origin.

A Southern traveler, also, is sometimes described as a migrant, but the attempt is abortive. For when the cotton-worm multiplies excessively—when brood follows brood until the productive fields are aswarm with the moths, and cotton-plants hang all ragged and torn—then these fully developed moths, the products of the latest births, rise in great companies, particularly on cloudy days, and with a strength and unity of flight hitherto unmanifested, the great, brown flocks advance over the Carolinas, Virginia, and in some years even over the autumn shores of Long Island and New York. Indeed, they fly farther still,



A GLITTERING HAIL OF GREEN BODIES AND GLEAMING WINGS



INSECT MIGRATION ROUTES ON LONG ISLAND

(Dragon-flies represented by lozenge-tipped arrows; "monarchs" by circle-tipped arrows.)
The flight at Cape May would seem to be a continuation of the Long Island movement. At both places the movements coincide with the flight lines of migratory birds (indicated by feathered arrows as determined by C. C. Trowbridge.)

even to Wisconsin and Canada; moreover, so late in the year is their impetuous advance pursued that they once swept within the city limits of Pittsburg during an early-winter snow-storm. But these far travelers never return to native, Southern fields, nor do they leave any progeny in Northern lands so laboriously gained; this impulsive, irrepressible, almost explosive outburst of multitudinous life from the South is ended by the Northern winter, when the worn wings close, and with autumn leaves and first snowflakes all alike are swept away.

A presumably true migrant, and the only one hitherto known, is our "monarch," or milkweed butterfly—that familiar, red-winged, black-limbed hoverer above roadside blooms and swamp-land flowers. For it does fly south in autumn and is believed to return with the following spring. Indeed, many notable autumn flights in Western states have been reported, for there great, ruddy flocks often swarm for miles and move southward in immense clouds, while lesser flocks appear in the East. But peculiar opportunities for such observations are offered by southern Long Island beaches where the southward-flying insects, becoming confused by the land limits fronting the wide waters, hesitate and reveal their hidden purposes. For, although great flocks *do* fly directly southward over the sea, usually they turn westward along the shore in a sidewise diversion that, with every recurring year, converts these barrier beaches into great migratory-insect highways.

Ruddy, black-veined, beating wings are passing in considerable numbers almost any mid-August or September day, and as three miles of salt-marsh and open water separate this particular Long Beach sand-pit (my principal place of observation) from the mainland, these butterflies can be nothing less than migrants, for almost all are trending westward. During pleasant days, steadily fluttering units traverse the dunes in an intermittent but unquestionable proces-

TRUE MIGRANTS FOLLOWING THE SEA-SHORE HIGHWAYS

sion, hinting at some slowly marshaling assemblage farther to the west; in blustery weather gathering companies congregate on the beach-grass or bayberry shelters, and fitfully flutter about the swaying stems and twigs. But when sunset approaches they gather for evening rest, and reveal a more splendid sight. For still greater companies, advancing and foregathering from the east, come clustering to all the surrounding vegetation till golden-rod plants are almost hidden beneath the winged clouds that settle there. They fringe every terminal stalk with red wings arranged in pendent series, or cling closer in massed myriads that sleep more quietly along the lower leaves; while, farther away, the more restless groups and clustering clans, settling and resettling themselves in the level, autumn light, seem to glow and flame, then die to flame again like uptossed embers from half-extinguished signal-fires set here and there among the hollow, purple dunes between me and the setting sun.

Their individual behavior, too, is far different from that of the butterfly when traveling alone; but this transformation is common to other insects moving in mass, and, in the writer's opinion, bears a probable relationship to distinctive traits revealed in certain human gatherings—psychic peculiarities such as the half-hypnotic contagions in which individual desires are submerged, resulting in a sense of invincibility and an abeyance of the instinct of self-preservation that Le Bon has called the "psychology of the crowd." These down-drooping wings can be gently stroked without exciting alarm; separate insects can be lifted to one's finger so that four slender legs clasp this unusual support until, in the presence of such allowed intimacies, one marvels at the mysterious new nature with which the shy creatures have been informed, enabling them to move in unhesitating unison upon their continental journey.

Specific evidences of such annual ventures are now very considerable, not only in Long Island and the Western states, but also in New York City (where the writer has seen such migrating butterflies flying westward over City Hall Park), New Jersey, New England, and Canada; while their presumable return in spring (tentatively accepted by most entomologists) completes the reciprocal movement between north and south, the only autumnal exodus and spring return

which is generally believed to take place in the North-American insect world.

What meaning, then, attaches to our great dragon flight? Were they driven to some farther station by a scarcity of food? Such a reason is unacceptable, for the near meadows still swarmed with insects, and the nuptial or marriage flight of the sea-shore ants was yet to take place—that great aerial festival when the lower and upper spaces of the air are thronged with millions of the hitherto invisible, virgin queens upon which the dragons may, and often do, forage and satiate themselves.

Were they searching for water in which to lay their eggs? For this medium is the essential element in which young dragons are born and pass their larval and nymphal life. This reason—the drying up of home ponds—has been accepted by many students as a solution of other flights; but swarms have been seen passing over ponds in their path of advance, and large, perennial bodies of water are wide-spread to the north of this particular region. Moreover, meteorological observations at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, show that the year of flight, 1912, was not especially dry. So, in the writer's opinion, this reason fails to account for the dragon's multitudinous advance upon the unknown.

Then, too, certain later observations of lesser flights seem to show that these movements are annual events. In late August or September days the large dragons, as well as the "monarch" butterflies, habitually travel westward along this Long Island ocean-shore in a grand, undeviating procession which reveals unmistakable characteristics of an insect migration, for, in contrast to their usual helter-skelter dashings to and fro among the summer dunes, their flight is steady, unfaltering, and imbued with the peculiar distinction and dignity assumed by all creatures when on pilgrimage. For now it is the race or species, rather than the individual, whose future and integrity is involved; so, all through the long September afternoons, these gold-hued and viridian dragons, with silver wings glinting in the light, sail steadily onward, undeterred, intent, oblivious.

By following their course along the beach one discovers that no change of direction takes place; where dune slopes lead they inevitably follow mile after mile; and when the beach extremity is

MIGRATING "MONARCHS" RESTING AT EVENING

gained and only the wide channel and open ocean lie before, up, up and away they fly northwestward, where, beyond the intervening waters, Rockaway's outlands stretch far toward the sunset. "Monarchs" follow the same northwestward course, flutter across the ocean channel, and take up their westward journey on the other side. So it would seem that both creatures are diverted from their southward course by this east-and-west-lying coast, the only such ocean-shore between Nova Scotia and Florida, so they are compelled to travel toward the mainland seeking an overland route to their presumable winter station in a warmer region.

As these movements are now seen to be annual events that recur day after day in regular succession, why have they never been defined before? One reason is that the processions are much broken and scattered. For repeated tests have shown that often, even at the height of the migration, one "monarch" will fly out of sight long before another appears; so, if the observer did not know that a definite movement was taking place, the occasional butterflies that fluttered by would fail to attract attention. On one mid-August day of last year, for instance, twenty-seven butterflies passed westward between eleven-thirty in the morning and two-fifteen in the afternoon; on August 31st, twelve passed in about the same period; on September 3d, fifty or more flew past against the northwest wind. At other times they pass in scattered groups of a dozen or in clouds of hundreds. Moreover, much the same statements hold true of the dragon-flies, for they, too, pass by at wide intervals, or in clusters of a dozen or more; sometimes a mingled cloud of "monarchs" and dragons drift west together.

A RETURNING MIGRANT FROM THE SOUTH

The torn and weather-worn wings bear all the marks of extensive travel.

Still, judging from many European observations, much vaster dragon swarms must traverse this country, even though they are almost unknown. For such descriptive phrases as "we saw a great cloud approaching the ship from the shore," or "a great cloud came up from the north, so great that for hours it darkened the sun," or "millions upon millions swept past during the day"—all these attest to the immense numbers that travel in the Old World. That they are unseen here is due, in part, to the fact that they fly at great altitudes. Even the Long Beach swarm of 1912 began to mount higher as it approached tall buildings to the westward where the writer followed them; and, as already noted, the later flights, upon approaching the ocean channel terminating that beach, suddenly darted to higher levels and soon vanished from sight. Indeed, a recent test shows that lofty altitudes are habitually visited by dragons, for, by taking his stand upon the Elevated station at Gates Avenue and Broadway, Brooklyn—the center of a populated section over a mile from water in any direction—the writer was able to see dragons flying about over the houses, while higher still were several others cruising about at so great an elevation within the blue that only an occasional white cloud rendered them visible. So, although these individuals were not truly migrating, the traveling swarms might easily pass over great cities. Undoubtedly they do so pass over the lower portion of Manhattan Island, which lies in their direct coastwise route coming down from the east and north.

As these Long Island insect-routes coincide with local bird-routes, they suggest the probability that such parallel movements are in the nature of a general law. For many birds, too (as shown by the exhaustive studies of C. C. Trowbridge), are diverted westward by the coast-line here, and travel along these land-limits only to turn southward upon reaching the mainland and continue down the Jersey shore. At Cape May swarms of *Anax junius*, the same dragon observed on Long Island, have

SOME MIGRATORY DRAGON-FLIES OF NORTH AMERICA AND EUROPE

been seen in southwestward flight during September by Herman Wolff, while the "monarchs" habitually make an autumnal journey there as shown by Dr. Holland's October observations. Doubtless these insects are the same individuals which have traversed the Long Island or Connecticut shore; and the coincidence of their route with the bird-routes must be more than accidental.

Still further confirmations of this theory of identical routes for both winged creatures is offered by such few instances of insect migrations as are recorded in this country. Mr. Saverner, a student of bird migration in the West, noticed that a regular bird-route which comes down from the North, passes out over Point Pelee to the various islands in western Lake Erie, and then continues southward to the Ohio shore, is also a route for "monarchs." He observed them there for three successive autumns. They came down through the country, passed along this point, or peninsula, and then traveled away over the lake to the southward; and, as the butterflies flew in open order, one at a time and in a scattered procession, this student of bird activities wondered if it was, indeed, a true insect migration. Undoubtedly it was such a movement, and strikingly analogous, both in manner of flight and in its coincidence with a great migratory bird-route, to the writer's observations on Long Island.

So few dragon flights are recorded in this country that their nature is almost unknown. To be sure, a great flight of *Epiæschna heros* was observed at Fairbury, Illinois, on August 13, 1881, when they were moving southwestward. They have been reported as not uncommon events in Tennessee, while at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, a flight has been reported as taking place annually and lasting several days. As the movements occur in September, and follow the same direction, which (although not given) is probably south through Sheboygan and along the west coast of Lake Michigan, the line of flight very likely coincides with a bird-route leading down the Mississippi Valley to the south. Otherwise North-American swarms are almost unknown.

But an examination of the more detailed reports gathered from sixty or more records in Europe, and from the year 1494 to the present time, shows not only that spring flights are northward and autumnal flights are toward the south, supporting the theory of a seasonal interchange, but also that to a quite remarkable degree they coincide with the coast-lines and the courses of large rivers, which are the routes traversed by the birds. Of course, as Eagle Clarke says of the birds, "there are many subsidiary routes of only a local nature," and this statement must also apply to the insects; but the great, well-defined trunk routes find a remarkable parallel in these scattered observations by many observers and throughout widely scattered years when dragon-fly swarms have been seen.

Autumnal flights pass southward near Genouille, along the west coast of France, every year; while others seen at Havre in October, and in Switzerland during September, were trending southwest, which would take them along the peninsula of Spain or even farther south. Northward flights in spring have usually been observed in May, except farther

DRAGON-FLY MIGRATION ROUTES IN EUROPE

Scattered observations seem to show that a northward movement takes place in spring and a southward flight in autumn. In many places the lines of flight correspond to the coastwise or river-valley air-lanes which are followed by migrating birds. Bird-routes, as determined by Palmen, Menzbier, and Eagle Clarke, are indicated by the dotted lines.

north in northern England, Sweden, and Finland. They, too, follow the same coastwise courses along western France, Belgium, the Netherlands (as determined by traced and co-ordinated observations); then they pass across the English Channel to the west coast of the British Isles, as the bird-routes do, and continue northward as shown by observations of the swarms in 1911 at Penarth Head and at St. Annes-by-the-Sea. June flights, too, have been seen crossing the channel at Berwick, parties of four or five flying up over the low cliffs and proceeding inland. The noted bird-observatory, the island of Helgoland, is visited regularly each year by enormous swarms that depart as mysteriously as they come.

On the continent as well, these movements coincide very closely with bird-routes laid down by Palmen and Menzbier; great swarms have passed over Denmark and southern Sweden, as the migrating birds do. Other flights have swept northeast over Reval, Russia, coinciding with a bird-route there, while observations at Tvärminne, in Finland, during the years 1906 and 1907, seem to show that several June and July flights passed northeastward along the coast in a line which coincides very perfectly with the bird-routes continuing up the Finnish coast to the far North.

Even inland flights in Germany confirm the theory, as nearly all observations were recorded in valleys or along rivers and lakes. In fact, Weissenborn, in 1839, found, by correspondence among neighboring observers, that a great swarm observed by him as going north at Weimar had companioning swarms moving north at Halle, and west at Eisenach; and as these movements coincided with the flow of the several rivers—the Ilm, the Saale, and the Nesse, respectively, upon which these towns are situated, he proposed the theory that swarms fly in the direction of the river currents. This was a significant suggestion; but when laid down as a general law it is no less far-fetched than are the causes he adduces for the flight itself. For the facts he noted

merely mean, of course, that the dragons, like the birds, follow the river valleys; and as in this case they were going north, the flow of the water into the North Sea and the insect movements coincided.

In western Russia, also, the direction of the spring bird migration—north tending to northeast, according to von Middendorf, and following to a large extent the course of the river Dneiper—is paralleled by the records of a few dragon flights. For all were seen along streams tributary to that river or to the river Don, and bearing north or northeast. So the European flights, with very few exceptions, seem to support the theory which our Long Island phenomena suggest—namely, that northward dragon-fly flights in spring and the southward flights in autumn follow prescribed routes that parallel the courses of the birds. Certain apparently contradictory records are not considered very reliable, particularly the southward flight on the Russian coast at Libau in May (which was verbally related to Koppen.) Some local land feature may in this instance have diverted the flight which afterward corrected itself to follow a more northerly or northeasterly direction.

Any evidence regarding the winter stations of either "monarchs" or dragons is very meager. Whether the butterflies winter in our Southern states, in Mexico, or in the West Indies is unknown. Nor do we know where the dragons go. Indeed, the fact that certain migratory species (*Anax junius* and *Libellula quadrimaculata*, of a certainty) lay their eggs in Northern ponds, and that these eggs hatch into larvæ or nymphs which live on the pond-bottoms for six months, or, possibly, for a year or for a longer period, would seem to raise a question why the dragons fly south at all. For, apparently, the future of the race is already secured. Yet, as Eimer claims he found them loaded with ripe eggs while they were flying south through Sils Maria in September, he assumes that they were traveling to a warmer climate for further breeding. Then, too, both sexes comprise these swarms (they have even been seen together, completing their nuptials, during the flight), and as the life period—in fact, the entire life history of the larger dragons—has never been completely made out, there is no reason why these strong-flying adults should not lengthen their existence by one or even by several southern sojourns where breeding could continue. This supposition is confirmed by the widely recorded distribution of *Anax junius*, our Long Island migrant. It is found not only throughout North America, but also in the Hawaiian Islands, China, the West Indies, and Central America.

Studies at Tvärminne by Federley uphold this idea that the swarming movement is connected with a psychological impulse to wander coexistent with the breeding instinct; but he believes that the wandering is without a definite goal. Yet, as he says, the constant direction they follow in Finland—the same coastwise course for two years in succession—shows that the movement is not indiscriminate and raises a profound question. By means of our widely collected evidence this question now seems to have been solved. It should be added, however, that the incompleteness of data as to the life-periods of these dragons renders it not impossible that individuals flying north in spring are the progeny of those which flew south in the preceding or even an earlier autumn, while autumn flights may be largely composed of the offspring of earlier invaders from the South. That is, the balance and interchange between North and South may affect generations rather than individuals, which is true, in a limited and occasional degree, of the migratory movements of Rocky Mountain locusts.

If the parallel between bird and insect holds true, one would expect to find a spring northward movement of both "monarchs" and dragons in this country. Actual records are very slight. Much-worn "monarchs" with faded and scaleless wings have been seen flying north in late May by observers at Minneapolis; Dr. Riley has repeatedly observed them in spring going northwestward against the wind; while the writer has found such a faded, torn-winged "monarch" flying in the June fields near Jamaica, L. I. On the other hand, no such dragon flights are known if we except

the two rather confirmatory June flights seen on the Massachusetts coast by the bird student Bradford Torrey. But, judging from the law which has been proposed, they as well as the "monarchs" should move up the Mississippi Valley — the autumn routes already mentioned—and in the East they should follow the Hudson, the Housatonic, the Connecticut valleys, and the Eastern coast, which are all great trunk routes of the birds. During spring flights, however, both insects and birds would not be obstructed and turned aside by the Long Island coastline as they are in autumn. They would naturally advance in wider, more open order, so no opportunities exist for observations of narrow, crowded avenues of travel here in spring such as form so striking a feature of the autumn shore.

It is strange indeed that insect migrations and the laws which govern them have been so neglected, for many are considered rather anomalous, almost haphazard manifestations. To be sure, many insects *do not* migrate, just as some birds live in an approximately fixed habitat. But, whereas such birds live as active adults, the non-migrating insects either hibernate in the mature, winged form, or pass the cold months in the egg or crysalid stage. And, also, some butterfly swarmings may resemble the aimless, unproductive outbursts of the cotton-moths. Nevertheless, a deeper significance is given to many reports scattered throughout scientific literature by reason of this theory concerning laws of time, direction, and route which govern the movements of an unknown number of the smaller winged creatures. Eagle Clarke's observation, while studying bird movements from the Kentish Knock lightship, that the thistle butterfly *Vanessa cardui* flew toward England from the Continent against a head wind *at night*, opens interesting possibilities of further discovery, for this butterfly is believed by many entomologists to migrate from the mainland to the British Isles every year. Along the California coast, too, this same butterfly, the most widely distributed of all such insects, sometimes moves northward in great swarms that may come from Mexico. The green-clouded swallow-tail, too, *Papilio troilus*, and the giant swallow-tail, *Papilio cresphontes*, were seen by Saverner flying in company with the "monarchs" and going south along the bird-route which extends across western Lake Erie; so all these species (with an unknown number of others) are certainly partial, or perhaps even true, migrants in some parts of this country.

Tropical observations also give evidence that the movements are more than accidental. Vast coastwise swarms annually traverse the shores of British India; small yellow butterflies also undertake great journeys there, while another species, related to our swallow-tails, is believed to travel from that country to the island of Ceylon every year. Others make periodical journeys along the Venezuelan coast and in the Amazon Valley; so there, too, the recurring activities seem to be quite different from aimless wanderings, and more in the nature of racial functions intimately bound up with the creature's life history.

Indeed, accumulating evidences show that the principles and laws governing the better-known bird migrations have a remarkable parallel in the annual movements of certain members of the insect world. They, too, are influenced in their flight by meteorological and geographical conditions which deflect and determine the bird-routes, and their psychologies react to the traveling impulses which are unsatisfied in some cases with anything less than a world-wide distribution. And whatever causes were originally responsible for the migratory movements of birds, we may be sure that the movements of certain of the smaller creatures are equally ancient and have been affected by the same or similar factors. In fact, if we could lift the veil which hides the distant past we might see that certain of the apparently feebler, but in some cases more ancient orders, of animal life were the first to follow those natural and clearly defined avenues which traverse the continental spaces, only to return, after long travels, to their native home.

The Saint

BY HARRISON RHODES

I HAD the honor of Rujdi's acquaintance—if honor is precisely what it was—at Tangier. The first time I saw him he occupied the table next mine outside the Café de Paris in the Little Soko—the squalid, crowded, gay, unworthy little open place where the fantastic Franco-Hispano-Moorish cosmopolitanism of the town surges for ever to and fro as if arranged by a supremely obliging stage-manager for the sole benefit of tourists and idlers seated as I was. It was my first afternoon in the town; had it been my second I should doubtless have known my neighbor by sight, and possibly by reputation; as it was, I formed my own opinion.

He was an elegant creature, and no ordinary Tangerine Moor, I felt certain. The agreeable combination of dull blue and pale straw-yellow which he wore reminded me of Tunis, where the best-dressed young gentlemen affect even light pinks and mauves, and are admittedly the dandies of the North-African coast. He viewed the scene of the Little Soko with eyes that were sharp and watchful and yet, contradictory though it may seem, also tolerant, amused, and meditative. I decided then that he was both a rascal and a philosopher, and I am still excessively proud of that first day's estimate.

All Tangier, I found, agreed with me that he was a rascal. They were less certain that he was a philosopher. But his acquaintance procured me in due time proof upon this point, and brought me to know the story I have now to tell of his stay in Bar-el-Azrah, the Holy Place, and his escape from there.

As to his rascality of the moment, he was supposed, so I was told, to be deep in a plot with some corrupt French land officials to vitiate the titles of most of the native landowners in the village where he had been born, so that a land-development company might grab it. Indeed, it appeared that from an early day it had appealed to him to combine the trickeries of Europe and Africa. Foreign grants and concessions, native bribery and wire-pulling, had always been his affair. It was upon intrigues of this character, in favor of some foreign syndicate, that he had gone to Bar-el-Azrah, and on account of them that his neck had been in danger from the Shereef of the Holy Place and from the Sultan of that moment, whom Allah did not preserve—for this is a story of the days before the sultans of Morocco came to live in palaces that are only prisons at Tangier.

Such operations in high finance were of course his most gentlemanly faults. He was also reported—in the legations—to have an interest in the two gambling establishments at which at that time young Moors and young men from Gibraltar and Cadiz met in the strangest confusion of tongues and costumes which can ever have existed around the green tables. He was more vaguely reported to have interests in other establishments, less reputable but equally profitable. Certainly he was willing enough to see that strangers found their way to all the *agréments* of the town without taking it upon himself to judge of the moral value of pleasure.

To my credit or discredit, I was considerably in his company while I was at Tangier, though I protest it was mostly upon the *terrasse*, where I first met him, or upon the hard dais of a dark little den of a Café Maure, where the coffee was remarkable, and the proprietor, a withered and ancient Moor, paid my companion almost incredible respect, probably for good if dark reasons. Rujdi was one of the most agreeable persons you could see in the world, whatever you might think of his moral character. And I believe he found me agreeable, what-

ever he may have thought of mine. I presume that he saw in me the makings of either a rogue or an honest man; I was content not to know which.

It was in Mustapha's coffee-stall that I caught the first hint of the story of Bar-el-Azrah. There came into its gloom late one afternoon a venerable, white-bearded man clad in the coarse brown sacking which is the simple costume of so many poor, venerable men in Morocco. He had a long staff in his hand, and he somehow suggested that he was a pilgrim from across far, dusty, desert ways. He sat down mildly and drank his coffee. After a moment I went on with my conversation with Rujdi. At the sound of my companion's voice the old man turned his head. Rujdi stopped. In the half-darkness the stranger peered at us. Then he gave a kind of cry and, mumbling things in Arabic which I could not understand, came across toward us. He leaned forward, staring, and, falling on his knees, caught the edge of Rujdi's burnoose and bent his head to the ground over it. Then he broke into a kind of chant that might well have been a psalm of praise. My companion rose, it seemed to me impatiently. I even thought his pale face grew a little flushed. He pulled his flowing garment away from the brown-sacked pilgrim who still knelt, with eyes fixed wonderingly upon him. I thought we were about to break—I can only call it that—for the open, when suddenly, as if falling from the little patch of African sky which we could see through the doorway, there came from the minaret of the mosque in the next street the call to evening prayer. With an arresting gesture Rujdi seemed to say that the muezzin had intervened in an unseemly discussion. The venerable stranger and the venerable proprietor of the booth turned their faces to Mecca. And we, blasphemously—so it seemed to me—strode out, almost across their prostrate forms.

As we came into the white Tangier street lit by a sunset sky, Rujdi laughed ironically. "To miss evening prayer is terrible sin for us," he said. "But it will teach that swine of the desert—" He stopped abruptly. I wondered excessively what it was designed to teach the mild, aged creature we had left. But I was, for a time, left to wonder.

The final episode in Tangier can be told briefly. I was at the café in the Little Soko. Rujdi was at the next table when there came by young Mercier and a certain Fontière whom I had met that very day at lunch at the Hôtel de l'Esplanade. Fontière had been up-country on some government mission. He was an amazing fellow, full of strange Moorish lore. It was no surprise to me that he knew Rujdi and paused an instant to accost him. But his exact greeting was incredible. Its effect was as if a whirlwind had seized me as I sat at a cheap European tin table before a mongrel café and transported me instantly into the ancient secret Morocco which lies for ever at Tangier's gates, that land where a wild fanatical religion is making its last fight against the West.

"*Tiens*," said Fontière to Rujdi, "I thought you were a saint at Bar-el-Azrah."

Rujdi did not bat an eyelid. "No longer," he said, with grave politeness. But when Mercier and Fontière appeared to be looking for a table on the terrace, he rose. "Come," he said to me, "let us go to Mustapha's. You had better hear the story from me than from him. I think perhaps I tell it, and know it, better."

There is very little sense of time in the East. There was very little in Mustapha's booth. No one came to interrupt us except the old man occasionally bringing coffee. The rest of the time he squatted by the street door, and, by Rujdi's orders, in my belief, turned away custom. I know I must abridge the story, for I remember that we sat there until the little patch of African sky which one could see grew pale lemon-yellow and then flushed with sunset pink in which at last there shone a large, soft star—and still Rujdi went on. I must abridge, and I must translate from the mixed French and English he used. But I shall try to make it his story—and his philosophy.

He had gone to Bar-el-Azrah, as has been earlier suggested, on the somewhat dubious business of a concession which,

so far as I could understand, had to do with handing over to a French syndicate of lands belonging to the *zaouia*, or monastery of Azrah, of which the Shereef, as direct descendant of the Saint, was hereditary abbot, or head. To this end the Sultan's palm was to be considerably greased, I gathered. Now, whether the Sultan thought that this greasing was insufficient because Rujdi had tried to hold back a good portion of the foreign funds for himself, or whether, the plan for alienating the monastery lands having been betrayed to the Shereef, his Majesty could save his dignity only by discrediting the intermediary, I was not definitely told. Does it, after all, matter, since it so singularly led to sainthood?

The occasion of Rujdi's visit to Bar-el-Azrah and the Holy Place was the season of the Sultan's solemn pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint, traditional every seven years, which on this occasion his Majesty had planned to combine with some profitable spoliation of the Saint's descendant. Since then I have been to Azrah, at the time of the ordinary yearly festival, and even under the tranquilizing French régime the town seethed and fermented with all the varied humanity of South Morocco, and even of the desert, from as far—they told me—as Lake Chad. In the old days, with the Sultan and all the followers of his caravan from Morocco City encamped outside the *zaouia* gates, it must have been even more tumultuous and barbaric.

Rujdi had preceded the Sultan by a fortnight, and was domiciled—in extreme comfort, we may be sure—in a house which he had taken near the Mosque of Ali. The Sultan came, and, as was the custom, the Shereef supped with him in his tent on the evening preceding his solemn visit to the tomb of the Saint. Rujdi supped, too, "probably better than the two great men," so he commented, "though not in their immediate presence." Here and there in the white town dance-music and tom-toms kept on through the night, and in the street along the river women sat outside their doors almost till day, like jeweled idols on lamp-lit shrines.

"I came home as the crescent of the dying moon rose," said Rujdi. "I was happy in all that the night had been of pleasure and all that the day would be of profit. I thanked Allah, and it was with no evil in my heart that in order to enter in at my house I kicked out of my way a saint, a holy marabout, who was sleeping in humility upon my doorsill. Earlier I had resented him. I had thought that the royal pilgrimage attracted far too many of these fellows from their villages and their little corners of the land that edges the desert. I realized that each village needed its example of piety, but I sometimes thought that weakness of the intellect and incapacity to earn another living were perhaps all that was needed to be such a lesser marabout or saint. May the Prophet forgive me if I underestimated a great and difficult profession. I have been told that in the American religion, unlike the French religion, you do not believe in saints. You are wrong, monsieur; you should try to be one."

Mustapha brought fresh coffee and a small bottle of orange-flower water with which to perfume it. Rujdi went on:

"It was at a little before dawn that Zembi came to me. He was a creature who had already had much gold from me. Now he demanded fifty louis before he would tell his news. I gave it, but it was poor news for so much money. I was betrayed, and even as we spoke they might be coming from the Sultan's tents to seize me."

Here I omit an intricate passage designed to convince me of the absurdity and injustice of any proceeding against him. I remember that it ended, characteristically enough, "It was then, when I saw what was capable of happening to me, that for the first time I completely recognized the wickedness of man."

Rujdi spoke lightly, and even with some gaiety, of the danger he stood in. Yet he made me feel it—the fierce and sudden punishment which could pounce upon any one in these regions where law and justice had not altered, except for the worse, in centuries. I did not believe Rujdi had been innocent, but I grew a little chill as I thought of that gray dawn in Azrah, and death that might come with it.

"Zembi, before he went away, had told me that the city gates were watched. I had little faith in Zembi; still, somehow, I knew I had small chance of getting away. Yet I wanted them not quite to find me waiting tamely at home. I went quickly down the staircase and opened the door. Then I stopped. The wretched holy man had waked, and by him in the filth of the street crouched two or three pious admirers of his saintliness who had brought small bowls of food for his refreshment. He was gobbling it up and grinning from time to time upon his dupes. Somehow the sight made me furious. This creature was free—free from both toil and fear. The pious fed him, though they fed him vilely, and he slept without anxiety, though upon my door-sill, for even the Sultan of Morocco would hesitate to harm one of the chosen fools of Allah who sit by the wayside. I stepped forward quickly in my anger, and I struck the bowl in which he was gobbling from his hand. As it clattered on the stones set in the street I caught in the eyes of those kneeling there the look of fright and anger at my sacrilege.

"'Ah,' I cried, half aloud, 'this it is to be holy.'

"And then in that quick instant the miracle happened. My mind worked with a swiftness which was not the swiftness of the minds of other men. I am to-day uncertain whether Allah or the foulest fiend prompted me. But I saw the way to safety and to certain satirical satisfactions.

"'This it is to be holy,' I cried to them in a loud voice. 'Know that I am holier than he.'

"Then I took my cloak from off me—it was the color of rich cream and saffron—and threw it over the marabout's shoulders. I cried loudly to those there that Allah called me to share all with them, and soon I was standing before them as He sent me into the world.

"In the interests of a decency which the dogs themselves did not feel, I tore a rag from the marabout's vile cloak and bound it about me.

"'Come,' I cried, 'you shall eat of the best.' And I rushed into the house. There had been the day before a stewed kid with almonds and a sweet pastry. I brought them forth and put them before the greedy creatures in the street. And while they fell upon the victuals, such as they had doubtless never seen before, I gathered from the ground the trampled food earlier placed before the holy man, and—yes, I ate it."

The quarter was roused by their cries and tumults and this new holiness. Rujdi, who in the interval had daubed his body and hair with street mud, called the crowd that had gathered into the house.

"Take of my house what you like," he cried in ecstasy. "What are the world's goods to one whose hand is in the Prophet's and who lies upon the heart of Allah?"

With yells of frenzied satisfaction the mob turned to pillage.

"I had first secured the leather bag with all my gold," Rujdi explained to me. "As to the house, I had taken it furnished from a Jew who was gone upon a journey to the Rif. He was aggrieved upon his return. He even sought legal satisfaction. But what chance before a Cadi in a court in South Morocco has a Jew against a saint? There is still some justice left in the world."

"And did the Sultan send?" I asked.

"At the exact moment I could have wished," he answered. "We had picked the Jew's house fairly clean, and they crowded around me. Hugging their loot to their breasts, they kissed my feet and my foul rags.

"'Will you take me to the Sultan?' I asked. 'Will you take me to meet him by the tomb of the Saint?'

"They cried hoarsely, and like a stream in flood we poured forth into the street just as four soldiers from the royal tents reached the door. We bore them down. 'The Saint! The Saint!' my followers cried.

"It would have been useless for the poor fellows to have tried to seize me, even could they have recognized me in my vile attire—or lack of attire. There was already a feeling in Bar-el-Azrah that I belonged to God."

Rujdi paused to light a cigarette, and he smiled, though not irreverently, at the thought of his consecration.

"Then we went to the market-place, where on one side were the tomb of the

Saint and the Great Mosque of Azrah. Once every seven years the Sultan of Morocco comes to bow before the Holy Place. Not every seven years does a new saint appear there. When his Majesty arrived, the news had already reached him that, as it were to honor his pilgrimage, Allah had chosen one upon whom all holiness was descending. He rode quickly forward on his white stallion to where I stood on the steps of the Saint's tomb with hundreds—no, thousands—prostrate around me. The Shereef on a bay mare came with him. And both peered at me eagerly.

"There was silence in the whole market-place. In a half-minute I knew that they both knew me. The Sultan raised his hand and pointed at me. I saw he was about to speak. It might still perhaps have been my end. But I gave a shrill yell and twirled seven times round as do the whirling dervishes—I had practised once with them at Maressa for pure love of their art. He paused in his speech, and swiftly I opened my leather bag and pulled forth my fist full of gold coins. I threw them as far as I could in the very faces of the fools that knelt around me. From all the market-place there rose a roar that was half a sigh. I looked the Sultan of Morocco straight in the eye—and he was silent. But, though I knew he would not speak then, I did not wholly trust him or the Shereef. So I came down the steps and toward them. And half the gold I placed in the Sultan's hands, and half—perhaps a smaller half—in the Shereef's. And I cried out—always loudly—that I had now despoiled myself of my last possessions, which I had intrusted to these two as the followers of the Saint.

"'As for me,' I went on, 'it is revealed to me that I shall sit by the Saint's tomb for seven years and that my holiness shall be an honor to Bar-el-Azrah and the memories of the Holy Place.'

"And, while all the thousands in the Soko knelt now fairly worshiping me, again he and I looked each other full in the eye—and understood each other.

"'I recognize a saint in you,' he said, 'and so long as you sit in holiness by the Saint's tomb all will be well.'"

"And did you sit seven years?" I asked of Rujdi.

"Seven months," he answered. "More coffee, Mustapha. I will tell you something of what holiness is like."

I remember that we paused for a little while. Outside the murmur of the streets went on, and from a house in the next street there came music.

"There can be no doubt," mused Rujdi, "that sainthood, by its genuine and extreme discomfort, is a real offering. It cannot but be flattering that any one should be so badly lodged and nourished for your sake.

"All day I sat there, and all night I lay there. In the heat, in the cold. I ate such food as the vegetable-sellers in the market cooked in their pots. I drank—I can only say that since my intercourse with those of Europe I had not for a long time lived so strictly according to the Prophet's injunctions as to wine. I found such abstinence—to my annoyance—excellent for my health. But I will not enlarge upon the exigencies of my life. You can imagine the incredible discomfort of such simplicity, of such dirt, of such exposure, of such loss of all that is accounted pleasant in life. Life had always given me much. I now asked myself at times what there was to choose between my present existence and death."

"You never tried to go away?"

"No."

"You still distrusted the Sultan?"

"No. It was not that. The Sultan had seen, perhaps better than I, that my holiness would be indeed my jailer. The people of Bar-el-Azrah who dwelt in the shadow of the Holy Place would not let their saint depart."

"Did you not think of escaping secretly?"

Rujdi looked at me a moment before answering. He drank of the coffee which he had perfumed heavily with orange-flower water. Then he smiled, and for the first time in our acquaintance I detected the faintest touch of shyness, almost embarrassment.

"You and I are men of the world," he said. "I do not need to hesitate to confess to a certain weakness. There were curious moments when one would have said one began to understand."

As he stopped again I looked at his

finely cut face and his eyes that now seemed to see beyond Mustapha's shop to the remote and holy city. I had called him rascal and philosopher. I felt now I must perhaps add to that, poet—or even saint.

"One had first of all no care, no anxiety, no fear. One had time to meditate in the sun. I wonder whether you will understand. For example, there was a bit of old wall I for ever looked at, pink in color, and when the season for them came, a withered old man who sold leather just underneath it used sometimes to place a bunch of flowers of the pomegranate in a jar, so that I saw them against the wall's pink. I had never before in my life looked at pomegranate blossoms hour by hour. But now that I had the leisure for it, it seemed enough to do. Then there were summer moonlight nights when I sat awake after most of the town was still, except that there were always some who watched to guard my saintliness.

"They thought me holy. But let me tell you what I feared most. It sounds absurd—but it was that I should ever come to think myself so. You see"—and his voice fell as if what he had to tell were painful to him—"in the second month they brought creatures to me to heal—lambs and cows, and once I remember a child's pet raven. And the third month human sick things. By the beard of the Prophet—!"

"And was there much to do to heal?" I asked.

"There was not much to do. It was their faith, I assume, which did it. So I told myself, for indeed it was not the kind of thing I cared to feel myself implicated in. But that one last time. A young man, about the age my younger brother Ali would have been, on a stretcher, looking as one dead, almost dead. And a father and mother wailing dismally at my feet. And I was sorry for them; sorry, very probably, as a real saint would have been. And I asked Allah as one recompense at least for all the tribulations of this irksome saintlhood that this young man should be spared. Cursed fool that I was, I lifted up my hands toward Mecca and prayed. And the young man rose, as if indeed he were well. I knew then that I had gone too far, for I was afraid. And that night I wondered how I might escape.

"Was that the first time you had thought of it?" I asked him.

"No. It had before that been suggested to me." He laughed; his mood was changed. "There was a woman," he said. "I noted her first by the superior savor of the food she placed on the ground before me. And then by a certain light in her eye. Even under her enveloping garments one discerned a delicious and ripe rotundity. She was indeed as the moon at her full, and I somehow guessed that she thought not unfavorably of me."

Rujdi paused as if in memories.

"Could you discover who she was?" I meant to urge on his story.

"Yes," replied my friend; "I discovered that she was a woman who in a rich and garnished home was not quite happy."

"I have known such in the West," I answered. "So you talked with people?" I pursued.

"Yes, I talked. But what will interest you most will be to hear of a certain man called Hassan."

This man Hassan was the climax of Rujdi's story. He was a rich man, steward in some sort under the Shereef of the monastery lands upon which Rujdi's foreign syndicates had earlier cast a hungry eye. The Shereef, after the episode of Rujdi, had wakened to the value of the land and was pressing his steward for a more minute accounting for the past ten years. This is the essential fact of a long and complicated version which Rujdi gave, in which figured not only the *zaouia's* tenants, but the pilgrim who goes each fifth year from Azrah to Mecca, and whose expenses are a charge upon the monastery lands. It appeared that twice this pilgrim had, presumably by arrangements of Hassan's, gone only as far as the Holy City of Kairouan in the south of Tunis, a pious but a cheaper journey. Suspicion, in short, gathered in a cloud about Hassan, who felt aggrieved that such things could come to a man prosperous, honored, and in his forties. At home, too, storms brewed, it seemed. His wife was of a shrewish and unbridled temper, the husband alleged,

so much so that he had never ventured to take those other wives permitted by the Prophet.

"I could give him neither advice nor comfort as to his wife, though I thought marriage might have unduly prejudiced him against her. But as to the folly of any connections with foreign syndicates I distilled wisdom as a press filled with ripe olives does oil. I was moved almost to boastfulness with this Hassan one day, and I vaunted the superior happiness—and security—of a saint crouching by the Holy Place.

"He looked at me suddenly, as though a new thought had come to him—he had shrewd eyes, though rather like a pig's.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I shall almost wish to be as you if things go on.'

"It was evident that things did go on, for the next week he came to me, a shade whiter than usual. The Shereef had interviewed the Cadi and had sent a messenger to the Sultan. Hassan feared for the rich accumulations of his thieving years—and even for his life.

"'I wish I were as you,' he now said. 'It is evident that sainthood is the only refuge from injustice in this troubled land—and from matrimony,' he added. 'A saint must perforce divorce his wife or wives.'

"'Yes,' I answered him, 'but there is not yet room for two holy men on the steps that lead to the Saint's tomb.'

"He came again that night, and the morning chill made him shiver like a leaf. Zembi, whom I remembered well, had sold him some information. Now he negotiated openly and frankly with me, and at last I said, 'When one more holy than I comes to Azrah I will yield him my seat.'

"I did not admit to Hassan that I panted for the world as does the hart for the waterbrook; and that sainthood had become to me like an evil dream, evil even though sometimes beautiful.

"We conferred somewhat as to the attributes of greater sainthood when it should come upon him. Hassan, by my advice, shaved his head in concentric circles. This proved a moderately engaging novelty. Also his gifts of gold were double mine, and his house, which he begged those of Azrah to make free of, was more richly furnished than that of the miserable Jew had been when I grew holy. Hassan, as we had planned it, came into the market-place as the day dawned, and in the first transports he was remarkable, I must admit. He made as if to cast himself upon the fire which some camel-drivers had lit. Also later, upon the steps to the Saint's tomb, he cut and scourged himself. And yet I doubt whether they would have recognized him for the saint he was had I not at last—who until then had sat like a statue on those steps—risen with a great cry and saluted him, casting upon him my ragged and filthy cloak. Then, with a greater cry than mine, they of the market-place seized him and rushed on to the Shereef's house that the Shereef might acknowledge him in the fellowship of the Holy Place.

"It was a morning of confusion in Bar-el-Azrah. Toward eight I got away by the eastern gate, more resembling a merchant of Tlemcen in Algeria than a holy man. I had a purse, of Hassan's giving, suitable to my changed character. That was the end."

"And Hassan?" I asked.

"I have heard that he is there yet, and that the Shereef himself watches over his holiness. If ever the population of Azrah should come to doubt him, it will go ill with Hassan, I fear.

"Another saint may come," he continued. "But one cannot count on saints; they are not increasing in the world."

It had grown late, and we stirred ourselves as if to go.

"And the woman?" I asked, suddenly remembering her again.

"The woman?" he said, lightly, as we stepped toward the door. "Hassan had been right. She was incurably shrewish."

We passed out into the star-lit African night. "Every one should have his time of being a saint," commented Rujdi. And then he added, tolerantly, "Perhaps every one has."

The White Elephant

BY MARGARET CAMERON AND JESSIE LEACH RECTOR

AS Rand, entering late, looked about the crowded drawing-room in search of his hostess, he smiled reminiscently, remembering his own comment that the decorations of Betty Aldrich's house were always an echo of day after to-morrow. Presently he caught sight of her passing through the hall, and with the privilege of an intimate friend he followed, overtaking her in a small reception-room where she was giving final instructions to the maid in charge of a huge pile of parcels, each wrapped in white tissue and tied with ribbon.

"Hello, Betty!" he said. "Sorry I'm so late."

"Oh, Cliff! I didn't know you were in town." She greeted him enthusiastically, both hands outstretched, and he explained:

"I'm just off the train. Found your card, and it excited my curiosity. What's it all about?"

"I'm so glad you could come!"

"As a matter of fact, I couldn't. I'm up to my neck in work. But then"—his whimsical smile appeared—"where you're concerned, all my trains are accommodations. Tell me, what's a white-elephant sale?"

"Dear man, did you never own a white elephant?"

"Never." He shook his head gravely, only his twinkling eyes betraying his humor. "Mine always prove to be blind kittens and meet an untimely end."

Betty's light laughter made quick response.

"You must be loved of the gods," she declared; "if, in that annual exchange of 'something you can't afford for something you don't want' you've never acquired a white elephant, you couldn't drown!" Again he shook his head, and she demanded, "Clifford Rand, have you *no* sentiment?"

"My dear Betty, there's no end to that! Whistler's 'damned little thing on the mantelpiece that gives the whole show away' increases and multiplies in the sunshine of sentiment until it's all over the place."

"Then one acquires merit by sacrificing love's offering on the altar of charity"—she indicated the pile of multiformed parcels—"and it becomes a pig in a poke for somebody else. *That's* what a white-elephant sale is."

"And all the world contributes to it," he appended, nodding toward the adjoining rooms, whence came the confused babble of many voices. "By the way, who's the chap out there who looks like Grove Carrington?"

"It is Grove Carrington."

"I thought he was building bridges and draining swamps and cutting roads through the jungle somewhere."

"He was—and is. He's going back next month." After a moment she added, significantly, "Eleanor's coming to-night, too."

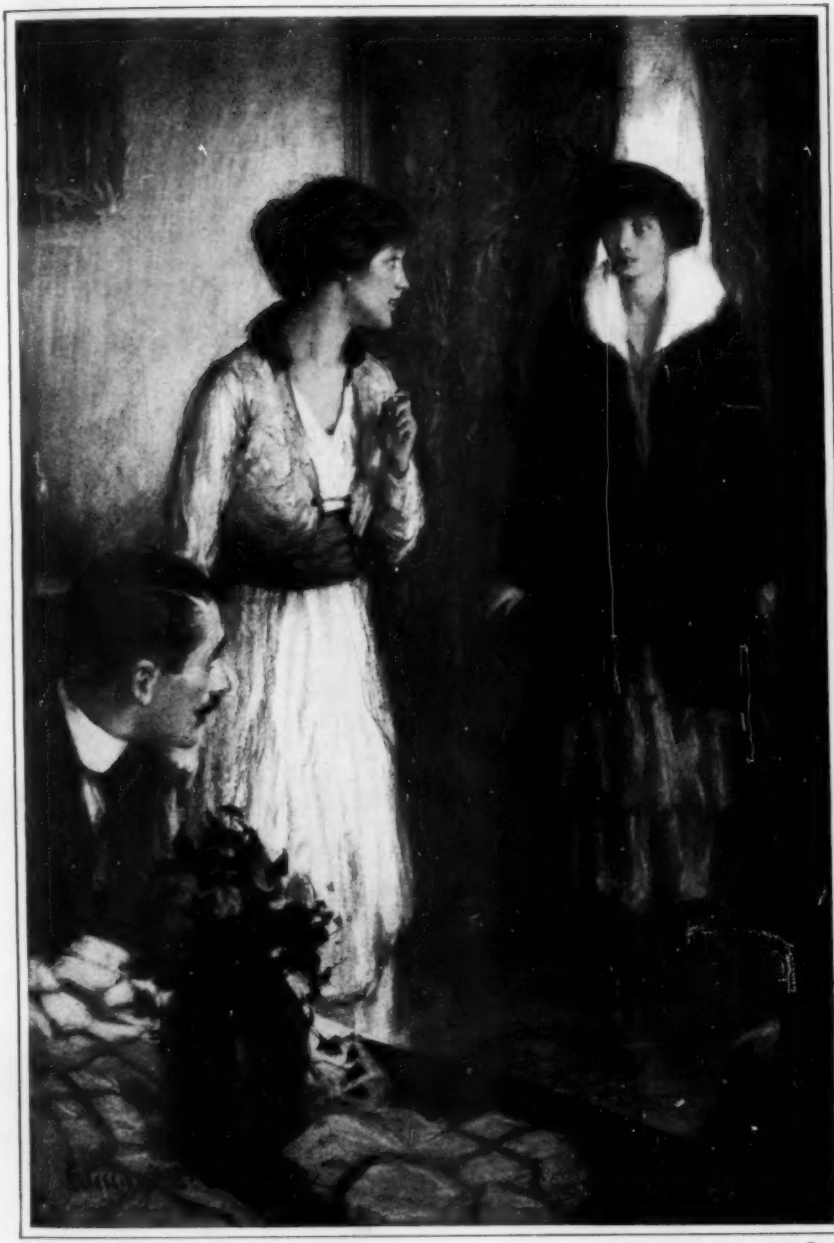
"Is she?" He also hesitated. "I wonder—"

"Yes, we all wonder. You were with us last summer at Murray Bay, Cliff, and you know him awfully well. What broke off that affair?"

"I don't know."

"When she went up there we all thought she was going to marry Clayton Page. I think she thought so herself. But then she and Grove renewed their acquaintance, and seemed so much more than friends, that everybody thought it was serious, until—one day it wasn't, and he was gone."

"Still, the whole thing was so sudden," he reminded her. "When he went out he didn't expect to stay, you know. He was summoned by cable—as consulting engineer in an emergency, don't you remember?—and left the same day for New York. Surely she had nothing to do with that."



Drawn by Edward L. Chase Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"BETTY, WHERE IS MY PARCEL? I WANT IT BACK!"

"No. But even when the work went wrong and he had to stay she never spoke of him. Apparently, in all this time—almost a year—she's never heard from him. Cliff, something happened. What was it?"

"I wish you'd tell me! He isn't the sort of chap one questions. He's always on guard against daws."

"They're well matched there! Eleanor doesn't wear a decorated sleeve, either. But in all the years I've known her that was the only time when her interest seemed equal to the man's. Of course, people said she had decided to marry Mr. Page, after all—but she didn't. She hasn't even seen him since—and certainly she's never encouraged anybody else." Betty, whose kindly soul rejected all gossip, hesitated before crystallizing in words even an old conjecture, but experience had taught her that she might trust Rand's discretion, so she continued: "For a long time I thought Grove might be going to marry Miriam Latimer, but that's never been announced, either. She and her mother came to Murray Bay just after he arrived, you remember, and her interest in him was very manifest."

"But she's his cousin," he demurred.

"What has that to do with it? Something evidently came between Grove and Eleanor. Why not an earlier attachment?"

"Oh, woman! woman! I'll bet it was a woman who first said '*Cherchez la femme.*'" Rand cast his fly with deliberate intention, and Betty rose to it characteristically, retorting:

"I dare say. Women have said most of the clever things men take credit for. But just the same, I've never been able to convince myself that Eleanor's decision was not influenced in some way by Miriam's arrival—and I've never really liked Miriam since." Laughing as she made this confession, she added: "Eleanor's so dear to me, I always want to fight her battles. You see, she's too generous. Her claws are atrophied."

"My dear Betty," he said, a sincere warmth underlying his light tone, "adequate defense implies a consistent scratcher, which you are not. At the mere sight of blood you run for your first-aid kit!"

Just then the curtain which partially screened the door, preserving for this gray-toned little room its air of semi-privacy, was hastily pushed aside, and there entered a woman of perhaps thirty, still wearing the fur coat in which she had left her motor—a woman, one saw at a glance, fastidious, discriminating, and humorously intellectual, but at the moment much perturbed, as was evinced by her breathless: "Oh, Betty, Betty! Where's my parcel?"

"Eleanor! What's the matter?" Rand asked, with solicitude, startled by her obvious agitation.

"I didn't know you were in town, Cliff." She gave him a careless, friendly hand, and turned at once to her hostess, repeating: "Betty, where is my parcel? I want it back!"

"Here's one whose candle burns dimly on the altar. She wants it back," commented Rand, with a return to his customary whimsical manner, but Eleanor gave no heed to him.

"I'd know it anywhere," she urged, feverishly. "Do help me find it! We can't miss it! It's tied with green rafia."

"But everything's been rewrapped—and a lot of them boxed," Betty told her, "so no one could possibly recognize his own."

"Didn't you know this was a domino party?" jested Rand.

"Oh, Cliff, do be still! Can't you see I'm in trouble? I must find it!" Slipping out of her coat, Eleanor had snatched a parcel from the pile and was unwrapping it.

"But why?" Betty questioned.

"Don't ask me why! I've got to find it!" Discovering in her hand a piece of art nouveau pottery, she put it aside with an impatient ejaculation and seized another parcel.

"Betty"—Rand was regarding the porcelain with an appraising eye—"the vintage of that might almost place it as one of your wedding-presents."

"You underestimate the devotion of my friends," was her dry retort. "On that happy occasion they scorned clay and cast their bread upon the waters in the form of imperishable silver. But I assure you, Cliff, I've always returned breakable crusts!"

"And still a man's friends ask him

why he doesn't marry!" he commented, with a grin. Then, as Eleanor's nervous fingers uncovered a piece of sculpture of the sentimental school, he took it from her and held it at arm's-length, exclaiming: "O Art! How many crimes in thy name—"

"I do think you people are perfectly heartless! Why don't you help me?" Eleanor reproached them. "This is really vital to me. Won't you please be serious?"

But Rand, caught in the irresistible current of his own humor, extended the bit of marble toward her, demanding: "Doesn't that strike you as being serious, in Heaven's name? Yesterday that was art! To-day—" Looking about the room, he picked up a little portrait in bronze of Betty's child, signed by one of the most advanced of modern sculptors, and placed the two side by side. Then, with a shrug: "My children! What of to-morrow?"

"Never mind to-morrow! I can't wait! I must find it now! I must!" Only half-listening, Eleanor began untying another knot, and Betty, determined to rescue the remainder of her parcels, covered her friend's cold fingers with her own warm ones, insisting:

"But why? Why?"

"Because I—I just happened to realize that the person who gave it to me may be here."

"Don't let that trouble you," laughed Betty. "We're all in the same boat."

After a speculative glance at Eleanor, Rand mentioned, dryly: "There are boats and boats, Betty. Yours may be a pleasure-craft, but hers seems to be a destroyer."

"Plaze, Mrs. Aldrich, they're afther wantin' to begin," said a maid at the door. "Which 'll I be takin' first?"

As Betty handed her an imposing parcel there was a rattle of applause in the drawing-room; the hum subsided, and a resonant voice proclaimed, with the intonation approved of all auctioneers:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am to have the pleasure to-night of offering you an unparalleled aggregation of artless art and untreasured treasures. And in calling attention to the fact that the proceeds of this sale are to swell the ever-depleted coffers of home charities I may mention, in passing, that each of us is definitely demonstrating for himself—and herself—the truth of that good old adage, 'Charity begins at home.'"

The voice was drowned in laughter and applause, and Rand cocked his head a little to one side, saying: "Me for the firing-line! Coming?"

"We'll be there presently, Cliff," Betty promised, and with a nod he went out. Meanwhile Eleanor fell upon another parcel, and again her hostess laid arresting hands upon it, crying: "Eleanor, stop it! You mustn't! You've no idea how we worked tying all those up! Anyway, there are scores of them. I'm sorry, but you can't possibly find it, dear."

"I *must* find it!" Eleanor turned a tragic face toward her. "Grove Carrington gave it to me—and he's here! I had no idea that he would be—but he was the first person I saw as I came in, and—Betty, there's a reason why I must have it! I can't have him see that here! You don't know—and I can't tell you—but it just can't happen! It can't!"

Realizing at last that the situation held grave possibilities for two of her guests, Betty was at once resourceful, announcing: "There's only one sure way to prevent that. You distract his attention until your thing has been discovered and I've suppressed it."

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"My dear child, you're a woman, aren't you? Talk! Talk! That was Eve's first garden implement!"

"But Eve had no temperament—and no competition. Besides, I've nothing to say to him now."

"Then talk patter—high-brow art patter," Betty prescribed, briskly. "You can do that in your sleep. You go out and find him. I'll see every parcel opened until your thing turns up— By the way, what is it?"

"My Ming statuette."

"Why—Eleanor! You've always contended that that thing was genuine!"

"I know! Don't ask me to explain. I can't!"

"But why on earth do you want it back?"

"I've told you. He's here!" Eleanor's tone was still desperate, but this time it

elicited only an incredulous stare from her friend.

"Grove? Surely Grove Carrington never gave you a spurious Ming!"

The other responded only with a helpless gesture.

"But—Eleanor, were we all wrong? *Is* it genuine?"

"No."

"Of course it isn't, or you'd never have sent it here! But—Grove *knows!* Nobody better! He has a wonderful Ming himself that he bought at Christie's. Heaven knows what he paid for it! He never would tell, but we heard rumors that it was a tremendous price. How could he send you that thing? Was it a joke?"

"No; it wasn't a joke." Even to Betty, Eleanor could not confess that a man she had loved had sent her a clever counterfeit, at the same time assuring her that it was a symbol of his devotion.

"Well, if he really sent it seriously, I should think you'd be glad to have him discover it here!" her friend declared, indignantly. "Why aren't you?"

"I don't know! Don't ask me! When I saw him, I—I just knew I couldn't stand it to have him see it! I've always intended that he should find it in my drawing-room when he returned. Then, on an impulse, I sent it here, but now—Betty, I must have it back!"

"All right." Betty, ever practical, turned toward the door. "You find him. I'll— Eleanor, here he comes!" The younger woman dropped into a chair, and her hostess spurred her with an energetic whisper, "Brace up! Brace up!" before going forward, still amazed by Eleanor's revelation, to greet this man whom she thought she had known so well, and of whose taste she had been so sure.

Grove Carrington was a big, tanned, crisp-haired man, whose years in the open had accentuated his authoritative manner and helped him forget that he was born on the water side of Beacon Street and educated at Harvard. He came in quickly, with a certain eagerness, smiling at Betty, but looking beyond her as if seeking some one, and she asked: "What's the matter, Grove? Are you finding our elephant-hunt too tame?"

"I'm on the trail, all right, but it's not elephants I'm hunting. Didn't I catch a glimpse of Eleanor Baird?"

"Yes. Haven't you seen her? Eleanor, here's Grove." Her tone conveyed no hint of her consciousness that the situation was not casual. Then, after one stimulating glance at the other woman, she slipped out, and they were alone.

A burst of laughter and applause had died away; the maid had taken out another parcel, and now the auctioneer's unctuous tones again filled the rooms as Carrington stepped quickly toward Eleanor, exclaiming, half under his breath, "Have I really found you again?"

She gave an unresponsive hand into his eager clasp, saying, "How do you do?"

"Did they tell you I called yesterday? And again to-day?"

"Yes, they told me." Her manner was friendly, but remote.

Determined not to recognize the chill wall she had built between them—of which, nevertheless, he was acutely conscious—he demanded, "Why haven't you answered my letters?"

"Oh, no one writes letters these days," she evaded, to which he insistently retorted:

"But you did write! Eleanor, why did you write that last letter?"

"Evidently yours is a great soul." She summoned a faint smile. "You scorn consistency. First you take me to task because I didn't write, and then because I did."

"But that last letter! What did it mean? To be followed into the wilds by an extinguisher like that—and then nothing! Weeks — and months — and nothing! I wrote twice, and when you didn't answer I knew I must wait until I could see you face to face. Then I began to hear that Page was going about everywhere with you, and I thought—"

"Page!" For a moment surprise made her manner almost natural. "Clayton Page? I haven't seen him for nearly a year."

"What? But I certainly heard—Anyway, Betty wrote afterward that he had disappeared, and I began trying to get home again. But the work delayed

me. I couldn't get away until now. Tell me what it meant!"

There could be no question that his emotion, of its kind, was genuine, and in spite of her conviction that the thing he had done would have been impossible to a man to whom she could trust her life, she still realized that she must fortify herself for more than passive resistance if she would withstand the charm of his pleading presence. Therefore she arose, exclaiming, with an attempt at lightness:

"Oh, why talk about it? It's all ancient history now, and there are so many nice new things to talk about." Then, in her extremity, she fell back upon Betty's parting injunction, conscious of its inadequacy, but fearing her own emotion. "New people, new books, new music, new art— Why, it's a brand-new world you've come back to! How does it feel to be born again?"

"I don't want a new world," he declared. "I want the old world—and you!"

"That's because you don't know how many amusing things there are in all these new ones—and there are such a lot of them! It's a poor creator who hasn't a new heaven and a new earth of his own these days, and the rest of us are breathless keeping pace with their creations." His puzzled gaze made her keenly aware of the flippancy of her tone, but she was unable to control it, and now he brushed her words aside with a gesture:

"I don't care anything about that! Eleanor, I've come all the way back to ask you this question. Tell me, tell me definitely, why you wrote that letter."

"You're reverting to an earlier manner, Grove." She was resolved to withhold from him at all costs any knowledge of the emotions he had stirred. "One isn't definite these days."

"These evasions of yours make me want to revert to type! I feel like a cave-man!" he growled, to which she retorted:

"Get you to a studio, then. Primitive impulses are encouraged, at the moment, in the arts."

"Only in the arts?" He placed himself directly before her. "Eleanor, won't you at least let me tell you what this has meant to me? Just for a moment, won't you be serious?"

Strongly moved, she almost swayed into his arms, but remembering the bitterness of her first disillusionment, and knowing that her own heart might betray her into an acceptance of his explanation, no matter how specious, she turned away, forcing herself to reply, with a shrug: "Oh, you forget! This is not a serious occasion."

For a moment he vainly tried to make her meet his level glance. Then, withdrawing a step, he said, formally: "I beg your pardon. I had an impression that it was. I thought that when a man had traveled half around the globe to say one thing to a woman he had earned the right to be treated seriously. I'm sorry if I have bored you."

He bowed and turned to go, and she realized that if he left her then he would go permanently out of her life. Scorning herself for her desire to hold a man whose standard of ideals had proved to be so much lower than her own, but impelled by an irresistible impulse, she contrived to smile, and said: "I'm sorry if I seem unsympathetic. Time was when you always modulated into my key, Grove."

"But in this long silence you've imposed I seem to have lost the pitch," he said, pausing. From without came the sound of the auctioneer's voice, calling: "Are you all done? Ten twenty-five!—last bid!—going!—going!—" Carrington strode back to her side. "Eleanor, I don't know you! I don't know you in this mood! Tell me what has come between us."

"Many months—and several thousand miles," she began, and stopped short, looking over his shoulder. He turned, impressed by her manner, and saw their hostess approaching. As Mrs. Aldrich entered the room, he heard Eleanor breathe, "Oh, Betty, have you—?"

"Cliff hasn't been here yet?" the other asked, glancing quickly about.

"Cliff? No—yes—he was here, you know," Eleanor faltered. Then, catching the significance of her friend's question: "Clifford Rand? Did he get it? And he doesn't understand! Oh, why didn't you stop him?"

Drawn by Edward L. Chase Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"I DON'T WANT A NEW WORLD," HE DECLARED

"You forget that mob of people! He was gone before I could get to him."

"Well, don't waste time here. Go and find him!"

"Let me go. I'll find him," Carrington volunteered, but again Eleanor stayed him.

"No, no; you can't go! Why should we let Clifford Rand interrupt the first talk we've had in months?" Turning to Betty, she explained, "We're endeavoring to build bridges."

"With Grove's help that should be easy," was the quick response. "Building bridges is his genius."

"But my bridges demand solid foundations," he said, looking at Eleanor, and she returned:

"Do you always find bed-rock on the surface? Betty, do go and find Cliff!" Once more alone with Carrington, she attempted to steer the conversation into less perilous channels. "You know Clifford Rand, don't you?"

"Very well. We were at college together."

"Then you also know his over-developed sense of humor. We all rather dread him at times, fond as we are of him."

"Coming back to this new world you emphasize," he remarked, "my jungle-fed mind is rather bewildered, apparently, by any facetious point of view. But I suppose it does make a difference whose ox is gored."

Evidently he was not to be diverted from his purpose, and sounds of merriment from the drawing-room suggested an effective barrier to intimate conversation, now that her statuette was sold, so she said:

"Oh, well, if you're homesick for the jungle, let's go out and buy white elephants. We're not contributing our share."

"And leave our bridge resting on shifting sands? I can't do that! Won't you help me make a solid foundation?"

For once she looked directly into his eyes, and his seeming frankness troubled her. Wavering between her impression of what he seemed and her memory of what he had done, she forced herself to say, lightly, if somewhat incoherently, "Why is a bridge without a foundation any worse than a foundation without a bridge?"

"The foundation may safely wait for years without the bridge, but the bridge without the foundation comes to grief," he mechanically explained, perceiving at last that her evasions were more than caprice, and studying her gravely.

"Even an ephemeral bridge may be a thing of beauty on the sky-line," she supplied.

"But I want a bridge that will span the years—a foundation on which I can rest my life! And only you can help me build it!"

"Your life rests lightly on its foundations, Grove. You keep bed-rock and cement for your profession."

She turned wearily away, but he caught her arm, demanding: "Eleanor, what do you mean? There's something under this that I don't understand."

"Oh, why equivocate?" For the first time, she showed visible impatience and dropped her light manner. "You know perfectly well!"

"Know? Know what? What do you mean?"

Before she could frame a reply Rand appeared in the doorway, looking very much amused, and when he discovered her only companion to be a man well known as a connoisseur of porcelains, he gleefully exclaimed, "Carrington, for once I've done you!" Then, turning to Eleanor: "I owe you a lifetime of gratitude, for if you had not kept this inveterate old bargain-hunter occupied I should never have been permitted to acquire the most unblushing white elephant now in captivity. Behold!" Triumphantly he displayed his new possession, a mandarin in brilliantly tinted porcelain, and bowed ironically as he added, "A glowing spark from your burnt-offering, I think?"

"Mine?" She regarded the thing dully. For the moment her feeling was almost one of detachment. "It does look a little like mine, doesn't it?" Then, realizing that it was Carrington who stood beside her, she affected to look closely at the porcelain lest she should look at him, unconscious that he was quietly watching her.

"Like!" Rand laughed. "I've heard his every seductive curve defended in

your drawing-room! After being so gallant a champion in private, do you repudiate him in public? I wouldn't have believed it of you!"

Carrington, who had been turning the statuette about in his hands, now remarked: "There can be only one reason why Eleanor should defend a thing like that. Our sentimental associations are frequently chosen for us."

Amazed at his effrontery, she turned indignantly toward him, gasping, "*Well!*" Then, pointedly, "I assure you I've never been able to find an excuse for that!"

"Is it possible I've been rendering honors where no honors were due?" Rand's smile was quizzical, and Carrington asked:

"Then this was not yours?"

"I've been the unhappy possessor of one like it," she said, coldly.

"Can I believe my senses?" teased Rand. "Is that an admission?"

"If it is, it's not for publication." Her tone betrayed her nervous tension, but the irrepressible Rand continued, with a touch of grandiloquence:

"I'll guard your secret as my own! But that empty niche in your drawing-room will bear mute testimony to woman's emancipation from sentimental slavery."

"It must have been a strong sentiment," Carrington intimated, with a critical glance at the porcelain, "that could give a thing like that even a temporary place in your drawing-room."

"Temporary!" jeered the other man, with enjoyment. "He's been there long enough to have acquired squatter's rights!" The entrance of the maid for another parcel reminded him that the sale was not over, and he lifted an impressive hand, calling to their attention the ceaseless flow of the auctioneer's eloquence. 'Hark to the voice of the tempter! I'm off to acquire a few more sentimental misfits. But I think Jumbo will be happier with you, Eleanor. He hasn't learned to know his master's voice yet. Will you guard him for me?"

"No. Take it away." She was almost brusque.

"Why, I thought you were so anxious to keep it dark!" marveled Rand, in genuine surprise, and she impatiently agreed:

"Oh yes, I am! Leave it here, by all means."

"But treat him tenderly, you two! He's been told he was genuine until his faith in himself is akin to hope!"

"Well, if that's true," said Carrington, "there's no question that the blind god inspired this gift. He couldn't see the difference between 1519 and 1915."

"Here's a new beatitude! Since blindness and gifts go hand in hand, blessed is the receiver who is also blind." Rand took his departure, and Carrington turned to the woman, asking:

"But you weren't blind, Eleanor? You knew?"

"Our eyes are holden sometimes from choice. Grove, there is such a thing as loyalty."

"How, then, could you send this here?" he asked, watching her keenly. "Since you have treasured it so long, you must once have cared for the giver, if not for the gift. How could you send it to a place like this?"

"Remember your own words. A flawed foundation brings any structure to grief in time. Even now you're not sincere enough to admit that the faulty stone was yours!"

"Mine! What do you mean?" he questioned, sharply.

"Oh, why can't you be honest? You know that I kept this statuette because you gave it to me."

"That? I?" He looked entirely mystified. "I never saw the thing before!"

"But—Grove! You sent it to me! It was your parting gift!"

"That? I sent you my own Ming figure, that I bought at Christie's ten years ago!"

"This is what came to me," she told him, shaking her head.

"I knew it had some unhappy association for you. I could see that, but I never dreamed— Why, Eleanor, how could you think for a moment that I'd send you—*you*—a thing not genuine?"

"Still—there it is," she mentioned indicating the porcelain. "The label was addressed in your hand, and inside the box was your card, saying that this would remind me during your absence of the quality of your devotion."

For a moment Carrington stared at her in utter incredulity, and then, glimpsing the truth, he exclaimed with conviction, "*That's* why you wrote that cruel letter!"

"I was cruelly hurt," she said.

"But couldn't you see that it was a hideous mistake?"

"How could it be a mistake? I've tried—oh, I *have* tried to find excuses," she faltered, brokenly. "If it had been something you bought for me, sent from a shop— But you wrote that you were sending me the first piece you ever owned, the foundation-stone of your wonderful collection. And *that* is what came to me as a symbol of the quality of your devotion!"

A quick illumination, as quickly masked, had come into Carrington's eyes, but he said only: "It's a hideous mistake! Eleanor, won't you believe me when I say I never saw that thing before?"

"Then how did it reach me with that card? And that label?"

"I don't know!" He made a despairing gesture. "I can't explain it!"

"But you saw it packed!"

"No, I didn't. You know I was here only one day, and I was fearfully busy. I wrote the card and the label, and left instructions that the figure was to be carefully packed and sent to you as soon as you got home. I supposed—until this moment—that it had been done!" His sincerity was unquestionable, and, perceiving this, Eleanor demanded, with a flash of intuition:

"To whom did you give the instructions?"

"I don't yet understand how such a mistake could occur," he evaded.

"How could there be a mistake about this, Grove? Tell me, who had your instructions?"

"You see, she's no judge of these things. She didn't know."

"Who didn't know?"

"My cousin Miriam. You remember she and her mother lived in my apartment last fall." He made the explanation reluctantly, realizing its inadequacy. "I left a letter in the apartment, asking her to have the Ming packed and sent to you, and somehow—"

"But what about this?" she asked, appreciating his hesitation, but feeling that they both had suffered too much to leave any depths unprobed now. "You insist that you never saw it before. Was this in your apartment?"

"I didn't know it was. I don't remember it. But I suppose it must have been. And you know Miriam is not a connoisseur. She wouldn't understand the difference."

"Oh, wouldn't she! It was Miriam who came the day after I received this, and pounced upon it at once as a brilliant imitation. Was it she who wrote you that I was going about with Clayton Page?"

Carrington made a helpless gesture, and the only reply possible to him, "I can't explain it!"

"Ah, well, now that we understand, do you think—" Hesitating only an instant, she let him see deep into her eyes as she continued, unsteadily, "do you really think, Grove, that any further explanations are necessary?"

"Eleanor! Do you mean—" He checked his quick movement toward her as he caught sight of Mrs. Aldrich and Rand in the doorway.

"How are the bridges coming on?" Betty asked, lightly, but with an anxious glance at Eleanor.

"They're strong enough now to carry all your white elephants," Carrington buoyantly asserted, but Rand expostulated:

"Heaven forbid! I've seen 'em and you haven't! Apropos of elephants, where's my property?"

"Here he is," said Eleanor, radiantly.

"Cliff, what will you take for that object?" Carrington asked.

"He's not for sale."

"I'll buy him back at your own price," Carrington persisted.

"Look here. What *is* this critter?" Rand's twinkling glance interrogated Eleanor and Carrington. "I always was weak on zoology. What I want to know is whether this is a white elephant or a blind kitten?"

"For a long time I was sure he was a serpent," Eleanor began, and Carrington finished:

"But now he's going to be a household pet."

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IF we could believe the publishers (and we are far from wishing to dispute them) we are in the presence of such a poetic sunburst as has not flashed upon the world within something like a geological period. They assure the reader of the fact from the covers of a good third of the sixteen or seventeen volumes of recent verse at hand, and if not from all it may be because all publishers cannot give way to their feelings in equal measure. Or, one may not have so many feelings as another, though he may be of the same emotional make; and it is to be considered that perhaps these avowals on the book covers are less the expression of passionate admiration than of an ardor for publicity. What is to be said in favor of them is that the purposing purchaser cannot complain in any instance that he does not know what he is getting. Our own case is a little different, and as an habitually appreciative critic, we have to lament that our praise has been taken out of our mouths; our friendly phrases come to our pen tarnished with use from the publisher's glowing hands, and we are at a loss what to say of poets and poetry already so sung, so sounded, so, as it were, dinned into us. Not that we blame the authors any more than the publishers. The poets could not help being so wonderful, and the publishers could not help wondering at them, but quite the same we find ourselves a little disabled by the situation, and we have to arm ourselves for something more than our customary justice in dealing with these young poets, though they have been already so bountifully recognized at their great worth, they must not have one of our carefully chosen, hand-painted adjectives the less. The time was when their praise would not have been so lavish .. confident, so authoritative, from the trade; but now all is new. New outside as well as inside their books, and the Easy Chair must not grumble, as Easy Chairs are apt to do, with or without reason, merely from getting on in years.

But *is* all so new inside these books, which came to us, rustling in this tinsel of compliment, this machine-lace of professional glorification? We say no; there is a good deal of the eternal beautiful which cannot put on even a new form, however it would come masking in novel phase. The best things in the new poets are of the oldest form, and where some of the second-best brave it in the fashions which are supposed new, after all it is only a reversion to the novelties of an earlier day. There is much straining in several of the books for the mechanical emancipation of *vers libre;* but Walt Whitman broke loose sixty years ago, and before him the Proverbial Philosophy of Martin Farquhar Tupper danced in the rhythm of David's psalmody. Until now, in fact, *vers libre* has been rhythmical, and it had remained only for what we may call the shredded prose of the new poets to attest their newness in that at least. But, no, are they new even in that? We have not forgotten the *Black Riders* of Stephen Crane, very powerful things in the beat of their short lines, rhymeless, meterless. Yet were they quite shredded prose, like Miss Amy Lowell's *vers libre*, in her *Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds*, or the epitaphs of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters's *Spoon River Anthology?* Not quite, however, for though the *Black Riders* did not prance or curvet, they did somehow march; they did keep time as prose never does at its best.

It is when Miss Lowell permits herself to rhyme and to measure her verse that we are most aware of her being indeed a poet with something to say, something to make us feel. It is when the strong thinking of Mr. Masters makes us forget the formlessness of his shredded prose that we realize the extraordinary worth of his work. It is really something ex-

traordinary, that truth about themselves which his dead folk speak from their village graveyard; for it is the truth about the human nature of us, if not the whole truth about our respective lives. We should say that we were some of us better than those dead folk, though some of us are as much worse as can be. Yet as to the form of their record, it is shredded prose without even a slow, inscriptional pulse in it, and we doubt if it will last, for a witness of the civic and ethical quality of our time, as long as the rhymes of Uncle Walt Mason, beaten merrily out on his typewriter, and day by day testifying to our nature, by no means altogether fallen. His rhymes wear the mask of prose, just as the poetry of Mr. Masters wears the mask of verse; but neither of them has the sound of the spiritual verity which the exalted phrase of the great Emily Dickinson bore to the reader's soul, with its proud unheed of whether it was prose or verse.

Freak for freak, we prefer compressed verse to shredded prose, but because both of these are freak things we will not decide whether Uncle Walt will be more enduring than Mr. Masters. We merely speak here of their respective truth to our human nature and our American mood of it. Prophecy is not our job, or not our present job, but we have a fancy that when it comes to any next book of shredded prose it will not be so eagerly welcomed as some next book of Mr. Robert Frost's or Mr. Dana Burnet's. Mr. Frost's volumes, *A Boy's Will* and *North of Boston*, have already made their public on both sides of the Atlantic, and they merit the favor they have won. They are very genuinely and unaffectedly expressive of rustic New England, and of its deeps as well as its shallows. We should say the earlier book sings rather the most, but youth is apt to sing most, and there is strong, sweet music in them both. Here is no *vers libre*, no shredded prose, but very sweet rhyme and pleasant rhythm, though it does not always keep step (wilfully breaks step at times, we should say), but always remains faithful to the lineage of poetry that danced before it walked. When we say Mr. Frost's work is unaffectedly expressive of New England life, we do not mean that it is unconsciously expressive; we do not much believe in unconscious art, and we rather think that his fine intelligence tingles with a sense of that life and beautifully knows what it is at in dealing with it. If we may imagine the quality of Sarah Orne Jewett and Miss Mary Wilkins and Miss Alice Brown finding metrical utterance, we shall have such pleasure in characterizing Mr. Frost's poetry as comes to us from knowing what things are by knowing what they are like; but this knowledge by no means unlocks the secret of his charm, and it does not adequately suggest the range of his very distinctive power. His manly power is manliest in penetrating to the heart of womanhood in that womanliest phase of it, the New England phase. Dirge, or idyl, or tragedy, or comedy, or burlesque, it is always the skill of the artist born and artist trained which is at play, or call it work, for our delight. Amidst the often striving and straining of the new poetry, here is the old poetry as young as ever; and new only in extending the bounds of sympathy through the recorded to the unrecorded knowledge of humanity. One might have thought there was not much left to say of New England humanity, but here it is as freshly and keenly sensed as if it had not been felt before, and imparted in study and story with a touch as sure and a courage as loyal as if the poet dealt with it merely for the joy of it.

But of course he does not do that. He deals with it because he must master it, must impart it just as he must possess it. The like is so with Mr. Burnet and Mr. Aiken in their dealing with those aspects of New York life which poetry is beginning to perceive. Mr. Burnet's War Poems are above most poems of the war which we have seen, for they are not mere shouting and screaming of hate and defiance, but real imaginative thinking about the dreadful thing, and genuine passion in realizing it. The ballads about Panama past and present are good, too, but it is when we come to the iliad of *Gayheart* and his "success" that we feel ourselves in the presence of a poet peculiarly authorized to do the work he is doing. He calls it a story of defeat, and it is in

fact the tragedy of a young poet who comes to New York hoping to take the town with his poetry and finds his defeat at her hands in the success of his farce-comedy. The scheme has its sentimental dangers, but escapes them by its frank fealty to vulgar fact. The boarding-house where Gayheart lives is a real boarding-house, with real boarders in it, and the social and moral circumstance is fearlessly recognized almost to the immortal odors of the long-dead dinners. But if this were all, this realization of the city's sordidness, it would not be nearly enough to make us feel the poem the genuine thing it is. The outdoor splendor of the mighty town by day and by night pervades it, and gives it a right to be, as a New York creation, equal to Mr. Hanson Towne's hitherto unequaled studies, his very picturesque and dramatic studies of the vast, magnificent, inglorious metropolis. None of Mr. Burnet's poems may be passed without loss, for each is the effect of an uninvited emotion, the response of a veritable impression; and if this is not constantly true of all, there are lines in every poem which would make us sorry wholly to lose it.

The question of how to keep any poem to such lines is the difficult question which challenges the reader from the whole body of verse in every literature. It defies us from the metrical romances of Mr. Conrad Aiken's *Earth Triumphant*, with their music and their color, and their somewhat solicited sensations, and from the shredded prose of Mr. James Oppenheim's *Songs for the New Age*, which apparently does not want to sing its songs, but to talk them. We have read a good many of these talks, and we own in all kindness and respect that we can come to no conclusion about them that satisfies us. They seem to be the words of a man very much in earnest about all the important things in the world, whether he speaks reverently and prayerfully about them, or whether defiantly. We often have the sense of being on the brink of great things, and the feeling of a powerful uplift, but our feet remain on the ground. At other times we feel as if held above deep significances over the face of immeasurable precipices, but when we are let go we drop six inches. Mr. Oppenheim's sympathies and aspirations are all right, but when everything is said they look like the sympathies and aspirations of well-willing men in every age. He says startling things, but to our surprise and disappointment we do not startle. At the bottom of our heart we have a vague fear that we are not doing him justice here, and we wish we knew how to do it. But if we are of Old Age, how shall we divine the mystery of the New Age from the Songs talked for it? That is the difficulty with the experienced critic; for the work of judging the new poets possibly the critic ought to be inexperienced.

It is a sensible relief to turn from our uncertainty about the *Songs for the New Age*, which do not sing, but can possibly be chanted, to Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's book, where the songs begin their music with the cymbal clash and bass-drum boom of the fine brave poem, "General William Booth Enters into Heaven." That makes the heart leap; and the little volume abounds in meters and rhymes that thrill and gladden one. Here is no shredding of prose, but much of oaten stop and pastoral song, such as rises amid the hum of the Kansas harvest fields and fills the empyrean from the expanses of the whole Great West. There is also song of solemn things everywhere, civic things, social things, and all of it, so far as we know, good. There are two books of it, and in the one we have not named—namely, *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty*—there is such novelty as you may find in Heine's *Reisebilder*—the old, old novelty of beautiful thought and thinking emotion, but with a conscience and a pathos which the novelty of Heine did not always know. That is Mr. Lindsay's contribution to the American poetry which has felt itself new from the beginning, whether it spoke with the voice of Bryant, or Longfellow, or Whittier, or Emerson, or Lowell, and did not prefer the ground-gripping shoes of prose to the singing robes of rhyme. As in the *Reisebilder*, there is quick transition from prose to verse and back from verse to prose, but the prose does not put on the form of verse.

We may as well confess here as any-

where that we have not read the longer pieces in these many books, or at the best more than read at them: But where we have looked into them, as, for instance, into the versified tales of Mr. Aiken, or into the "Nimrod" of Miss Anna Hampstead Branch's *Rose of the Wind*, some fine page has stayed us and accused us of slight and inadequacy in judging of their authors. Well, it is true; we are guilty, we are to blame; but life is *so* short, and art is *so* long. There ought to have been two or three of these poets, and there are a good seventeen of them, and they are so active and vigorous! What is a decrepit critic to do? Simply, we are outnumbered, and yet we must make an effort to cope with these embattled hosts of the new poetry.

The fiftieth of Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke's *Sonnets of a Portrait Painter*, beginning,

> "There we strange shadows fostered of the moon,"

is so delicately and truthfully studied that we cannot help believing all the fifty-four others are like it. In "Over the City Night," from Miss Fannie Stearns Davis's *Myself and I*, there is an uncommon charm which may well be the quality of the whole book. There is such fine, manly *go* in "The Klondike" of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Captain Craig: a Book of Poems* as makes us wish to read the whole book; and the "Connecticut Road Song" in Miss Anna Hampstead Branch's *Rose of the Wind* is of an old-fashioned folk-song grace and lilt which carries the heart with it. We are quite ready to believe that the sonnet "April Noon," so tenderly and delicately felt, is characteristic of all Mr. Brian Hooker's *Poems*. The dreadful but not unpitying realism of Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke's "Portrait of an Old Woman" in his volume *The Man on the Hilltop* is doubtless not the work of a man who can do only one good thing; and neither is "A Tulip Garden" in Miss Amy Lowell's *Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds* the sole proof of the rich fancy that plays in plentiful light and color through her book. "The Gates of Sleep" in A. A. C.'s *Semitones* may not too venturously be called typical of the serious mood of that music. In Mrs. Olive T. Dargan's *Path Flower*, "The Road" is so good that it may not be the best of the pieces which seem expressive of thinking even when they seem overfreaked with fancying. If in Mr. John Gould Fletcher's *Irradiations: Sand and Spray* the reader is withheld by the preface from what may be called the illustrations of that polemic in favor of *vers libre*, we will not say it is not to his loss. Mr. Fletcher is earnestly persuaded of his opinions, and if he does not make us share his belief that in emancipation from the old forms high achievements are to follow, that is not his fault. It may be our fault, and it will certainly be our fault if we deny his *vers libre* the opportunity to prove his thesis. But we hardly know which of his rather voluntarily impassioned pieces to let bear him witness. Perhaps one will do as well as another, though as they have none of them titles, it is hard to summon them by name. But here is one as it would be in prose before it was shredded:

> It is evening, and the earth wraps her shoulders in an old blue shawl. Afar off there clink the polychrome points of the stars, indefatigable, after all these years! Here upon earth there is life and then death, dawn and then nightfall, fire and the quenching of embers: but why should I not remember that my night is dawn in another part of the world, if the idea fits my fancy? Dawns of marvelous light, wakeful, sleepy, weary, dancing dawns, you are rose petals settling through the blue of my evening: I light my pipe to salute you, and sit puffing smoke in the air and never say a word.

This is pictorial, even poetical; it is suggestive at moments if it is never very convincing. But would it be more convincing if it were printed, as Mr. Fletcher prints it in thirteen lines, long and short? The *vers libretistes* seem to think so; but suddenly here comes the question: Would *Ossian* now survive in all the original wonder and favor which hailed him if he had come from Macpherson's hand shredded into long and short fibers instead of solid blocks of prose?

EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

WE alluded in the August Study to the fact that for half a century the short story in magazine fiction had been steadily encroaching upon the space formerly devoted to the serial novel, our object being to show why the short story could never wholly displace the serial. The readers of this Magazine need go no further back than twenty-five years to recall the fact that while there might be but one or two short stories in a number, there would be perhaps as many as three serials running at the same time, whereas now but one serial would be permitted and there are at least seven short stories in every number. It is true that the single serial is an exemplary selection; but why so many short stories? They do not successfully compete with novels in the book market. Why are they, and so many other things that, like them, are for the most part, unbookish in quality and form, so much more desirable to magazine readers than they were two generations ago?

In order to answer these questions intelligently it is necessary to consider the change which has taken place since 1850 in the conditions of publication as affecting books and periodicals, owing to the ever-increasing complexity of modern life. A cumulative progress has meant for the people greater and more varied means of communication, and, along with these, a widening scope and greater variety of intellectual and spiritual opportunity. The popular attitude has changed from one of waiting and of quiet response to one of growing urgency and demand. The reading audience has been transformed. Publishers, educators, and libraries find themselves hard pressed to keep up with the demand which formerly they strove to create and stimulate. The audience finds itself ever more in a condition to grasp and choose where formerly it was provided for and guided in its choice.

We are referring, of course, to an intelligent audience that has come to think for itself and to know what it wants without being told. Our democracy has been a leveling up, which is its only justification of being at all. The present audience for literature, while it is not all upon the same level of culture or of self-knowledge, with the same definiteness of view as to its wants is, in all its diversifications, thoroughly democratic. It is not indocile, and, in proportion to its intelligence, acknowledges real dependencies and craves sympathetic leadership.

It is just here, in response to this craving, that the later literature of all democratic countries has found its mission and developed its new tendencies. Here we have to reckon with publishers, authors of books, editors, and writers for periodicals, in their relations to the so rapidly progressive reading public. Making every just concession to the initiative and enterprise of those who have been the organizers and responsible conductors of literary undertakings, we have mainly to do with the actual producers of literature in our consideration of the movement which has so materially changed the conditions of publications—a movement to which every factor in our material and social progress has more or less directly contributed. Writers are as widely diversified as readers, and not one of them has any real value that is not estimable in some stratum of the immense audience.

So much is being said, by way of adverse criticism, of the democratic tendencies of current literature, especially in fiction, that we are in danger of losing our bearings. Like teaching, preaching, leadership in every field, which have lost so much of their ancient privilege and traditional authority, literary criticism also has been divested to a great extent of its old officiousness and of that arrogance of logic which prescribed what

literature should be, instead of recognizing it as a living and ever-changing embodiment of human feeling and thinking. A sympathetic reasonableness has displaced the fixed formula in all criticism that can be regarded as itself a part of the living movement of literature, of literature in the making. To that criticism which still stands aloof from the fresh becomings in the living movement only that literature is amenable which stands equally aloof from life.

We cannot deny to the highest stratum of the intelligent modern audience the reality of its life, of the literature it creates, and of its criticism, in so far as it holds itself a part of the whole. This is the very essence of the democratic movement—that it is sympathetically co-operative in all its parts according to the developed power and capacity of each, the sense of community eclipsing that of class distinction. Sympathy, not as a pretense or as a mere sentiment, but as the real basis and dynamic bond of social solidarity, outwardly expressed in the common welfare and happiness, is the consummation of the whole movement.

It is due to this movement that our later literature has so intimately blended with the life of common humanity, helping forward the movement itself. Those most directly engaged in the production of this literature, and in all that constitutes its publication, themselves arise from the audience to which it is addressed, imbued with its spirit and immediately responsive to its claims, including among these the claim for the most capable leadership in the lines of its aspirations, comprehendingly tolerant without condescension.

A high intelligence may be as reactionary as ignorance, and the confirmed "highbrow" may be, in his way, as mischievous as the demagogue. The condescension of the reformer is a bar to genial sociability, which, after all, is the most distinctive achievement of a real culture.

All literature was exclusive, confined to a class, when the mass of the people were illiterate. Its associations were inevitably aristocratic, and aristocracy itself was a necessity, as knowledge and as power. Humanism, which was as necessary to the preservation of authority against the perils of its own exclusiveness as that imperial authority was to the social development of humanity, was itself jealous of its traditional standards. But, notwithstanding the influence of Alfred and Charlemagne and the growth of the great medieval universities, there was, outside of Italy, no living modern literature before the breaking up of feudalism and the rise of a middle class, when the rude foundation of democracy was laid.

But the realization of democracy, even in its fullest possibilities, while it involves political equality and equality of opportunity, and may finally succeed in the experiment of representative government, can never abolish qualitative distinction. Genius, which knows no class, either in its origin or appeal, is really the most valuable asset of a democracy, and, fortunately, because of its sympathetic quality, the most available as well for creative ministration as for service.

Thus in the past, creations in literature have emerged, and may at any time emerge, which cannot be said to respond to any definite demand or to meet critical expectations. Such conditions as permit their emergence are apparent only after the fact; no conditions account for their quality or content. As they arise from new atmospheres of human thought and feeling, so they create new criticism and extend the area of its interpretations.

The criticism which does not yield to this compulsion itself comes into judgment and is discredited.

But in an age like ours, when literature is as diversely specialized as every other form of human activity, only a small proportion of it reaches the supreme distinction, though, taken altogether, it meets the needs of its diversely specialized audience, and enters intimately into its life on the various levels of its intelligence. Excluding literary efforts of an anti-social character, it is sympathetic and helpful while consciously or unconsciously—the better if unconsciously—it satisfies the popular craving for leadership.

It seems, in view of these conditions, that independent criticism should con-

fine itself to "pure literature"—that is, as pure as genius would ever confess to—rather than betray the ungracious disposition it cannot help showing in close contact with the things which must offend its over-rigidly fastidious taste. Why be so inclusive of what it must treat in a spirit of exclusiveness? Yet we enjoy this criticism in its own place, upon the serene heights where dwells the literature to which it is pertinent and of which it is a true interpretation. It is only in the market-place and jostling with a self-confessed mediocrity that it loses its face. Moreover, there are critics of this order who invite our sympathy by their wholesome contempt of commercialism in literature, and whose quarrel with democracy and mediocrity is because of the association of these with that commercialism and not because of their own over-refinement. They would find themselves at home in the desert, in the wilderness, or on the outskirts of civilization—in any environment uninfested by the conceits and pretenses of sophistication.

But sophistication is an unavoidable transitional stage, and we may reasonably hope that the sordid phases and the serious perils of commercialism are merely incidental to the main current of the social movement, which, if we are not to regard civilization itself as a failure, must clear itself of such obstructions. Our tolerance of mediocrity is not merely a putting up with it; it is positive, a sympathetic upholding of it as a distinctive modern excellence, something competent, having itself well in hand, with self-knowledge, and far from being devoid of aspiration. Genius has oftener arisen from its levels than from any loftier station. This mediocrity is not of a sameness, as of a level world; it has all varieties of landscape and every sort of wind and weather. The sower in the gospel parable found no greater diversity of soil for his seeds. But the integrity of the social organism presented by the collective mediocrity, with all its possibilities of solidarity and sympathetic co-operation, notwithstanding the unassimilated weight it bears of illiteracy and of alien literacy, cannot be thus physically represented, either as a living whole or in the complex variations of its life due to conscious will and choice, or to deeper currents of psychical determination.

This mediocrity, so comprehensive that it includes our colleges and universities as well as all other forms of social development, material or intellectual, must determine the trend of our literature. Though so dominant in the general field of taste and entertainment by virtue of its competence, it is not domineering or exclusive. It does not claim all of literature or anything beyond the range of general interest and aspiration—certainly nothing that holds itself deliberately aloof from these; but, as we have said, it does crave sympathetic leadership; and this leadership is as much associated with its diversions as with its aspirations.

We are, by this view of the whole field of contemporary literature, and especially of the contemporary audience, able to see more clearly how the changed conditions of modern publication have been brought about. What the present conditions are is obvious enough. Their significance in connection with the democratic movement is their chief interest, mainly because that movement is based, not upon a theory or a sentiment, but upon that dynamic principle of sympathy which has given new horizons to our faith, reason, and imagination.

A new light is thus thrown upon the mission of periodical literature, including journalism, in its complex diversification to meet the taste and desires of the whole people and to blend intimately with its life as it is lived. Since books, including novels, have become so abundant and accessible, the line of separation between the book and the magazine has been more sharply drawn. This accounts for the smaller space a magazine gives to the serial novel as compared with the generous allotment to short stories, and, in general, to unbookish features of contemporaneous interest for the entertainment and enlightenment of such portions of the general audience as by spontaneous choice belong to the fellowship in which conductors, writers, and readers accordantly participate.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Uncle Joe's Romance

BY LEE SHIPPEY

UNCLE JOE NEALE took patent medicine all the year around, and took it seriously. Slickhair Smith, the genial clerk in the Smileyville Pharmacy, said that Uncle Joe had sampled everything on the shelves of that establishment except Maxim's Matchless Bust Developer.

If examining physicians for an army or a police force had assured Uncle Joe he was physically fit, he would have derided them. He had prophetic bones, and it was a rare day when he did not feel in them the approach of some menace to his health. And he had a knack for knowing when something was wrong with him. It was an almanac.

Careful reading of that almanac would have made a man who was the ultimate triumph of eugenics feel dizziness, heartburn, strange weakness in the back and legs, and darting pains in the head. And Uncle Joe read it religiously. Whenever a feeling of depression came over him on hearing the alarm-clock ring at 5 A.M., a seizure of dread would make him lie back on his pillow and worry over the well-memorized chapter on "Lack of Vitality." And though thrice daily he managed to wield the knife and fork with vigor and spirit, he arose from every meal sadly shaking his head, and tottered to an easy-chair near the window to reread the chapter on "Distress After Eating."

But weather and roads and maladies had to be bad indeed when he did not hitch up old Molly and drive to town. For there, in

WEATHER HAD TO BE BAD INDEED WHEN HE DID NOT DRIVE TO TOWN

the rear part of Mendelssohn's store, gathered around the stove which radiated heat in winter and legs in summer, he was sure to find congenial company, a group which loved to talk of rheumatics and lumbago and all the other ills that flesh is heir to, and of which he was the acknowledged dean, admittedly the greatest sufferer and most afflicted man. Abner Batterby, an old man gnarled and twisted by rheumatism, was a frequent contender and dangerous rival for this honor, but that only made the sessions of the group more interesting. Uncle Joe's triumphs over this worthy foeman in their competitive recitals of ills were the sweetest things in life to him, and constantly spurred him on to feel his worst.

Uncle Joe had never married, though he had inherited prosperity, probably for the reason that, besides being known as Finn County's most afflicted man, he was renowned as its stingiest. An orphaned niece made his home a pleasant place, and he lived happy in his ills and independence until she married.

Then a real sensation came to Smileyville. Mrs. Lucetta Watkins, a delightful widow, established herself there as the only mental-science healer in Finn County.

Uncle Joe had felt keenly the lack of woman's nursing and dearth of woman's biscuit since his niece's departure, and when he met Mrs. Watkins it was a case of love at first sight with him. He decided at once to try the new cure.

From the first treatment he was a changed man. He began to walk straighter and talk cheerfully. Then he began to dress more neatly. And when, in the early summer, he had his buggy repainted and his whiskers blocked down to a mustache, all Smileyville knew what was coming.

Only once after his transformation did he visit the rear part of Mendelssohn's store. And then he found it had lost its charm. No more could he take part in the old loved conversations and disputes. And when old Abner, with triumph in his eyes, began reciting the painful details of a new and curious malady, Uncle Joe hastened away, sadly realizing he was not the sick man he used to be. After that he avoided Abner Batterby.

The Finn County fair is Smileyville's one big annual event, and when it came the rejuvenated Uncle Joe and his rejuvenated buggy took Mrs. Watkins to it every afternoon. And they were its chief attraction. Uncle Joe became recklessly extravagant. With the glee of a school-boy, and an arm once almost palsied, he hurled baseballs at the poll of a dodging negro, not sharing a dimes' worth of the missiles with Mrs. Watkins, but buying a dimes' worth apiece. He spent two silver quarters with Isis, the Genuine Gipsy Fortune-Teller, and handed the young man who played the part an extra nickel as he emerged from the tent with a blush which flamed like a signal fire. He bought lemonade and candy without considering the price. Nothing was too good for him.

Later in the day he passed Abner Batterby, hobbling along on crutches. For an instant a feeling of envy surged in the breast of Uncle Joe, but he put it down, congratulating himself that his new passion was stronger than the old.

FOR AN INSTANT A FEELING OF ENVY SURGED IN HIS BREAST

The third day was Big Thursday, the biggest day of the fair. That day Uncle Joe gallantly bought reserved seats for his lady and himself, so close to the band that its blare made their eardrums vibrate. In one pocket he carried a box of the best candy obtainable at the Smileyville Pharmacy; in another, a bag of peanuts and two packages of chewing-gum. The soda-pop boy found him a generous customer. Uncle Joe intended to propose that evening.

In the midst of pleasures he was alarmed at sight of Abner Batterby working his way toward them. He could not flee, for he had paid a quarter apiece for the reserved seats. So he sat his ground, hoping the band would play its loudest. But the music ceased just as Abner stood before them, leaning heavily on his crutches and panting.

"I'M A MIGHTY SICK MAN RIGHT NOW," ASSERTED UNCLE JOE

"Howdy, Joe," saluted Abner.

"Why, hello, Ab!"

"Mighty hard for me to get out to-day," volunteered Abner, "but I couldn't miss Big Thursday."

"Uh-huh."

"You jest can't imagine what I'm a-sufferin'," declared Abner. "You uster have a *leetle* tech of rheumatiz yerself, Joe. but nothin' like this, I'll bet."

"Shucks!" snorted Uncle Joe. "It ain't nothin', Ab. There ain't any sech thing. If you'd only let Mrs. Watkins here take holt of you, you'd be all right in no time."

Abner shook his head sadly. "Not an old, chronic case of the real, blown-in-the-bottle kind like mine," he asserted. "It may be all right for folks that jest have a *leetle* tech of rheumatiz. But mine is the genuwine ar-tickle."

"Why, daggone it, Ab," cried Uncle Joe, with rising choler, "you know dratted well my rheumatiz uster be lots worse'n yourn!"

"Couldn't 'a' been, Joe — couldn't 'a' been," insisted Abner. "If 'twas, you couldn't 'a' ever got over it, nohow. Why, they tell me yesterday you was out here throwin' baseballs and ridin' on the merry-go-round. That don't sound like you ever had *real* rheumatiz, like mine."

It was too much. Uncle Joe broke out:

"Yes, and nobody knows how I've suffered for them fool tricks! Nobody knows what gnawin' pains I've got, and hid 'em! Just because I've bore up under 'em an' acted the man, nobody knows how my vitals an' innards has given me misery a ordinary man like you couldn't 'a' stood! An' jest because I hid 'em I get no credit for 'em!"

"Why, Joseph—Mr. Neale!" exclaimed Mrs. Watkins. "What are you saying?"

"It's gospel true, ma'am," asserted Uncle Joe, wildly. "I'm a mighty sick man right now—sicker 'n this feller ever dared to be."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Watkins, disgustedly.

Just then the band began to play again and Abner hobbled away to a seat in the unreserved section. Uncle Joe and Mrs. Watkins sat grimly side by side, she in haughty dignity, he in bitter silence. At its conclusion he said, in a strained voice:

"I'm feelin' powerful poorly. Let's go home."

It was the old Uncle Joe who returned to

his farm that night. He climbed stiffly from his buggy, and dragged from under the seat a small basket filled with bottles.

"Looks like you was goin' to start a drug-store," commented Elmer, the hired man.

"Jest a little medicine," said Uncle Joe. "When a man's really sick he has to have medicine."

"But what 'll the widder say?" asked Elmer.

"The widder 'ain't got any say comin'," replied Uncle Joe. "It's all off with the widder." He looked at Elmer sadly a moment, then chuckled. "But I'll mighty soon take the wind out'n Ab Batterby's sails," he added, cheerfully.

REBELLIOUS SMALL BOY: "*Wait a minute! I've lost my penny*"

Coming Up to Expectations

IT was the custom in the village for the well-to-do inhabitants to make good any loss which the villagers might sustain through the death of any live stock. A retired millionaire, recently settled in the village, was ignorant of this laudable practise, and was considerably puzzled by the visit of a laborer's wife, who explained that she had lost a pig.

"Well, I haven't got it," said the bewildered millionaire.

"What I mean, sir, of course, is that the pig died," nervously explained the woman.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" cried the thoroughly exasperated man, "Send a wreath?"

And He Was Right

"BOBBY," said the Sunday-school teacher, "can you tell me two things necessary to baptism?"

"Yes'm," answered Bobby; "water and a baby."

A Natural Inquiry

HELEN was a very inquisitive child who greatly annoyed her father each evening with endless questions, while he tried to read the newspaper. One evening, among other things, she demanded, "Papa, what do you do at the store all day?"

Exasperated at her persistence, he answered, briefly, "Oh, nothing!"

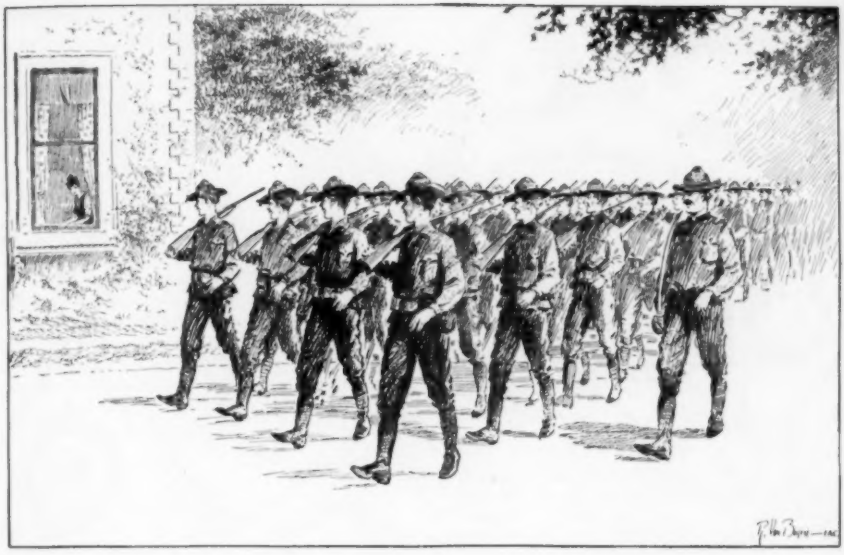
Helen was silent a moment, and then asked, "But how do you know when you are done?"

Duty

O happy cow—
Whose duty 'tis, and pleasure, too,
Fresh cuds of grass and flowers to chew
The whole day through!

Just fancy now—
How simple life for me and you,
If what we liked we ought to do
The whole day through!

ISABEL VALLÉ AUSTEN.



The Flirt

Weighted Down

A MAN from the East visiting in a small Western town stopped one morning to watch a funeral procession passing through the one long street.

"Do you always have four horses to the hearse?" asked the man, turning to a native standing near.

"No, not always," was the reply. "The passenger in there came out to this country bragging that he was the champion lightweight of the world, and one night when he got too fresh Dead Eye Dave pumped him so full of lead that it took the extra team of horses to pull the hearse."

A Reasonable Advance

THERE is a young author in Baltimore who is determined to achieve fame in the writing line if it takes his whole life. Accordingly, he is even willing to defray the cost of putting on the market the numerous novels he writes from year to year.

On the occasion of his last visit to his publisher, however, he was somewhat vexed, a rather unusual thing with him. "Why," asked he, "do you charge me more this time than before?"

"Well," said the publisher, with the utmost frankness, "the compositors were constantly falling asleep over your last novel."

Under the Table

DURING dinner the other evening in a certain Brooklyn household the eight-year-old girl child suddenly interrupted the conversation in this wise:

"Dad, you and mother can't guess what I have under the table."

Then, after the manner of parents who like to please their children, they guessed all kinds of things, but without success. So they said, "We give it up. Tell us."

Whereupon the kiddie, drawing her face up in a grimace, replied:

"A stomach-ache."

"I really should have a safety-deposit box, you know!"

SELF-CONSCIOUS OWNER OF SECOND-HAND CAR: "*Aw, mind your own business!*"

A Painstaking Servant

ONE evening this spring, while a certain New-Yorker was putting in a week at his country place in New Hampshire, he prepared to take a ride in his motor-car, expecting to remain out until late.

He therefore told his new man that he need not wait for him, instructing him when he had finished his work to lock the garage and place the key under a stone, the location of which the owner described with much exactness.

When the employer reached home after his ride he was surprised to find that the key was not in its place. When his patience had been exhausted after a fruitless search, he awoke the man and received this explanation:

"Why, sir, I found a much better place for it."

Beating Him to It

IN Montana a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car, he encountered the old master bridge-builder.

"Bill," said the superintendent—and the words quivered with energy—"I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," said the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has got the picture drawed yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."

Ominous

"A LETTER in a square envelope, marked 'private' came for you this morning," announced Mrs. Waite, glancing at her husband scrutinizingly.

"Is that so? Who was it from?" came the reply.

Unmasculine

TOMMY had a profound contempt for the little boy next door, who threw a ball like a girl, seldom had on any but a clean shirt, and who generally wore gloves.

"Do you know why he's a sissy?" asked Tommy of his aunt. "It's 'cause he looks just like his mother, and that shows he's got girl blood in him."

TEACHER (relating an experience with a tramp): "*And then I fainted.*"

SMALL BOY (excitedly): "*Wid yer right, or wid yer left?*"

His by Right

AN Irish chauffeur in San Francisco, who had been having trouble with numerous small boys in the neighborhood of his stand, discovered one day on examining his car that there was a dead cat on one of the seats. In his anger he was about to throw the carcass into the street, when he espied a policeman.

Holding up the carcass, he exclaimed: "This is how I am insulted. What am I to do with it?"

"Well, don't you know? Take it straight to headquarters, and if it is not claimed within a month it becomes your property."

Another Answer

PROFESSOR (in literature class): "What do you think of Stevenson's style?"

GLADYS (blushing): "I do not know; he never made a dress for me."

How Could He Tell?

THE absent-mindedness of talented people has been a source of joy to lesser folk from time out of mind. The forgetfulness of one of the South's most brilliant bishops does much to promote the gaiety of his friends. The following story of him has lately come to light.

The bishop, it seems, was traveling, and when the conductor appeared for his ticket it was not to be found. One pocket after another of the episcopal garb was searched in vain, the bishop all the while keeping up little ejaculations of concern.

"Why, this is very serious!" he murmured. "I'm sure I bought a ticket. I *must* have bought a ticket. Why, I *always* buy a ticket! Dear me, this is *very* serious!"

At length the conductor, wishing to be helpful, said, "Well, don't trouble, Bishop; just tell me where you're going and we can fix it up."

"But, my dear friend!" cried the bishop, earnestly, "that is just the trouble! Without my ticket how am I to know *where* I'm going?"

The Common Practice

"JOHNNY," said the teacher, "if coal is selling at $6 a ton and you pay your dealer $24, how many tons will he bring you?"

"A little over three tons, ma'am," returned Johnny, promptly.

"Why, Johnny, that isn't right," corrected the teacher.

"No, ma'am, I know it ain't," said Johnny, "but they all do it."

Circumstantial Evidence

MISS MIRANDA BROWN and Angelina Johnson were in the midst of a rather heated argument as to the meaning of "circumstantial evidence" when old Uncle Rastus poked his woolly head in at the door. He was immediately besieged to give his worthy opinion on the matter in question.

"De way ah und'stand it, f'um de way it's been 'splained to me," announced the old fellow, "circumstantial evidence is de fedders dat yo' leaves lyin' 'round."

Which?

LITTLE Edward's twin sisters were being christened. All went well until Edward saw the water in the font. Then he anxiously turned to his mother and exclaimed: "Ma, which one are you going to keep?"

"I'm sorry I've got to light these here lamps, folks. I've been there meself."

Advice to Débutantes

Never select a chaperon who may prove more attractive and entertaining than you are.

His Peculiarity

A MAN who was in the habit of stuttering was asked why he did so.

"That's my p-p-peculiarity," returned the man. "Everybody has his p-p-peculiarities."

"I have none," asserted the other.

"Don't you s-s-stir your t-t-tea with your right h-h-hand?"

"Yes."

"Well, t-t-that's your p-p-peculiarity. Most p-p-people use a s-s-spoon."

Unnecessary Preparation

"TOMMY," cautioned his mother, "be sure to come in at four this afternoon to get your bath before you go to the Joneses' to supper."

"But, mother," protested the lad, "I don't need a bath for that. They said it was to be most informal."

A Natural Choice

A BOY, being asked which of the Biblical parables he liked the best, answered: "That one where somebody loafs and fishes."

Current Events

SCHOOL No. 4 usually began the day with a discussion of current events or items of world interest.

"Do you know any current events today?" asked the teacher, brightly.

One little boy raised his hand excitedly.

"Well, Jake," encouraged the teacher.

"They shot a lady in the C. & O. yards yesterday for stealing coal."

His Part

THE magistrate was examining a witness, to whom he remarked:

"You admit you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?"

"Yis, sor, I do," stoutly maintained the witness.

"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

And So Would Others

"PROSPERITY has ruined many a man," declared the moralizer.

"Well," rejoined the demoralizer, "if I was going to be ruined at all I'd prefer prosperity to do it."

Present Conditions in American Business and Finance

ALTHOUGH certain of the country's industries are not operating to the full of their productive capacity, improvement in basic conditions is reflected in many of the larger activities and a more hopeful sentiment pervades commercial and financial circles. Optimism is tempered by caution, but under existing conditions this is not an unfavorable feature. It makes rather for the greater stability and the longer continuance of the forward movement, which far-sighted observers see unfolding for the future.

PRACTICALLY all the indices of trade, bank clearances, railway gross and net earnings, freight-car statistics, the volume of business moving in iron and steel, and the details of foreign trade disclose well-sustained or improving tendencies. The general activity of industries affected by the demands of the European Allies for war material continues as the chief stimulus in manufacture, but domestic inquiry is expanding, although railways have not been buying upon an extensive scale. Brilliant harvest prospects are the great sustaining force and inspire confidence in the outlook. The added store of treasure from the earth must in time find reflection in constructive endeavor.

HAPPILY the markets may escape a repetition of such unsettlement as followed the destruction of the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic*, and that appears likely as a result of the change in Germany's plans of submarine warfare. The elimination of the threatened crisis with the Imperial Government is a matter of encouragement, but as long as the European conflict, with its waste of life and treasure, continues the possibilities of disturbances remain and prudent men will bear this contingency in mind. And it is better so, for conservatism which manifests itself in orderly business and sustained investment demand serves as a counterpoise to the tendency towards recklessness and excess in speculative departments.

ONE problem after another which loomed portentous in Wall Street a year ago has passed away. New problems have arisen in their place—for the future is not all clear sailing—and some among them are highly perplexing, but there is nothing unusual in this. The markets never have been, and never will be, without their problems. And it is pleasing to recall that financial and commerical problems never have been and never will be without their solution.

FOREIGN exchange which has gone from bad to worse since the demoralization was first mentioned in this department is the chief matter of concern at this writing. Sight drafts on London fell to the unprecedentedly low level of $4.50 to the pound sterling in the first week of September against a normal par of $4.86 5-8; that is to say the amount of gold in an English sovereign depreciated nearly 37 cents, in intrinsic worth, as measured by the American gold dollar.

IT is unusual for sight sterling drafts, or demand bills, as they are more familiarly known, to fall below the gold exporting point of $4.84, because the difference between that figure and normal parity is sufficient to cover the cost of freight, insurance, and the loss of interest in transit on a shipment of actual metal from London to New York. Once the gold point is reached there is no logical reason for rates to decline further. When they do so it marks an abnormal situation such as may arise from a superabundance of drafts, excessive indebtedness, or some impediment in the way of a free shipment of the precious metal.

ENGLAND is this country's largest customer. She took $915,292,429 of our food products, cotton, manufactured articles and the like in the fiscal year ended June 30th last and sold us $256,355,449 of her own wares. She thus incurred an indebtedness to this country of $658,936,980 on merchandise account alone. Many other factors such as Europe's purchase and sale of securities, remittances on account of dividends and interest, amounts drawn by expatriated Americans or expended by tourists abroad, freights, insurance, and other items enter into the equation of international debits and credits, but the details of England's account as

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shown above conveys some idea of what is involved in a demoralization of sterling exchange. It may well be larger, for the country's foreign trade last year, exports and imports combined, exceeded $4,000,000,000.

AT the extreme low quotation, from which there was some recovery, demand sterling ruled at a discount of more than 7 per cent. and this applies to practically all current business between the United States and the United Kingdom. There are two sides to the exchange problem, and while England may have paid $1.07 for a dollar's worth of material, some American exporter may have been forced to accept 93 cents on a dollar or some other depreciated amount through a sale at low rates of a bill of exchange drawn against a shipment of cotton, grain or merchandise.

IMPORTERS having remittances to make are benefited by the depreciation, whereas exporters suffer. The fall in exchange placed a heavy premium upon sales of American securities by foreign holders, who received much more in pounds, shillings, and pence through the proceeds remitted through exchange purchased at low figures than ever before in the country's history.

WHAT is true of exchange on London applies with equal force to the Continental countries, and in fact the discount is even greater on sight drafts and cable transfers on Paris, Berlin, Petrograd, Vienna and Rome, to mention no others, than upon London. In this matter the United States is suffering an embarrassment of riches. Exchange has fallen, despite gold imports of more than $200,000,000 since January 1st, including two consignments aggregating $40,000,000, brought over by British war-vessels to Dominion ports; they have declined despite our purchases of $250,000,000 or more of American securities from foreign holders and in the face also of loans and credits to Canada, Russia, France, and Germany of $196,000,000. The condition is due to our enormous credit balance of more than $1,000,000,000 in the last fiscal year, and of course to the disturbances of trade and commerce by the war abroad.

ALL Europe has taken note of the situation, and a conference of foreign and domestic bankers has been called to consider the matter. The remedy most commonly discussed is the flotation of a huge loan or the creation of a large credit for Great Britain, or

for the Allied powers. Whether this country is prepared to participate in a foreign loan remains to be seen. They have never been popular heretofore, but circumstances are wholly different now, and unless corrective measures are applied the whole vast industry of the country may suffer.

ONLY a year ago the problem that most concerned Wall Street was the direct converse of the present. Sterling bills then touched the unprecedented high figure of $7.00 to the pound and the demoralization of foreign trade was even more complete than now. That situation was adjusted through the country's commanding financial position and by the heavy purchases by the belligerent powers of grain and provisions and later of munitions of war. But the European nations engaged in the furious conflict have no such means of correcting the problem. They have little or no surplus material, and they are exhausting themselves through enormous purchases here. As a nation we really do not want additional foreign gold, for we have already a surfeit with $1,177,131,169 in coin and bullion in the Treasury and an excess of $778,000,000 above reserve requirements in the National banks. In fact one element of uncertainty in the future concerns the possible effects of inflation arising from a superabundance of banking funds.

THE international monetary problem will be solved. So much of potential disturbance to the trade of the world is involved in the matter that the condition cannot continue. However it may bear on dealers in war supplies and speculators in stocks, there is little or nothing in the problem that need concern the personal investor who buys good securities solely for income yield.

THE best investment opportunities often present themselves in times of unsettlement. Perhaps future credit conditions, the increased worth of investment capital resulting from the destructive war, and the high interest rates which new Government issues abroad must bear in order to make them salable, may influence further revision in bond prices, but as a rule high-grade issues were never so cheap as now. Listed railway bonds have been unduly depressed by foreign selling influence by depreciated exchange. Much, therefore, of what may affect prices adversely has been discounted already, and bargains will not present themselves when everything is smooth sailing and prosperity is at its height.

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Harper's Bookshelf

NO novel that Sir Gilbert Parker has written is more genuine in its human interest, more quietly convincing in its insight, more worthy in all respects of a permanent place in English literature, than his recently published tale, *The Money Master*. The story, which has its scene in the *habitant* country, far away from the glare of cities and the noise of great events, possesses a bigness that is more compelling even than that of the impressive and thrilling *The Judgment House*, with its magnificent world-stage, its supermen and and superwomen, and its tense drama of soul to soul. Filled it is with a captivating atmosphere — the atmosphere of a picturesque region full of mellow associations. *The Money Master* really owes very little of its effect to the shut-in charm of local quaintness, or to the condescending delight one may take in little or old-fashioned things. The central figure and title-character of the tale, Jean Jacques Barbille, is, perhaps, not a great man, as the world counts greatness, but his story is in its way as striking as that of a world-conqueror, and in many ways more affording. In this good little man with his touch of genius, his innocent vanity, his unbounded self-confidence, there is summed up a great deal of the essential bigness as well as the amiable weakness and folly of human nature. "Bumptious little man!" said the wise Judge Carcasson, in commenting upon Jean Jacques; "and yet there's something in him." Said a great scholar who knew him, "He missed being a genius by an inch." An eminent financier who had some dealings with him declared that "if he had had the right training he might have been a leader in the world of affairs." And all this is plainly quite true. Jean Jacques Barbille is thus one of the most interesting and engaging personalities one is likely to meet in a book or out of it. He is the one man in a thousand who is worth reading about, not because he is a hero in the old conventional sense, but because he has a soul and a character that are not insignificant. And the author, it is evident, knows his man thoroughly. One reads Sir Gilbert Parker's lucid, unsentimental, unpatronizing, thoroughly sympathetic account of the Money Master's life with the satisfaction of pure conviction—a joy in the recognition of human truth such as only the greatest novelists at their best can give us.

SIR GILBERT PARKER
Author of *The Money Master*

Moreover, one follows the career of Jean Jacques Barbille with a strong sense of fellow-feeling and with a lump in one's throat at the last.

As in the case of a living person, it is quite futile and unprofitable to attempt a dissection of the character of Jean Jacques. There is in the man a great deal of obvious conceit, amusing bombast, self-conscious quixotism. No man one has ever met or heard of can easily surpass this kindly fellow in a sort of naïve self-importance. But he is not all pose and easy good-nature. There is something incalculable in him that gives him a greater dignity and at times a greater pathos than he, with all his self-consciousness, can be aware of. As the pompous chief citizen of the village of Vilray, landowner, proprietor of grist-mills and sawmills, money-lender, and man of many affairs, he is a clearly marked and withal an attractive type. But he is more than that: he is personally complex. Was it his goodness of heart, or his romanticism, or his quixotic sense of honor, that led him to marry the Spanish girl whom he met on shipboard on his return from his "Grand Tour"? Was it his self-conceit as a philosopher which made him spare George Masson, the master-carpenter, when he had that disturber of his home at his mercy in the flume of his mill, or was there in this something of the magnanimity on which he prided himself? And then, when misfortune began to fall upon the complacent Money Master—when his wife left him in anger, never to return; when his daughter, years later, defied his authority by eloping with a "man from outside," a Protestant and an actor; when his too numerous business affairs went awry; when his grist-mill, his last asset, burned, and his rascally Spanish father-in-law stole the money with which he had hoped to retrieve himself—was it all the arrogance of conceit and the habit of mastery that helped him bear up so bravely? Certainly the man, in his greatness and his littleness, impresses one mightily, and it is with curiously mingled and varying feelings that one hears his frequent boast, "Me, I am a philosopher." And when Jean Jacques, stripped of his wealth and eminence, but still "a philosopher," sets out alone to find his daughter, the reader peruses the story of this last phase, through its poignantly beautiful episodes to its quietly happy close, with a sympathy which only a certain spiritual quality in an author's creations can excite. No "life story" is more convincing in its general outlines or more "inevitable" in its progress than *The Money Master;* and few tales can equal it in the multitude of fine and happy touches of nature. Among many good novels it stands out as of the few which unmistakably testify to the great gift of reading characters and lives. Richly human, written with knowledge of the soul of humanity as well as of its heart, *The Money Master* is a story of which the memory will be cherished long after the book has been read and laid aside.

In happily inspired ideas for stories—ideas of character and situation, often pleasantly odd, which work out to conclusions of unexpected poignancy and truth—Margaret Deland seems singularly blessed. Her tales, too—notably those contained in the recently published volume, *Around Old Chester*—are marked by an unusually artistic construction and by a purity of diction that make them models of their quietly charming and deeply affecting kind. The ability to invent soundly along the lines of real human character and fortune, to construct a tale with shapely artistry, and to pack the meaning of a human life into a single episode—these are powers that distinguish the writers of short stories artistically of a piece with the best novels. Mrs. Deland possesses these gifts, but the peculiar quality of her work lies in what may be called its conscientiousness and in its unsentimental optimism. Every situation in Mrs. Deland's stories seems to have been so fully realized, so justly weighed, so charitably considered, that it lays hold upon the reader's mind with the grip of personal experience. So entirely friendly, so genuinely neighborly, is the author's attitude toward the folks who live in Old Chester that the reader believes in them perforce, and willingly shares their perplexities and joys. Balancing the author's conscientiousness—that realism of the heart which is as much a matter of sympathy as of clear-sighted observation—is an unusual sanity and cheerfulness. Never do Mrs. Deland's stories give one the reaction of depression or of overwrought feeling. Always throughout them there is felt the fine assurance that all's right with the world. In them all is that spirit of exalted common sense which forms so large a part in the religion of Dr. Lavendar—a spirit congenial not only to charity, but to humor, pungency of speech, racily expressed criticism, and in general to those human traits which give a flavor to life. Each story ends with a

kind of lilt of triumph in the victory — delayed, but certain—of truth, common sense, and good will. Neither sentimentalist nor moralist, Mrs. Deland brings into her fictions a full sense of that mixture of the spirit with the earth earthy which gives to life so much of its interest, its pathetic or amusing incongruity.

The undemonstrative love of man for man has seldom been more understandingly portrayed than in Mrs. Deland's story "Turn About," the story of a devoted uncle and nephew who managed with the best motives to marry precisely the wrong women. How friendship survived this strain, and how time and good will set matters right, are matters told with a reserve that leaves much unsaid but nothing unfelt. "The Harvest of Fear" tells with rare insight of how a gruff, tyrannous, intemperate, thoroughly respectable citizen of Old Chester bred deceit in his two timid and conscientious daughters, because he sowed fear where love should have been. "The Voice" is a remarkably original tale of religious eccentricity, a poisonous love charm, and real love. There is a world of amusement as well as right feeling in "An Encore"—the story of two old lovers, each married and widowed, whose children made a ridiculous scandal over the supposition that they might marry; this idea had not occurred to the two old folks, but when it did! In all the tales is the delightful atmosphere of Old Chester, a place too lifelike ever to seem unreal, yet with the fascination of the ideal upon it—one of the earthly paradises of fiction.

The same novelty of colorful material, the same unfailing zest of style, the same overflowing humor, rollicking strength, and vigor of feeling that make every story that Rex Beach has written not only interesting, in the sense of awakening curiosity as to the outcome, but positively exhilarating in its vibrant vitality, is as manifest in his new story, *Heart of the Sunset*, as in any of his previous novels from *The Spoilers* to *The Iron Trail*. Mr. Beach has again tapped a new source of interest, and has drawn from it unhackneyed types of character, fresh incidents, striking situations. Upon what he has written he has put, as always, the stamp of his own originality and of his peculiar gift for story-building. *Heart of the Sunset* is a tale of the Texas-Mexico border, told, not as the average writer in search of promising material would tell it, but as only Rex Beach can tell a tale of adventure and romance. The author's individual grasp of his characters and facts gives this boldly imagined, realistically narrated story a unique appeal—an interest by no means suggesting that of other Western or "cowboy" stories, nor merely echoing the effects of any of the author's own earlier

REX BEACH
Author of *Heart of the Sunset*

success. As fertile in invention as Mark Twain, as fond of elemental fact, and with much of the same joy in happy exaggeration and in the humor of incongruity, Rex Beach never disappoints his readers, because he has always something new to tell and a quite inimitable way of telling it. Strong in romantic interest, thrilling with the surge of life at its full tide, his stories never fall into the pettiness of purely fanciful romanticism, because there is always in them a sober and deep interest in the big things that men are doing upon this earth, and an unmistakable knowledge of the ways of real workers and real fighters. His stories thus hold the atten-

tion of those who know something of men and affairs as well as of those who are content with a good story.

Heart of the Sunset has its historic basis in the "Guzman Incident," the expedition of Texas rangers into Federal Mexican territory to recover the body of a murdered American citizen. The story vividly pictures the conditions of Mexico; it reflects and to a degree justifies the war feeling of the Texans; and it awakens a lively personal interest in the fortunes of several quite exceptional people. Alaire Austin, called "the Lone Star," wife of the degenerate son of a Texas pioneer; Dave Law, the ranger—a man of clear-cut individuality, with much manhood and very little of the conventional rough-riding hero about him; Blaze Jones, the "Father of Jonesville," one of the most amiable and affording of Mr. Beach's always original humorous characters—these are principal figures in a deftly woven drama of love, and marital unhappiness, and striking realistic action. They are vital and enlivening persons; but perhaps the most notable character in the story, when all is said, is the Federal Mexican leader, Longorio. Longorio, the matchless egoist, the ardent wooer and grandiose dreamer, childlike, villainous, melodramatically brave, and shamelessly vain, is a brilliant figure that casts a glamour upon the whole tale. His passion for Alaire results in the murder of her worthless husband and in her imprisonment upon her own ranch in Mexican territory. Dave Law's pursuit and the escape of the two lovers from Longorio's hands after a scene of extraordinary dramatic tension through which the Mexican's whole nature is revealed in the white glare of conflicting passions—these are leading events in a narrative that intrigues one's interest constantly in the meshes of its minor action. The characteristic irrepressible humor of the author finds an especially congenial expression in the character of Blaze Jones, whose fearful adventures with those supposedly sinister persons, Strange, the fortune-teller, and his talented wife, dressmaker and former snake-charmer, add the element of frank laughter to that entertaining freshness of phrase and viewpoint in which the story is rich.

That combination of a masculine logic with a feminine intuition, that peculiar delicacy of understanding and that complete emancipation of thought which are large elements in the genius of Mary Austin, were never used to better purpose than in her recently published book, *The Man Jesus*. In telling the greatest story in the world from a standpoint quite undoctrinal, she has entirely preserved the traditional spirit of reverence; at the same time she has, as Oliver Wendell Holmes would say, "depolarized" the theme by putting it into wholly fresh and modern words, so that it makes upon one's mind an impression quite different from that which is almost inevitably felt as the result of reading words, however matchless in eloquence, which have been frequently read and heard as a kind of fixed formula. More than this, she has told the story from an advanced, though not an unbelieving, viewpoint. Framing her matter in simple words and writing with adequate reserve, she constantly suggests interpretations that to many readers will seem profoundly penetrating. Quite a new light is shed by her account upon the meaning of Christ's mission, and upon such episodes as the temptation in the wilderness and some of the miracles. Mrs. Austin, singularly free from prepossessions of any kind, seems successful in making the plain meaning of the Bible words appear in some cases where the most open-minded of readers might easily miss the truth. Few modern books have more religion in them; for in spirit *The Man Jesus* is an eloquent exposition of Christ's teachings—a resuscitation of the devotional spirit in a form which may win over even the skeptic, and which may awaken in minds discouraged by difficulties of belief in traditional creeds at least a refreshing sense of possible faith. As a masterpiece of enthusiastically felt and finely realized historic narration, Mary Austin's *The Man Jesus* is one of the most remarkable books published in America in years. Based as it evidently is upon conscientious study, the book has in it the vital flame of a hopeful, absorbed, personal interest—an interest that finds its essential aim despite formal difficulties, and sees its way with something like clairvoyance. Emphatically, *The Man Jesus* is a book that no one of open mind, no one who cares for frankness, sincerity, vision, should miss reading. To many it will prove an awakening, a liberating book.

ELLIOTT BLAKE.

Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green Illustration for "Alan of Lesley"

THE SIGHT BEFORE HIM SHONE BRIGHT AND DAINTY